Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 470 4

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

FITCHBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
WITHDRAWN

FITCHBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE

NORTH AMERICAN

REVIEW.

VOL. LXVIII.

BOSTON:
CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN,
No. 112 Washington Street.

1849.

051
M1-68

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY BOLLES AND HOUGHTON.

CONTENTS

OF

No. CXLIII.

Art. Page

I. THE MEN AND BRUTES OF SOUTH AFRICA 265

1. An Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa. By JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER.
2. Wanderings and Adventures in the Interior of Southern Africa. By ANDREW STEEDMAN.
3. Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa. By Capt. W. C. HARRIS.
4. Missionary Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa. By ROBERT MOFFAT.

II. CHANNING ON ETHERIZATION IN CHILDBIRTH . . 300

A Treatise on Etherization in Childbirth, illustrated by five hundred and eighty-one cases. By WALTER CHANNING, M. D., Professor of Midwifery and Medical Jurisprudence in Harvard University.

III. THE EMPIRE OF BRAZIL 314

1. Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil, embracing Historical and Geographical Notices of the Empire and its Several Provinces. By D. P. KIDDER.
2. Travels in the Interior of Brazil, principally through the Northern Provinces, and the Gold and Diamond Districts, during the years 1836–41. By G. GARDNER.

IV. ANTHON'S CICERO AND TACITUS 348

1. The De Senectute, De Amicitia, Paradoxa, and Somnium Scipionis of Cicero, and the Life of Atticus, by Cornelius Nepos; with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D.
2. The Germania and Agricola of Tacitus, with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, from the Best and Latest Authorities; the Remarks of Böt-

ticher on the Style of Tacitus, and a Copious Geographical Index. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D.

V. ELLET'S WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION 362

The Women of the American Revolution. By ELIZABETH F. ELLET, Author of "The Characters of Schiller," "Country Rambles," etc.

VI. MORELL'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY 388

An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century. By JAMES MORELL, A. M.

VII. THE FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA 413

1. The American Female Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By CAROLINE MAY.
2. Read's Female Poets of America.
3. The Female Poets of America. By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

VIII. PRONUNCIATION OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE . . . 436

Signification of the Alphabet. BY CHARLES KRAITSIR, M. D.

IX. ANCIENT MONUMENTS IN AMERICA 466

Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley. By E. G. SQUIER, A. M., and E. H. DAVIS, M. D. From the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.

X. MRS. SIGOURNEY'S POEMS 496

Illustrated Poems. By MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. With Designs by Felix O. C. Darley, engraved by American Artists.

XI. CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. Harvard College again 503
2. Life of General Muhlenberg 509
3. Reprints of Macaulay's History 511
4. Bowman's Practical Chemistry 513
5. Adler's German Dictionary 513

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED 515

INDEX 517

FITCHBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
051
N1-68

CONTENTS

OF

No. CXLII.

ART. PAGE

I. MR. WEBSTER AS A DIPLOMATIST 1

The Diplomatic and Official Papers of Daniel Webster, while Secretary of State.

II. THE LIFE AND WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING . . 41

The Works of Henry Fielding, with a Life of the Author. By THOMAS ROSCOE.

III. THE FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND 82

Lives of the Chief Fathers of New England.
Vol. I. — The Life of John Cotton. By A. W. M'CLURE.
Vol. II. — The Lives of John Wilson, John Norton, and John Davenport. By A. W. M'CLURE.
Vol. III. — The Life of John Eliot, with an Account of the Early Missionary Efforts among the Indians of New England. By NEHEMIAH ADAMS.
Vol. IV. — The Life of Thomas Shepard. By JOHN A. ALBRO.
Vol. V. — The Lives of Increase Mather and Sir William Phipps. By ENOCH POND.

IV. ELIOT'S SKETCH OF HARVARD COLLEGE 99

A Sketch of the History of Harvard College, and of its Present State. By SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

V. THE POETRY OF SPANISH AMERICA 129

1. Obras Poéticas de Juana Inez de la Cruz.
2. El Aguinaldo Matanzero. Editores J. V. BETANCOURT Y MIGUEL T. TOLON.
3. Poesías de Heredia.
4. Poesías Escogidas de Placido.
5. Poesías de Alpuche.
6. Poesías de Irujillo.
7. Pasionarias de Rafael de Mendive.
8. Rimas de Estéban Echeverria.

VI. THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ALPHABET 160

Significance of the Alphabet. By CHARLES KRAITSIR, M. D.

VII. HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL POETRY 183

1. Meliboeus-Hipponax. The Biglow Papers, edited, with an Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Copious Index. By HOMER WILBUR, A. M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam, and (Prospective) Member of many Literary, Learned, and Scientific Societies.

2. A Fable for Critics, or a Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies, from the Tub of Diogenes. By a Wonderful Quiz.

3. Poems. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

VIII. MERRY-MOUNT, A ROMANCE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY 203

IX. THE REVOLUTION IN PRUSSIA 220

1. Handbuch der Staatswirthschaftlichen Statistik und Verwaltungskunde der Preussischen Monarchie. Von Dr. FRIEDRICH BENEDICT WEBER, Professor zu Breslau.

2. Versuch einer Statistik des Preussischen Staates. Von DR. TRAUGOTT GOTTHILF VOIGTEL, Oberbibliothekare und Professor der Geschichte an der Universität zu Halle.

3. Preussen's Staatsmänner. Vier Lieferungen.

4. Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung.

X. CRITICAL NOTICES.

Whittier's, Bacon's, and Lowell's Poems . . . 260

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED 263

FITCHBURG
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXLII.

JANUARY, 1849.

Art. I. — *The Diplomatic and Official Papers of Daniel Webster, while Secretary of State.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 8vo. pp. 392.

It was a fortunate thing for the world, as well as for the two countries immediately interested, when, in 1842, the British government determined to send a special envoy to the United States, to negotiate upon matters then in controversy, that Mr. Webster was our Secretary of State. The fact that he was then in office undoubtedly was the chief inducement with the English ministry for taking the extraordinary step of sending to us a special minister; and they were equally wise and fortunate in selecting as their agent a nobleman fully competent to discharge the trust reposed in him by his own government, and possessing the high qualifications of friendly feelings towards this country, and of respect entertained for him here. The great transactions in which these eminent persons were concerned, as the representatives of two powerful nations, have now become matters of history; and the first thing that strikes us, six years after they took place, is the absence, on this side of the water, of that degree of appreciation which is due to the American negotiator's great productions on several of the topics involved in the correspondence. We do not mean to say that Mr. Webster has not been praised for the Treaty of Washington, or that the country has not, with something like unanimity, duly appreciated the fact, that, after every body else had failed to settle the long-pending difficulties, he made a treaty with England, which saved us from a war with perfect honor and with full equivalents for every thing conceded. Still, we do not think that there has been in this country that full acknowledgment of his services as Secretary of State, and that high estimate of his diplomatic labors, which we know are felt and entertained in Europe.

Lord Aberdeen, in the debate in the House of Lords, on the proposal of a vote of thanks to Lord Ashburton for his services in these negotiations, said, — "It happens but too often that we not only show little gratitude to those who have extricated us from difficulties and dangers, but we forget the very existence of the apprehensions from which we have been freed." Both parts of this remark have been realized here in the case of Mr. Webster; and one reason for this, apart from the general tendency of mankind to forget such services, has been a political one. During all the time that Mr. Webster was engaged in these negotiations, he remained in office against the wishes of a vast majority of his own political party, who had — whether rightfully or wrongfully it is no business of ours to inquire — a standing and bitter quarrel with Mr. Tyler, then President of the United States. Whether his party were right in wishing the Secretary to surrender the care of our foreign affairs before he had completed the great work of peace, or whether he was right in retaining it, we do not now propose to consider. We are afraid that it must be allowed there has always been a reluctance on the part of the Whigs to acknowledge that any good has come out of the Nazareth of Mr. Tyler's administration; and for this reason, mainly, that the attention of the country has not, by that party, been directly called to the crowning glory of that administration, the results accomplished by Mr. Webster as Secretary of State. Of course, the attention of the people would not be called to his services by his political opponents.

We, however, who have a right to stand aside from the political influences that may have operated in several ways upon this matter, propose to attempt this, — chiefly in order to exhibit the great merit of Mr. Webster's productions in a judicial point of view. The Treaty of Washington, so far as it embraced a question of boundary, is a past transaction, and may be regarded as an old action of ejectment, tried and adjudicated. Although conducted with great skill, tact, and discretion, with the vast resources of a profound knowledge of an entangled controversy of fifty years' standing, the whole affair of the boundaries presents no question of permanent interest, that is to operate hereafter as a great principle; although the example given by the negotiators, of settling such a controversy by a line of compromise and equivalents, is of great and permanent importance to the world. But there were other subjects involved in that negotiation, upon which principles were discussed and settled that will have an influence in the world as long as civilization exists on the face of the globe; and it is to these that we desire now to turn our attention. We confess ourselves anxious that men of liberal cultivation in this country should observe how the science of public law may be brought to bear upon the practical affairs of nations. We wish that the public mind should appreciate what our own government has done for the advancement of those great principles which uphold the peace and intercourse of the world. Wars and victories are readily enough appreciated, both at home and abroad. Our name for valor and skill in the field of arms has lately gone abroad through the earth. We are by no means disposed to undervalue the advantages of that reputation; but there are other honors to which we are entitled, and other laurels that may of right be claimed for the American name. We desire, therefore, not merely for the sake of Mr. Webster's honor, but for the honor of the country, to point out, if we can, how admirably the true principles of international law have been applied and explained by him, for the settlement of questions, some of which had long vexed the world, while others were of novel impression. Jurists, who may hereafter have occasion to teach or enforce these principles, will find few illustrations in history more suited to their purpose than may be found in these papers; and statesmen, who may hereafter have to deal with analogous questions, will find in these discussions their principal resources, and often the conclusive precedents.

We place at the head of these papers the discussions on the subject of impressment. From the commencement of the French Revolution until the war between England and the United States which commenced in 1812, the British government had been in the habit of entering American merchant-vessels, and impressing therefrom, into the service of their own navy, seamen who were suspected by the boarding officer to be British subjects. The impressment of a seaman from a vessel on the high seas means nothing more or less than the taking of such a seaman by an overwhelming force, and against his own consent and that of his commander, from the vessel in which he is found, and forcing him to enter the service of the impressing party. From the difficulty of distinguishing the national character of persons descended from a common stock, and from the fact that the practice of impressment must be exercised, if permitted, at the mere discretion of the boarding officer, it always has happened, as it always must happen, as between England and the United States, that the citizens of the latter country are just as much exposed to its consequences as the subjects of the former. It is matter of record, that between the month of July, 1796, and the month of April, 1797, the American minister in London had to make application for the discharge from British men-of-war of two hundred and seventy-one seamen, claiming to be Americans, who had been impressed from American merchant-vessels on the high seas. There must have been many more who were never in a situation to claim the interference of their own country; but of the number who did thus claim it, eighty-six were discharged on evidence of their American character, thirty-seven were detained as British subjects or American volunteers, and to the application for the discharge of the remaining one hundred and forty-eight the American minister received no answer, the ships on board of which they were detained having sailed before an examination was made. Mr. King was, however, in possession of satisfactory evidence to prove the American character of most of them.

The enormous extent of these wrongful seizures had, it is well known, produced a deeply exasperated state of feeling in the people of this country, which was one of the chief causes of the subsequent war. Great as were the personal wrongs and sufferings, however, they were not the sole consequences of this practice. The entry of a searching officer from a belligerent into a neutral vessel, upon the high seas, is an act of force and a trespass, which is permitted for a few purposes that are allowed to form a sufficient justification by the laws of nations; but when such a justification is wanting, the sovereignty of the nation to which the vessel belongs is violated in the same manner, and to the same extent, as when a similar trespass is committed upon the land. That sovereignty is, for the time being, displaced by another and superior force, and the nation thus loses, for the time being, the power to protect its own subjects, who are entirely at the mercy of the invading power. These consequences were felt most keenly by the American people and by American statesmen, before the war of 1812. But they had not been able to overthrow the practice, because no one had met the doctrine on which the British right was claimed to be founded by a demonstration that no such right can exist, consistently with the rules and principles of the law of nations. The limitation, suspension, or abolition of the alleged right had been made matter of request and negotiation and proposed convention, but without success; and no one had ever met and refuted the alleged right itself, down to the time when Mr. Webster took up the subject. The question stood in 1842 just where it had always stood. England had never renounced the practice, or the claim of right on which she founded it; and it was liable to be again resorted to at any time, with the certain results of far greater abuses, in consequence of our greatly increased commercial marine, and of inevitable and bloody war following the very first instance of its repetition. Mr. Webster seems to have felt deeply the importance of putting this subject at rest for ever. He could not consent that the sovereignty and the commerce of this country, and its maritime people, should ever be again exposed to this flagrant wrong. He could not, as a statesman, view with indifference the violation of all principle involved in this practice, and he saw very clearly the benefit to the peace of the world that would result from a thorough vindication of the rules of public law which it necessarily infringes. He resolved, therefore, to present it in such a light that the British government must either answer his positions, or leave the world to draw the just inference that they are unanswerable. He accordingly took the opportunity of Lord Ashburton's mission, and of the friendly feeling then existing between the two governments, to place before the English ministry the doctrine which is hereafter to constitute the ground of American action on this important subject.

He found that the British claim of right to impress seamen from neutral merchant-ships was based, by their jurists and statesmen, upon the prerogative of the crown of England, which is founded on the English law of the perpetual and indissoluble allegiance of the subject, and his obligation under all circumstances, and for his whole life, to render military service to the crown, whenever required. The general doctrine of the law of England on the subject of military service is indisputable, and no one need dispute it. The question is, whether this law, or any other mere municipal law, is or is not illimitable in respect to the place of its operation. The practice of impressment from neutral ships on the high seas involves this assumption, — that the municipal law of England not only operates in English territory, but possesses an inherent power, *proprio vigore*, to enter the territory of another nation, and there to determine the rights of persons by its own rules. If it has such a power, it is paramount to the law of nations, which it instantly displaces ; because the two systems of law are not concurrent in their determination of the rights of persons on the point in question. The law of England asserts that a British subject is bound to perpetual allegiance and service ; the law of nations recognizes no such obligation. On the contrary, its doctrine is, in the case of seamen, that they may lawfully enter the merchant service of any nation with which their own is at peace ; and having entered such service, they acquire rights and assume relations which the law of nations recognizes as valid, — such as the right to complete their contract, and to receive their stipulated pay, and the right of the neutral master to have their contract performed. These relations are forcibly displaced, as soon as an impressing officer sets his foot on board the neutral vessel to assert the prerogative of the crown of England, and by it to take the mariner away.

What is the place where the municipal law of England undertakes to operate, in the case of impressment from a neutral vessel? The force of every system of municipal law concerning the relations of persons depends upon territorial sovereignty, for two reasons: first, because, beyond the territory of the sovereign whose law is in question, the rights of persons are determined by an entirely different set of rules ; and secondly, because no nation can go beyond its own territory to enforce its own law by its own power, for its executive power is necessarily confined to its own territorial jurisdiction. The few cases in which the law of nations permits an entry into the ships or other territory of another nation, for certain special and limited purposes, are not cases of the exercise of the executive power of one nation in the territory of another, to enforce the rule of its own law, but they are the exercise of a limited right, conceded by nations to each other, which right is defined by the law of nations, and does not spring from the municipal law of any country. A neutral merchantship, upon the high seas, is an extension of the territorial sovereignty of its own country. Wherever it is found, it bears with it, for the determination of the relations of those on board, the law of the country to which it belongs ; and for its right to be where it is, and to carry with it the law of its own country for the government of those on board, it depends upon the law of nations. No other power, sovereignty, rule, or principle can enter it, to disturb the relations of persons or things on board, except in the few conventional cases permitted by the law of nations for the exercise of belligerent rights, of which impressment is not one.

It follows, therefore, that the practice of impressment not only intrudes into a neutral merchant-vessel the rule of a foreign law for the determination of the rights of persons, but it undertakes to exercise executive power in the territory of another nation for the enforcement of that rule. The consequence is, that the sovereignty of the nation to which the vessel belongs is entirely superseded ; and when the sovereignty of his own country is no longer over him, the individual is at the mercy of whatever power has intruded into its place.

It was upon this doctrine that Mr. Webster took his stand. He enforced it with many illustrations and arguments, which we should only weaken by attempting to repeat them, and for the quotation of which we have not room. But we should do injustice to his great and striking argument, if we omitted to remind the reader of his vivid picture of the injustice of England, in maintaining her doctrine of perpetual allegiance over those hordes that she has been glad to pour forth from her crowded hive into this Western world, and who have here found that subsistence which the British isles cannot supply. After having gone through with these and many other forcible statements of the injustice of the practice of impressment, he announced, in measured but explicit language, the solemn determination of the American government, in these memorable words : —

"Under these circumstances, the government of the United States has used the occasion of your Lordship's pacific mission to review this whole subject, and to bring it to your notice and that of your government. It has reflected on the past, pondered the condition of the present, and endeavoured to anticipate, so far as might be in its power, the probable future; and I am now to communicate to your Lordship the result of these deliberations.

"The American government, then, is prepared to say that the practice of impressing seamen from American vessels cannot hereafter be allowed to take place. That practice is founded on principles which it does not recognize, and is invariably attended by consequences so unjust, so injurious, and of such formidable magnitude, as cannot be submitted to.

"In the early disputes between the two governments on this so long contested topic, the distinguished person to whose hands were first intrusted the seals of this department declared, that 'the simplest rule will be, that the vessel being American shall be evidence that the seamen on board are such.'

"Fifty years' experience, the utter failure of many negotiations, and a careful reconsideration, now had, of the whole subject, at a moment when the passions are laid, and no present interest or emergency exists to bias the judgment, have fully convinced this government that this is not only the simplest and best, but the only, rule which can be adopted and observed, consistently with the rights and honor of the United States and the security of their citizens. That rule announces, therefore, what will hereafter be the principle maintained by their government. In every regularly documented American merchant-vessel, the crew who navigate it will find their protection in the flag which is over them.

"This announcement is not made, my Lord, to revive useless recollections of the past, nor to stir the embers from fires which have been, in a great degree, smothered by many years of peace. Far otherwise. Its purpose is to extinguish those fires effectually, before new incidents arise to fan them into flame. The communication is in the spirit of peace, and for the sake of peace, and springs from a deep and conscientious conviction that high interests of both nations require this so long contested and controverted subject now to be finally put to rest. I persuade myself, my Lord, that you will do justice to this frank and sincere avowal of motives, and that you will communicate your sentiments in this respect to your government." — pp. 101, 102.

This declaration will stand. It has never been answered, probably for the sufficient reason, that no one has ever found himself able to answer it. The reply of Lord Ashburton did not profess to be an answer to the argument which had been addressed to him. He made a few suggestions, to the effect that the difficulty of the case arises from the circumstance that the laws of England and America maintain opposite principles respecting allegiance to the sovereign ; but he attempted no answer to the argument which had shown that the sphere of English law is English territory. In the discussion which followed in both Houses of Parliament after Lord Ashburton's return, the subject of impressment was not even alluded to ; and from that day to the present, no counter argument, statement, or declaration on this subject has ever been made by the British government, or by any British statesman. We have a right, therefore, to conclude that the subject is at rest, and that the practice will never be resumed. The question is settled, for us and for the whole world.

Here, then, is matter for congratulation and glory. It is not valuable as a mere triumph of American intellect, or for the gratification of national pride. Nor is it valuable solely for the personal security which it has thrown over the citizens of this country, wherever they may, in all coming time, pursue their lawful avocations on the ocean. It is not merely because the American citizen, native or adopted, will no longer be compelled to quit his own employments and be forced to fight the battles of England, that we mark what has been done. It is because, among the causes of war between two kindred nations whose renewed conflicts will light up the flames of battle throughout the globe, one of the most irritating and imminent has been stricken from the catalogue ; because the power and vigor of the public law have been manifested by a striking practical application to human rights ; and because justice, and right, and national safety, and national honor have all been vindicated by an exertion of intellect appealing to intellect, instead of an appeal to arms.

We take next the correspondence growing out of the case of the "Creole," because it involves principles in some respects identical with those asserted in the correspondence on the subject of impressment. The Creole was an American vessel, having slaves on board, which was carried into the port of Nassau, in the winter of 1841 – 42, by persons who had risen upon the lawful authority of the vessel, and, in the accomplishment of their purpose, had committed murder on a person on board. The slaves were set free ; but whether by the positive and officious interference of the local authorities, or not, was not certain at the time when it was made the subject of correspondence. Other cases had occurred, of American vessels, having slaves on board belonging to citizens of some of our Southern States, driven by stress of weather into British ports, in passing between the United States and the Bahama islands ; and the slaves had been set free by the local authorities, acting upon the doctrine of the English law, that the state of slavery cannot exist in English territory. In some of these cases compensation was made, and in others it was refused, to the owners of the slaves thus liberated. These cases presented a most important question, deeply interesting to the American government, and not merely interesting to the slave-holding States of this Union ; because they presented another application of the English doctrine, that the law of England can sometimes act extraterritorially upon the rights and relations of persons not subjects of the English crown. When a vessel is carried from the high seas by stress of weather, or by the violence of persons on board acting against the lawful authority of such vessel, into a foreign friendly port, the law of nations declares, beyond all controversy, that the vessel is not exclusively within the territorial jurisdiction of the country in whose actual territory it happens to be found, but that the territorial jurisdiction of its own country and its own laws, so far as the condition, relations, and duties of those on board are concerned, is still preserved over it. If, therefore, the law of the foreign port can enter such a vessel, and affect in the slightest degree the relations of persons on board, or change the condition affixed to them by the law of their own domicil and that of the vessel, it must do so by virtue of a power to act beyond its own territorial jurisdiction, and to act where that jurisdiction ceases to be exclusive. Whether the law of England can do this was the grave question which presented itself to Mr. Webster's consideration. It was clearly his duty to apply to it the same principles which he undertook to apply to the practice of impressment. The fact, that the English pretension, in this case, seemed to be on the side of mercy for the individuals liberated in such cases, could not alter the rules of public law, or the relations of the American government to the doctrine asserted by the British government. Mr. Webster, accordingly, opened a correspondence with Lord Ashburton with regard to this doctrine, with the view of bringing about some arrangement or understanding which would prevent American vessels, when passing along the coast of Florida, from one State of the Union to another, where slavery is tolerated by law, and having slaves on board, the property of citizens of the United States, as mariners or passengers, and being carried into one of the British islands by stress of weather, or by the violence of any of the persons on board, from being interfered with by the local authorities of those islands, exerting themselves to free such slaves, or to prevent the proper authority of the vessel from bringing them away. This was his sole purpose; and he addressed himself to the accomplishment of this purpose in a paper which was well characterized by Lord Ashburton as "an elaborate and important argument on the application of the general principles of the law of nations to these subjects," — "an argument," his Lordship added, "to which your authority necessarily gives great weight."

This argument proceeded upon the doctrine, that, by the law of nations, when a vessel enters a foreign friendly port, she carries with her the jurisdiction and laws of her own nation, for the general purpose of governing and regulating the rights, duties, and obligations of those on board, and that, to the extent of the exercise of this jurisdiction, the vessel is considered as a part of the territory of the nation itself. This jurisdiction is not exclusive. If any person on board such a vessel commit a crime against the local law, or enter into a contract with the citizens of the place, he is amenable to the local law. But until an offence has been committed against the local law, or a contract has been made under it, it cannot affect the persons on board such a vessel, because the case has not arisen over which that law has jurisdiction. The rights of the persons on board in the property on board, and their relations and obligations among themselves, are fixed by the law of their own country, and are exclusively the subjects of its jurisdiction. If this jurisdiction were not exclusive as to these subjects, it would follow that the local law could make the property of one man become the property of another, could dissolve shipping-articles, marriages, and other contracts, and entirely change the relations of persons whose relations are derived from the law of their own country.

Mr. Webster did not deny that it is competent to any nation to declare, by positive enactment, or other proper declaration of her will, that no other nation shall exercise any jurisdiction over even its own vessels in her waters or in her territories. But he declared that, in the absence of such positive declaration, the presumption is that foreign ships bring with them the jurisdiction of their own country, according to the law of nations, over all the subjects as to which the law of nations preserves that jurisdiction. The personal relations and personal condition of those on board is one of these subjects.

Lord Ashburton did not undertake to answer Mr. Webster's argument. He recognized the importance of the question and the ability with which it had been discussed by the American Secretary ; but intimated that it had better be referred for discussion to London, " where it would have a much increased chance of settlement, on terms likely to satisfy the interests of the United States." He added, however, the following declaration : — " In the mean time, I can engage that instructions shall be given to the governors of her Majesty's colonies, on the southern borders of the United States, to execute their own laws with careful attention to the wish of their government to maintain good neighbourhood, and that there shall be no officious interference with American vessels driven by accident or by violence into those ports. The laws and duties of hospitality shall be exercised ; and these seem neither to require nor to justify any further inquisition into the state of persons or things on board of vessels so situated, than may be indispensable to enforce the observance of the municipal law of the colony, and the proper regulation of its harbours and waters."

When the treaty and the accompanying correspondence were afterwards attacked by the Whigs in Parliament, Lord Ashburton was severely blamed by them for having engaged that these instructions should be given. Lord Campbell is reported to have held the following language :* —

> "In the year 1836, the ship Enterprise was driven by stress of weather into Bermuda, and then the legal authorities had no option. It was precisely as if a vessel with a cargo of slaves came into Portsmouth, that they sued out a writ of *habeas cor-*

---

* We quote from a report of the debate in the *London Morning Chronicle* of April 8, 1843.

pus, and were brought before his noble and learned friend the Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, and who would be bound to liberate them [hear, from Lord Denman]. The Chief Justice of Bermuda was obliged to do the same thing, and accordingly he liberated the slaves. Compensation was claimed for those slaves by the American government, and he [Lord Campbell] as Attorney-General, came to the conclusion that no compensation could be made. The slaves that had been were no longer slaves; the moment they entered an English port, they were entitled to their freedom: it would be a trespass to detain them; they would be in the same situation as emigrants unlawfully imprisoned; and in the case of the Enterprise, compensation was refused. For several years the American government acquiesced in that decision, and the general understanding between the two governments was, that no compensation could be made in such cases. Mr. Webster tried to get Lord Ashburton to admit that compensation was due, or that a new law should be passed applicable to English ports, to recognize the slave-trade, and to enable the masters to take away their slaves. Mr. Webster entered into the general principle; he tried to show that the slaves ought not to be liberated, that the masters were wronged if they were so liberated, and that the American government had, in these cases, a right to demand compensation. The reasoning of Mr. Webster would have shown that the negro Somerset ought to have been kept captive by Lord Mansfield. But not only was the law of England as he [Lord Campbell] had laid it down, but it was the law of America also; for Professor Story, greater than any law-writer of which this country could boast, or which we could bring forward since the days of Blackstone, said that slavery was a local law, but that the moment the slave got beyond the limits of that local law, he had broken his chains, he had escaped from his prison, and he was free, and entitled to the protection of the American law. And Mr. Story followed up this doctrine with sentiments which would have done credit to his noble and learned friend (Lord Denman) who so worthily presided over the Court of Queen's Bench here, and who had ever proved himself a distinguished friend to the freedom of the human race. When an English port received a slave cargo, from that moment the whole of the individuals composing that cargo were entitled to their freedom. What, then, ought to have been the answer of our negotiator to such a demand? And be it observed, that there was not the slightest difference in this respect between Bermuda and Portsmouth. He ought either to have refused to enter into this negotiation at all, or he ought to have asserted the high principle upon which the English government had acted in the case of the Enterprise, and on which he [Lord Campbell] trusted the noble earl opposite would continue to act."

With great respect for the character of Lord Campbell, we are obliged to notice several errors into which his zeal seems to have betrayed him. In the first place, he represents Mr. Webster as having made a demand for compensation in the case of the Creole. This was a mistake. No demand was made for compensation, because the precise facts were still in controversy ; but undoubtedly the principle contended for by Mr. Webster would require compensation to be made in any case of the liberation of slaves *from on board a vessel* which had come into a British port under the circumstances supposed by Mr. Webster in the case presented by him as the case for discussion. In the next place, Lord Campbell represented Mr. Webster as trying to get the British government to pass a new law applicable to English ports, "to recognize the slave-trade." What slave-trade ? Mr. Webster had referred to no slave-trade. He stated the occasion for some arrangement or understanding on this subject in the following terms : —

> "No particular ground of complaint exists as to the treatment which American vessels usually receive in these ports, unless they happen to have slaves on board ; but, in cases of that kind, complaints have been made, as already stated, of officious interference of the colonial authorities with the vessel, for the purpose of changing the condition in which these persons are, by the laws of their own country, and of setting them free.
>
> "In the Southern States of this Union, slavery exists by the laws of the States, and under the guaranty of the Constitution of the United States ; and it has existed in them from a period long antecedent to the time when they ceased to be British colonies. In this state of things, it will happen that slaves will be often on board coasting-vessels, as hands, as servants attending the families of their owners, or for the purpose of being carried from port to port. For the security of the rights of their citizens, when vessels having persons of this description on board are driven by stress of weather, or carried by unlawful force, into British ports, the United States propose the introduction of no new principle into the law of nations. They require only a faithful and exact observance of the injunctions of that code, as understood and practised in modern times." — p. 84.

In the third place, Lord Campbell begged the whole question which Mr. Webster raised. He assumed that the slave, in the case put by Mr. Webster, and in the cases which had actually happened, had got beyond the limits of the law which made him a slave, and that therefore he was free. He assumed that when a slave, coming from a country which recognizes slavery, is on board a vessel of that country, driven by stress of weather, or brought by unlawful force, into the waters of a British port, his case is the same as if he had landed ; that he is beyond the jurisdiction of his own law ; and that he is free for the same reason on which Somerset was declared free by Lord Mansfield, namely, by force of the law of England. This, therefore, is the naked claim of a power in the law of England to enter such a vessel and to oust the jurisdiction of its own country over it ; for the slave cannot be beyond the law of his own country, being on board, unless the jurisdiction of his own country has been displaced from the vessel by some other jurisdiction, which has thus become exclusive over the subject-matter.

Lord Campbell makes an apparent use of the authority of Mr. Justice Story to sustain his position. We profess to have a pretty intimate acquaintance with the works and the judgments of our distinguished countryman ; but we know of nothing that ever proceeded from his pen, that countenances the doctrine, that the relations or condition of persons on board a foreign vessel, situated as was supposed in the case put by Mr. Webster, can be affected by the local law of the country in whose port such vessel happens to be. We presume that Lord Campbell referred to the following passage in Judge Story's work on the Conflict of Laws : —

> "There is a uniformity of opinion among foreign jurists, and foreign tribunals, in giving no effect to the state of slavery of a party, whatever it might have been in the country of his birth, or of that in which he had been previously domiciled, unless it is also recognized by the laws of the country of his *actual domicil*, and where he is found, and it is sought to be enforced. . . . . . In Scotland, the like doctrine has been solemnly adjudged. The tribunals of France have adopted the same rule, even in relation to slaves coming from their own colonies. This is also the undisputed law of England. It has been solemnly decided, that the law of England abhors and will not endure the existence of slavery *within the nation;* and consequently, as soon as a slave

lands in England, he becomes *ipso facto* a freeman, and discharged from the state of servitude. Independent of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States for the protection of the rights of masters in regard to domestic fugitive slaves, there is no doubt that the same principle pervades the common law of the non-slaveholding States in America; that is to say, foreign slaves would no longer be deemed such after their removal hither." — § 96.

We have Italicized the words in this passage which show conclusively the author's meaning, that the law of the foreign country does not attach to change the condition of a slave until it has become his "actual domicil"; until he is "within the nation"; or, in other words, when he is "landed." There is no doubt that, when he is landed within a nation whose law does not recognize slavery, he is discharged from the state of servitude, because the jurisdiction of that nation has become exclusive by his entering into its dominion. But, as Lord Ashburton truly remarked, "What constitutes the being within British dominion, from which these consequences are to follow?" Surely, we answer, it is not when the slave is still where the law of nations keeps over him the jurisdiction of his own country. Judge Story, in another part of the same work from which we have quoted, lays down the same principle as that on which Mr. Webster relied, in these words: —

> "It is plain, that the laws of one country can have no intrinsic force, *proprio vigore*, except within the territorial limits and *jurisdiction* of that country. They can bind only its own subjects, and others who are within its *jurisdictional limits; and the latter only while they remain therein.*" — § 7.

This position the learned author enforces with his usual copiousness of illustration and authorities. Nothing that we are aware of, proceeding from him, weakens Mr. Webster's argument at all; and we have the best reason for knowing that he considered the doctrine asserted in that argument as entirely sound, and as a just and correct limitation of the power of local law by the operation of the law of nations.

We doubt not that there are many benevolent persons, on both sides of the Atlantic, who, looking only to the fact, that the operation claimed for the law of England in cases of this kind would, if allowed, give freedom to certain slaves, have regretted that any opposition should have been made to it. We may remind such persons, that the same argument which overthrows Mr. Webster's position in the case of the Creole will beat down his argument on the subject of impressment. What is law in the one case must be law in the other ; because the same effect is claimed for the law of England in both cases ; namely, a power to operate on the condition and rights of persons on board a foreign ship, when not within the exclusive jurisdiction of England, but being still within the jurisdiction of its own nation. If the rule of the law of England, which declares that slavery cannot exist in English territory, can enter a foreign ship while lying in a British port, and dissolve the obligations existing among the persons on board, it must be because such persons are within the dominion of England, that is to say, within its exclusive jurisdiction. If they are so, then, with equal reason, the rule of the law of England which gives a naval officer a right to impress British subjects into the service of the crown, wherever he can find them, may enter an American vessel on the high seas, and may justify that officer in breaking up the relations of the persons on board ; because those persons are just as much within the dominion of England, when sailing upon the high seas, so far as their mutual rights and obligations are concerned, as the persons on board the same ship would be when lying in the waters of a British port, into which it had come by no volition of the lawful authority of the vessel, but by stress of weather, or by the violence of revolt.

The fallacy, then, of likening these cases to the case of Somerset, or to the cases which have occurred in the free States of this Union, of slaves brought voluntarily by their owners within the jurisdiction of a State which does not recognize slavery, is apparent from the consideration, that in the one case the law of nations keeps the law of native domicil still in force, while in the other the law of the actual domicil has become exclusive. When a master has voluntarily taken his slave upon English territory, and still seeks to enforce the condition of slavery created by a foreign law, he appeals to a law which does not recognize and has no means of enforcing that condition. Hence the slave is free ; because the foreign law cannot operate in English territory, and the English law has no means of enforcing the condition of slavery which the foreign law creates. The same reasons would apply to the case of a slave who had escaped into England from a country tolerating slavery, against the master's will; and, but for the provisions in the Constitution of the United States, the same reasons would produce the same result in the free States of this Union. In such cases, where the party is actually within the dominion of the country not recognizing slavery, a conflict arises between the law of that country and the law of his native domicil; and the law of nations decides, that the law of the country in which he is found can alone operate in the territory of that country. But this is a totally different case from that of a party who is still, according to the law of nations, within the actual jurisdiction and territory of his own country.

The question in relation to what was at first called the right of search, and afterwards the right of visit, was also happily disposed of in the Treaty of Washington, by an arrangement which rendered unnecessary the continued assertion of the right on the one side and its denial on the other. But in order to appreciate the merits of the treaty and the correspondence connected with it in reference to this matter, it is necessary to review the position of the question. The British government, finding that the American flag was often fraudulently made use of by slave-traders on the coast of Africa, had been for some time previous to the year 1842 in the habit of instructing their cruisers to ascertain the nationality of merchant-vessels trading on the coast of Africa, by detention and inspection of their papers and cargoes. Great abuses had consequently taken place. American merchant-men, engaged in lawful traffic, had been detained, searched, their voyages broken up, and in some cases their cargoes unshipped, on the suspicion of British officers that they were engaged in the slave-trade. When Mr. Everett arrived in London, in the latter part of the year 1841, to enter upon his duties as minister plenipotentiary, there were at least four of these cases, in which a claim for redress had been submitted by his predecessor to the British government, but on which no answer had been received. Mr. Everett prosecuted these claims with all proper despatch, and the result was, that compensation was very handsomely made in several of them. But compensation is a very imperfect remedy against the exercise of a practice which cannot be defended on grounds of law, and which is so annoying and injurious to commerce, and so irritating in itself, as the practice of arresting, detaining, and searching merchant-vessels in time of peace.

This practice was at first justified on the ground of what was called the right of search. It was soon recollected, however, that the right of search, being the right to enter a merchant-ship and search for evidence of the national character of vessel and cargo, was a purely belligerent right, and therefore could not be exercised in time of peace, unless created by treaty. The name of the thing was then changed, and it was called the right of visit; the object of the visit being to ascertain, by personal inspection, whether the vessel visited lawfully bore the flag under which she was sailing. The British government admitted that their cruisers could not exercise the belligerent right of search, in time of peace; but they claimed the right, at any time, to go on board any merchant-vessel, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was lawfully using the flag which it might be found using; and this right they called the right of visit, in contradistinction to the right of search. As soon as this distinction was propounded, all Europe teemed with discussions on the question, whether any such distinction exists; while the manner in which the British cruisers were at the same time exercising the alleged right showed pretty conclusively that there is no practical distinction, in the means of exercising the right in order to arrive at the object, between the belligerent search and the visit in time of peace. In the cases of the American vessels Tigris, Seamew, and several others, the British officers searched, detained, and captured precisely as if they were overhauling a merchant-vessel, in time of war, engaged, or supposed to be engaged, in violating belligerent rights.

The great difficulty in regard to this practice, in peace, whether it is called the right of search or the right of visit, is, that the law of nations does not permit it. It may be shown, upon the highest authority, that the practice is the same thing, whether it is called by the one name or the other. We presume that, on a question of this kind, the highest authorities will be conceded to be the public tribunals of enlightened states specially charged with the administration of public law. No tribunals in the world have stood higher than the High Court of Admiralty in England, when presided over by Sir William Scott, and the Supreme Court of the United

States, when Marshall presided in it and Story sat at his side. Both of these tribunals concurred in describing the right of entry into a merchant-vessel on the high seas, not as the right of search, or the right of visit, but as the right of "visitation and search"; thereby clearly implying, that, although the visit must precede the search, yet that when the one right exists it necessarily draws after it the other, with which it is inseparably combined. Both tribunals concurred in holding, repeatedly, in so many terms, that the right of "visitation and search" does not exist in time of peace, cannot be exercised in time of peace, and that the belligerent claim is the only foundation of the right. Both concurred, also, in holding that the penalty for resisting this right is confiscation of the property so withheld from "visitation and search"; but Sir William Scott declared, that, in order to bring a case of resistance within the mischief of the rule, it must be shown, in the first instance, that the neutral vessel had reasonable grounds to be satisfied of the existence of a war; otherwise there is no such thing as neutral character, nor any foundation for the several duties which the law of nations imposes on that character. Clearly, therefore, if a neutral master, having no reasonable grounds to be satisfied of the existence of a war, may lawfully resist a search of his vessel, he may at the same time lawfully resist a visitation, or entry into his vessel. If he may do this in a time of actual war, because he is ignorant that war has been declared, he may surely do it when there is no war. He may resist the search, because no one has a right to search his vessel in time of peace; and he may resist the visit, because, if the visit is lawful, it can be so only because it has a lawful object, and the object can only be to ascertain his national character by inspection and examination, which in peace is not lawful.*

---

* So far as the use of language shows whether the public law acknowledges a distinction between "search" and "visit," we believe the facts to be these. In all languages on the continent of Europe, the term "visitation" has become technical, to describe the belligerent right of going on board a neutral vessel, to ascertain its national character. In the French language, there is no word corresponding to the term "search," as a technical legal term, to describe what is described by that word in English. In the German language, there are words which answer to the English word "search," but the writers on public law in that language have always used the word "visitation," which has become technical with them by adoption from the French. On the continent of Europe, therefore, the word "visitation," *visite*, describes the whole of that right which in English and Amer-

The right of visiting the ships of other nations for the purpose of ascertaining their real characters, in time of peace, had, before this controversy arose, been expressly negatived by the Supreme Court of the United States. Lord Aberdeen stated the claim to be "simply a right to satisfy the party who has a legitimate interest in knowing the truth, that the vessel actually is what her colors announce." The Supreme Court of the United States defined the exercise of this right, as long ago as the year 1826, and held that ships of war, sailing under the authority of their government, in time of peace, have a right to approach other vessels at sea for the purpose of ascertaining their real characters, *so far as the same can be done without the exercise of the right of visitation and search;* but that no vessel is bound to await the approach of armed ships under such circumstances, although it cannot lawfully prevent their approach by the use of force, upon the mere suspicion of danger. This decision was not binding upon the British government, so as to preclude them from maintaining another doctrine, if it was erroneous. But it was the decision of a court of the law of nations, just as far removed from the suspicion of prejudice or bias as the corresponding tribunal in England, and perfectly competent to declare what the law of nations is. When such a tribunal has decided a question of this kind, all governments that undertake to maintain a contrary doctrine are bound to show some decision of equal authority the other way, or that the law is otherwise held by other nations, or else to advance some reasoning that overthrows the reasoning of the decision. An adjudication on a point of international law, in a supreme tribunal of the law of nations, is not an *ipse dixit* of the government of the country in which the court is situated. It is an authentic declaration of the law, by functionaries who are bound to declare it impartially between their own government

---

ican maritime law is called, by a pleonasm, the right of "visitation and search." Notwithstanding Sir Robert Peel declared that "there is nothing more distinct than the right of visit is from the right of search"; while Lord Brougham said that "the right of search and the right of visit are not two different rights," and "that 'visit' is the French word and 'search' is the English"; we must persist in looking to the proper judicial authorities, English and American, which describe the terms "visitation and search" as the right to go on board a neutral ship, and there demand an inspection of papers, and, if these are not satisfactory, to search the cargo. But who ever heard of the right, in time of peace, to ask for a vessel's papers?

and every other, and who are always presumed to have so decided. It is to be received in foreign countries, not as a conclusive authority, but with respect; and unless it appears to be an obvious misconstruction of public law, it forms the rule, until some decision or reasoning appears entitled to more respect, or the general practice of nations is found to be otherwise. So far as we know, this decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was not encountered with success, if at all, in any of the discussions on the British side of this controversy.

The subject of the right of search, or of visit, had been discussed between Lord Aberdeen and the American envoys in London, prior to the mission of Lord Ashburton; but no satisfactory conclusions had been reached. When Lord Ashburton came out to this country, the position of the matter was this. The British government had asserted the right to visit any ship bearing the American flag, to inquire and ascertain whether it was in reality an American vessel. If it turned out to be an American vessel, they admitted that it could not be detained, and that reparation must be made for any loss or injury sustained by the detention for the purposes of inquiry. On the other hand, our government denied the existence of any such right, and maintained that a vessel upon the high seas is subject, by the law of nations, to no detention or visitation except by a belligerent, for the purposes known and acknowledged by the law of nations as among belligerent rights. When the Treaty of Washington was under negotiation, it seemed to Mr. Webster desirable, not only that the country should engage in some practical efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade, but that all motive or necessity for the exercise of such an alleged right of examination or visit by British cruisers should be taken away. But it was by no means his purpose, in any arrangement which would supersede the claim of this right, to admit that the right itself had ever existed. He designed merely to make an arrangement which would enable us to execute our own laws against the slave-trade, and to perform our own obligations, by our own means and our own power, as being most consistent with the honor and dignity of the country. Accordingly, the treaty provided that each of the two governments should maintain on the coast of Africa a sufficient squadron to enforce, separately and respectively, the laws, rights, and obligations of the two countries for the suppression of the slave-trade.

In his message to the Senate, communicating the treaty for ratification, the President of the United States stated these as the motives and inducements which had led to the introduction of this article into the treaty. In his subsequent annual message to Congress, at the opening of the session of 1842 – 43, he thus referred to the question of the right of visit : —

> "Although Lord Aberdeen, in his correspondence with the American envoys at London, expressly disclaimed all right to detain an American ship on the high seas, even if found with a cargo of slaves on board, and restricted the British pretension to a mere claim to visit and inquire, yet it could not well be discerned by the Executive of the United States how such visit and inquiry could be made without detention on the voyage, and consequent interruption to the trade. It was regarded as the right of search presented only in a new form, and expressed in different words ; and I therefore felt it to be my duty distinctly to declare, in my annual message to Congress, that no such concession could be made, and that the United States had both the will and the ability to enforce their own laws, and to protect their flag from being used for purposes wholly forbidden by those laws and obnoxious to the moral censure of the world."

This statement was regarded in England as tending to convey the supposition, that the right of visit had been disavowed by Lord Ashburton, and that Great Britain had made concessions on that point, by assenting to the article in the treaty which practically superseded the exercise of the alleged right. On the 18th of January, 1843, Lord Aberdeen addressed a despatch to Mr. Fox, and instructed him to read it to Mr. Webster, in which he deprecated this conclusion, and reminded our government that the right of search did not form the subject of discussion during the late negotiation, and that no concession was made or required to be made ; that the engagement entered into by the parties to the treaty, for suppressing the African slave-trade, was unconditionally proposed and agreed to ; and announcing that England still maintained and would exercise, when necessary, its right to ascertain the genuineness of any flag which a suspected vessel might bear, subject to the duty of making reparation for injury to innocent parties.

This rendered it necessary for Mr. Webster to take up the question of the right of search; and accordingly, on the 28th of March, 1843, he addressed a despatch to Mr. Everett in answer to Lord Aberdeen's despatch to Mr. Fox, in which he thus stated the true character of the treaty: —

> "Lord Aberdeen is entirely correct in saying that the claim of a right of search was not discussed during the late negotiation, and that neither was any concession required by this government, nor made by that of her Britannic Majesty.
>
> "The 8th and 9th articles of the Treaty of Washington constitute a mutual stipulation for concerted efforts to abolish the African slave-trade. This stipulation, it may be admitted, has no other effects on the pretensions of either party than this: Great Britain had claimed as a *right* that which this government could not admit to be a *right*, and, in the exercise of a just and proper spirit of amity, a mode was resorted to which might render unnecessary both the assertion and the denial of such claim.
>
> "There probably are those who think that what Lord Aberdeen calls a right of visit, and which he attempts to distinguish from the right of search, ought to have been expressly acknowledged by the government of the United States; at the same time, there are those on the other side who think that the formal surrender of such right of visit should have been demanded by the United States as a precedent condition to the negotiation for treaty stipulations on the subject of the African slave-trade. But the treaty neither asserts the claim in terms, nor denies the claim in terms; it neither formally insists upon it, nor formally renounces it. Still, the whole proceeding shows that the object of the stipulation was to avoid such differences and disputes as had already arisen, and the serious practical evils and inconveniences which, it cannot be denied, are always liable to result from the practice which Great Britain had asserted to be lawful. These evils and inconveniences had been acknowledged by both governments. They had been such as to cause much irritation, and to threaten to disturb the amicable sentiments which prevailed between them. Both governments were sincerely desirous of abolishing the slave-trade; both governments were equally desirous of avoiding occasion of complaint by their respective citizens and subjects; and both governments regarded the 8th and 9th articles as effectual for their avowed purpose, and likely, at the same time, to preserve all friendly relations, and to take away causes of future individual complaints. The Treaty of Washington was intended to fulfil the obligations entered into by the Treaty of Ghent. It stands by itself; is clear and intelligible.

It speaks its own language, and manifests its own purpose. It needs no interpretation, and requires no comment. As a fact, as an important occurrence in national intercourse, it may have important bearings on existing questions respecting the public law; and individuals, or perhaps governments, may not agree as to what these bearings really are. Great Britain has discussions, if not controversies, with other great European states upon the subject of visit or search. These states will naturally make their own commentary on the Treaty of Washington, and draw their own inferences from the fact that such a treaty has been entered into. Its stipulations, in the mean time, are plain, explicit, and satisfactory to both parties, and will be fulfilled on the part of the United States, and, it is not doubted, on the part of Great Britain also, with the utmost good faith." — pp. 161, 162.

Mr. Webster then entered into an examination of the question of the right of visit in all its bearings. After stating the British claim, as asserted by her Majesty's government, to be the right to visit a vessel upon the high seas in order to ascertain that the vessel actually is what her colors announce, he first contends that there is no such well-known and acknowledged, nor indeed any broad and generic, difference between what has been usually called "visit" and what has been usually called "search"; that the right of visit, to be effectual, must come, in the end, to include search; and thus to exercise, in peace, an authority which the law of nations allows only in times of war. He then proceeds as follows.

"An eminent member of the House of Commons thus states the British claim, and his statement is acquiesced in and adopted by the first minister of the crown: —

"'The claim of this country is for the right of our cruisers to ascertain whether a merchant-vessel is justly entitled to the protection of the flag which she may happen to have hoisted, such vessel being in circumstances which rendered her liable to the suspicion, first, that she was not entitled to the protection of the flag; and, secondly, if not entitled to it, she was, either under the law of nations or the provisions of treaties, subject to the supervision and control of our cruisers.'*

"Now the question is, *By what means* is this ascertainment to be effected?

"As we understand the general and settled rules of public law, in respect to ships of war sailing under the authority of their government, 'to arrest pirates and other public offenders,' there is no reason why they may not approach any vessels descried at sea, for the purpose of ascertaining their real characters. Such a right of approach seems indispensable for the fair and discreet exercise of their authority; and the use of it cannot be justly deemed indicative of any design to insult or injure those they approach, or to impede them in their lawful commerce. On the other hand, it is as clear that no ship is, under such circumstances, bound to lie by, or wait the approach of any other ship. She is at full liberty to pursue her voyage in her own way, and to use all necessary precautions to avoid any suspected sinister enterprise or hostile attack. Her right to the free use of the ocean is as perfect as that of any other ship. An entire equality is presumed to exist. She has a right to consult her own safety, but at the same time she must take care not to violate the rights of others. She may use any precautions dictated by the prudence or fears of her officers, either as to delay, or the progress or course of her voyage; but she is not at liberty to inflict injuries upon other innocent parties simply because of conjectural dangers.

---

* "Mr. Wood, now Sir Charles Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"But if the vessel thus approached attempts to avoid the vessel approaching, or does not comply with her commander's order to send him her papers for his inspection, nor consent to be visited or detained, what is next to be done? Is force to be used? And if force be used, may that force be lawfully repelled? These questions lead at once to the elemental principle, — the essence of the British claim. Suppose the merchant-vessel be in truth an American vessel engaged in lawful commerce, and that she does not choose to be detained. Suppose she resists the visit. What is the consequence? In all cases in which the belligerent right of visit exists, resistance to the exercise of that right is regarded as just cause of condemnation, both of vessel and cargo. Is that penalty, or what other penalty, to be incurred by resistance to visit in time of peace? Or suppose that force be met by force, gun returned for gun, and the commander of the cruiser, or some of his seamen, be killed; what description of offence will have been committed? It would be said, in behalf of the commander of the cruiser, that he mistook the vessel for a vessel of England, Brazil, or Portugal; but does this mistake of his take away from the American vessel the right of self-defence? The writers of authority declare it to be a principle of natural law, that the privilege of self-defence exists against an assailant who mistakes the object of his attack for another whom he had the right to assail.

"Lord Aberdeen cannot fail to see, therefore, what serious consequences might ensue, if it were to be admitted that this claim to visit, in time of peace, however limited or defined, should be permitted to exist as a strict matter of right; for if it exist as a right, it must be followed by corresponding duties and obligations, and the failure to fulfil those duties would naturally draw penal consequences after it, till ere long it would become, in truth, little less, or little other, than the belligerent right of search.

"If visit or visitation be not accompanied by search, it will be in most cases merely idle. A sight of papers may be demanded, and papers may be produced. But it is known that slave-traders carry false papers, and different sets of papers. A search for other papers, then, must be made, where suspicion justifies it, or else the whole proceeding would be nugatory. In suspicious cases, the language and general appearance of the crew are among the means of ascertaining the national character of the vessel. The cargo on board, also, often indicates the country from which she comes. Her log-book, showing the previous course and events of her voyage, her internal fitment and equipment, are all evidences for her, or against her, on her allegation of character. These matters, it is obvious, can only be ascertained by rigorous search.

"It may be asked, If a vessel may not be called on to show her papers, why does she carry papers? No doubt she may be called on to show her papers; but the question is, Where, when, and by whom? Not in time of peace, on the high seas, where her rights are equal to the rights of any other vessel, and where none has a right to molest her. The use of her papers is, in time of war, to prove her neutrality when visited by belligerent cruisers; and in both peace and war, to show her national character, and the lawfulness of her voyage, in those ports of other countries to which she may proceed for purposes of trade.

"It appears to the government of the United States that the view of this whole subject which is the most naturally taken is also the most legal, and most in analogy with other cases. British cruisers have a right to detain British merchantmen for certain purposes; and they have a right, acquired by treaty, to detain merchant-vessels of several other nations for the same purposes. But they have no right at all to detain an American merchant-vessel. This Lord Aberdeen admits in the fullest manner. Any detention of an American vessel by a British cruiser is therefore a wrong, a trespass; although it may be done under the belief that she was a British vessel, or that she belonged to a nation which had conceded the right of such detention to the British cruisers, and the trespass therefore an involuntary trespass. If a ship of war, in thick weather, or in the darkness of the night, fire upon and sink a neutral vessel, under the belief that she is an enemy's vessel, this is a trespass, a mere wrong; and cannot be said to be an act done under any right, accompanied by responsibility for damages. So if a civil officer on land have process against one individual, and through mistake arrest another, this arrest is wholly tortious: no one would think of saying that it was done under any lawful exercise of authority, subject only to responsibility, or that it was any thing but a mere trespass, though an unintentional trespass. The municipal law does not undertake to lay down beforehand any rule for the government of such cases; and as little, in the opinion of the government of the United States, does the public law of the world lay down beforehand any rule for the government of cases of involuntary trespasses, detentions, and injuries at sea; except that in both classes of cases law and reason make a distinction between injuries committed through mistake and injuries committed by design: the former being entitled to fair and just compensation, — the latter demanding exemplary damages, and sometimes personal punishment. The government of the United States has frequently made known its opinion, which it now repeats, that the practice of detaining American vessels, though subject to just compensation, if such detention afterward turn out to have been without good cause, however guarded by instructions, or however cautiously exercised, necessarily leads to serious inconvenience and injury. The amount of loss cannot be always well ascertained. Compensation, if it be adequate in the amount, may still necessarily be long delayed; and the pendency of such claims always proves troublesome to the governments of both countries. These detentions, too, frequently irritate individuals, cause warm blood, and produce nothing but ill effects on the amicable relations existing between the countries. We wish, therefore, to put an end to them, and to avoid all occasions for their recurrence." — pp. 166 - 169.

This argument has never been answered, and the question of the right of search now slumbers with many other alleged rights, which have been advanced without the necessary support of sound principle. Probably it will never be revived; and therefore we take occasion to say, that it appears to us not at all necessary to consider whether the provision in the Treaty of Washington for the maintenance of squadrons on the coast of Africa is more or less effectual in helping to suppress the slave-trade than the right of search would have been, or would now be. The complaint in England, on the part of those who complained at all against the treaty and its accompanying discussions, was, that in the great object of suppressing the trade, a step had been taken backwards, by an apparent surrender of the right of search. As to any surrender of the right, we maintain that it never existed, and therefore nothing was surrendered — if the absence of an answer to Mr. Webster's positions is to be taken as a surrender — but an unfounded pretension. As to the complaint, that a mutual right of search has not been conceded by us, and that the treaty and the correspondence had the effect of preventing other powers, as they certainly had, from conceding it, and therefore that the world is not in so good a position for putting down the slave-trade as it was before the treaty, there are two answers to be made. The chief answer is, that the right of search, without treaty, is contrary to law, and therefore it cannot be submitted to by us, or by any other nation, and ought not to be, if it could; and the right of search conceded by treaty will not be submitted to by our people, and therefore it cannot be forced upon them by their government. The suppression of the African slave-trade is a great object, to be desired by all Christian nations, and to be accomplished by all practicable means; but this is not a practicable means, because a commercial people will not endure it. Its inconveniences, its annoyances, and its certain abuses, however regulated it may be, are so great, that commerce cannot be made to bear it. We submit to the belligerent right of search, because it is the law, and because we cannot help it. But a search in time of peace we do not submit to, because we can help it; and we choose to help it, because we do not regard it as so manifestly the best and only means of accomplishing the suppression of the traffic, as to make it a high moral duty to endure its inconveniences.

This brings us to the second answer to this complaint. It is a fact, which the experience of the last ten years has amply demonstrated, that a general suppression of the traffic, by means and appliances to be used on the coast of Africa, whatever they may be, is almost, if not quite, hopeless. Nothing short of a blockade by all the navies of the world, backed by all the resources of the world, and withdrawn from every other duty, will entirely destroy the trade, so long as a market exists, beyond the blockading force, to which the slavedealer can run his cargoes. The gains to be made in this trade are so enormous, as to compensate for all the risks which have ever yet been accumulated upon the coast of Africa, and for all that probably can be accumulated there, by the humane policy of Christendom ; and these gains will operate as a temptation to an indefinite extent, as long as they can be made. Destroy the market, therefore, if you would do something effectual. As long as Spain and Portugal keep open their ports to the reception of the slaves, so long men will be found to buy or steal them, and to transport them across the sea.

Do we, then, regard the provision in the treaty as of no value ? We are far from thinking so. It is of great value, as it evinces our readiness to do what is really practicable *towards* a suppression of the trade. It is of great value, as it places on the coast a squadron that can prevent the fraudulent use of our flag by the slave-dealers of other nations, and can send home for trial any Americans who may be caught in the traffic ; and it is of great value, as it makes it unnecessary for us, in doing what we can for these objects, to subject our ships to detention and search by foreign cruisers. These are its legitimate advantages ; and they are not to be weighed in the balance against the advantages flowing from an alleged right which never existed, or from a concession which never could have been made.

Another of the important and interesting questions with which Mr. Webster had to deal was that involved in the case of Alexander M'Leod ; and the manner in which he met it was in the highest degree honorable to him and to the government in which he bore a distinguished part. The details of this case are so familiar to the public, that we need not here repeat them. We refer to it now, for the single purpose of stating the grave question which it raised, and of expressing our humble astonishment that any body should ever have doubted the soundness of the principle on which Mr. Webster acted. Whoever denies the correctness of that principle flies in the face of a rule of the public law as unquestionable as reason and authority can make any proposition whatsoever. That the soldier is not amenable to the criminal justice of a foreign country, for acts done under the orders and on the responsibility of his government, is one of those rules which lie at the foundation of the whole system of modern civilization. It follows irresistibly from the moral impersonation of nations, by which they become known to each other as accountable existences, and through which alone they can act in international relations. Strike this rule out of the code of nations, and you strike at the root of the code itself; you reduce the world to lawless and promiscuous collections of individuals without nationality, without the corporate capacity, and without the power of redressing wrong and repressing violence which the corporate capacity confers on the great divisions of mankind. If the soldier is to be held responsible criminally in a foreign country for executing the orders of his own government, if the agent may not shelter himself under the authority of the great principal behind him, whose adoption of his act brings a responsible and an equal antagonist at once into the quarrel, there would be no rule upon which the real aggressor could be reached. Nation would no longer be responsible to nation. Individuals would be the only recognized actors in the strifes of the world; and the soldier, who now limits his energies to the fulfilment of his sovereign's commands, and therefore has no motive for greater violence than his duty demands, would become a pirate and a scourge, waging unnecessary war upon his own responsibility, for his own revenge and his own safety.

We think that Mr. Webster was not only entirely right, when he threw over the vaporing and foolish Canadian who had ventured into the lion's den the protection of this principle, but that he deserves great praise for the firmness and dignity with which he stood between the roused anger and impatient demand of England on the one side, and on the other the equally roused jealousy of a great State, which was just "swooping to its revenge" for what it felt to be a great outrage upon life and property, and could ill brook delay or obstacle to its indignant justice. England demanded of the Federal Government the immediate release of M'Leod, although he was under indictment in a State court, and awaiting trial; announcing that the acts for which he was thus held were done by her order, and done by him, if at all, as a public servant. Mr. Webster admitted at once, that, after the transaction had been avowed as a public transaction, the individual concerned in it ought not, by the principles of public law and the general usage of civilized states, to be held personally responsible in the ordinary tribunals of law for his participation in it. But he was obliged, notwithstanding the British envoy had entreated the President "to take into his most deliberate consideration the serious nature of the consequences which must ensue from a rejection of the demand," to point out, that, as M'Leod was detained under judicial process, he could be discharged only by application to the courts of law, and not by the power of the executive government; that the immunity claimed for him must be proved as a fact upon his trial, and that upon such proof he would be entitled to be discharged. The course of the Secretary in answer to the demand of the English government was, however, plain and easy, in comparison with the task of dealing with the authorities of the State of New York. The relations of the Federal and the State governments, in our complicated system, are always delicate, and when there is no positive provision of the Constitution or of statute to meet the case, they become highly embarrassing. It was clear that England had a right to demand the release of M'Leod from somebody; it was equally clear that a foreign government knows not, and cannot know, any diplomatic relations with any public organs in this country other than those of the Federal Union. But it was also just as clear, at that time, that the government of the United States could not, by direct interference, take the prisoner out of the hands of the judicial authority of a State, although it was made certain that the trial and punishment of that prisoner would be followed by a declaration of war against the United States. The danger was therefore imminent, and the circumstances were in the highest degree critical. If M'Leod had been tried and *punished* by the courts of New York, we should have been involved in a war with England, upon a point on which the whole world would have exclaimed against us, and which would have shut out for ever from the sight of all mankind the whole merits of our complaint against England for the affair of the Caroline. Upon the successful disentanglement of M'Leod's case from the original controversy depended our whole chance of obtaining a clear discussion and final reparation of the wrong done by the violation of our territory; and upon the admission of the principle which England advanced for his protection depended our whole chance for keeping upon our side the respect and sympathy of the civilized world. It was a case, therefore, for circumspect and cautious, but prompt and decided action, — action, that would not derange the complicated internal relations of our system, or throw down the barriers of any constitutional or legal principle, but at the same time would show to England, to the State of New York, and to the world, that the Federal Government was ready to do every thing, within the sphere of its competency, that could of right be demanded of it.

Mr. Webster took precisely the course suited to this embarrassing exigency. He despatched the Attorney-General of the United States into the State of New York, with instructions to see that the counsel of M'Leod were furnished, on his trial, with the proper evidence that the acts for which he was indicted were avowed and adopted by England as acts of public force, done by national authority; and with the further instruction, in case this defence should be overruled by the court in which he was to be tried, to have the proper steps taken immediately for removing the cause by writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States. He thus avoided all interference with the regular administration of local law, and at the same time secured to the prisoner a complete defence, which would certainly have been successful in the Federal court, if it had been necessary to remove the cause thither. Fortunately, however, an *alibi* was proved, and M'Leod was acquitted.

But the fact can never redound to the credit of the State of New York, that M'Leod was ever tried at all. An opportunity was afforded for his discharge, and for the delivery of a judgment upon the great and interesting point involved in his case, that would have illustrated the judicial annals of the State through all future ages. The very opportunity was afforded which the judiciary of an enlightened State might have coveted, could they have directed the whole course of events; an opportunity for some great jurist, rising superior to every local passion, and drawing from their high fountains the great truths of a jurisprudence that is not fed by local ideas, to have shown the world, that, however fiercely the waves of popular excitement may urge, there is in every government of law an organ which can save the popular will from the violation of principle, by declaring justly, learnedly, and fearlessly what the principles of law demand. This opportunity, by which a Kent, a Spencer, or a Tallmadge would have set a jewel on the radiant brow of the Empire State, was miserably lost. M'Leod, before his trial, was brought by *habeas corpus* before the Supreme Court of the State, and his release was demanded on the ground set forth in Mr. Fox's letter to Mr. Webster, and in the instructions of the latter to Mr. Crittenden. After an elaborate argument, the court decided, in substance, that a foreign soldier, although he acts under the orders of his government, who avow his act as a public transaction, is nevertheless amenable to the laws of the country in which the act is done, by indictment in the courts. We have read the opinion in which this extraordinary conclusion was reached, by a process which we cannot call reasoning. It deserves all that has been said of it by citizens of New York, or by others; and the best wish we have ever been able to form for it is, that it may pass into that oblivion which would be only a too happy, though it is not a usual fate, where great questions have been at stake, for all legal judgments clearly erroneous and absurd.

But, fortunately, and thanks to the wisdom of Congress, this thing can never occur again. By an act of Congress, passed on the 29th of August, 1842, authority has been given to the judges of the United States courts to take any prisoner, by *habeas corpus*, out of the hands of any State authorities, who is under confinement or custody "for any act done or omitted under any alleged right, title, authority, privilege, or protection set up or claimed under the commission, or order, or sanction of any foreign state or sovereignty, the validity or effect of which depend upon the law of nations, or under color thereof"; and to discharge the prisoner, if, upon hearing, he appears to be entitled to be discharged by reason of such an exemption. This act also provides a direct appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, if the decision of the judge in the first instance is supposed to be erroneous. It was passed with the full concurrence of many of the most eminent jurists in the country, some of whom assisted in its preparation; it has met with the nearly unanimous approbation of the legal profession; and it has armed the Federal Government with very effectual further means of fulfilling its obligations to foreign nations, and their citizens and subjects, and consequently with further powers to protect the peace of the country. It adopts and embodies the precise principle on which Mr. Webster acted in the case of M'Leod, and is a solemn legislative sanction of the correctness of his course.

The government of the United States having done its whole duty in relation to the case of M'Leod, and that individual having been acquitted in the courts of New York, a way was open for demanding and obtaining all the needful redress for the violation of territory occasioned by the burning of the Caroline. Mr. Webster brought this subject to the consideration of Lord Ashburton by a letter, in which he inclosed a communication made by him a year before to Mr. Fox; and announced that the government of the United States still regarded the act as "of itself a wrong, and an offence to the sovereignty and dignity of the United States, being a violation of their soil and territory, — a wrong for which to this day no atonement, or even apology, has been made by her Majesty's government." The letter to Mr. Fox of the previous year had stated the whole argument applicable to the facts of the case, showing the character of the act, and maintaining that, if it was justified on grounds of self-defence, a necessity must be shown, "instant, overwhelming, leaving no choice of means and no moment for deliberation." There is a dignity, a power, a clearness, and a precision, in this document, and a display of the principles which hedge and protect national sovereignty, that render it one of the most important as well as interesting productions that have come from the pen of its distinguished author. It contains also an elaborate summary of what has been done by our government, from the first, in discharge of the duties of neutrality, which shows that we have done much to promote peace and good neighbourhood, and to advance the civilization of mankind.

The answer of Lord Ashburton was the ablest among all his official papers connected with his mission. We concur entirely in the praise bestowed upon it by Lord Brougham, when he said, — "I really do not know which the most to admire in this passage, the remarkable force, point, and precision of the language, or the dignity of the assertion of the right." As a composition, it deserves to stand in the highest rank. As an argument, it makes all that could be made out of the facts tending to show a justification; but perceiving that, when that argument was exhausted, there still remained a violation of territory, its author proceeded, with great frankness and great dignity and delicacy, to express the regrets of his government for the fact of such a violation. Mr. Webster immediately replied, that the President received the acknowledgment in the conciliatory spirit in which it had been made, and that the subject would not be made the topic of any further discussion between the two governments.

It can scarcely be necessary for us to point out the importance of this precedent, or of the principle which it establishes. It is, as far as we now remember, the only occurrence of its kind in history, where a government, pursuing an object perfectly lawful in itself, had, in reaching the object which it had to strike, violated the territorial sovereignty of a neighbouring nation, and where the occurrence had been followed by a complaint for that violation. Such things have doubtless happened before; but never, we imagine, under circumstances which made it absolutely necessary not to allow it to pass. It was manifest that, if similar proceedings, attended by the circumstances surrounding this case, were allowed to occur, they must lead to bloody and exasperated war; and it is now established that, when they do occur, there is a rule which will measure the extent of the justification, and, by requiring an atonement for that which remains a trespass, after all that can be urged, will preserve national territory inviolate and inviolable, for the weak and the strong alike.

Never were two men more fitted to conduct such negotiations as these to a happy issue, than Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster. The one was a thorough Englishman, not bred in the practice of sacrificing truth and justice to diplomatic arts, but astute, sagacious, and candid; master of a style which reflected admirably the sincerity and manliness of his character; sufficiently informed upon all the general principles applicable to the subjects in controversy; warmly desirous of peace, because capable of appreciating all the relations of England and America; and entertaining always a friendly regard to this country, but never forgetting the interests and honor of his own; with no party purposes to accomplish, and with no object but to serve his sovereign and to benefit the world. He came here, and set an example of moderation, frankness, and elevation of mind, which the statesmen and diplomatists of every country may profitably follow. The other, — who shall adequately describe him ? — with his great powers, experience, and patriotic feeling ; with his vast resources, in which the training of the forum and the senate have equalled the great gifts of nature ; with his power of concentration, that exhausts, without encumbering, the subject which it grasps ; with his lucid reasoning, his unrivalled English, and his majestic thought ; with his wise and reflecting spirit, careful for the welfare of his country, and studious from afar of the things that make for its happiness and renown ; fully impressed with the hazards which he ran for his own reputation by remaining in office and awaiting the coming messenger of England, but seeing in advance the inevitable connection between his own fame and the termination of controversies which circumstances had enabled him, and him alone, to terminate. He met his antagonist, for the high debate which he had come to hold, without a single unworthy use of the advantages of his position, and in a spirit of equal frankness, sincerity, and truth. It is well known, that, just previously to the announcement of Lord Ashburton's intended mission, it seemed scarcely possible, to the wisest on either side of the Atlantic, for England and America to close their long pending difficulties but by the dread arbitrament of war. It is equally well known, that at this time, the pressure of party opinions on the American Secretary was most severe, to induce him to quit his post. The hour was dark, for it seemed as if he must quit that post, and war must come ; but it was the hour that precedes the dawn As soon as the intention of the British ministry to send out a special minister was formed, it was communicated privately to Mr. Webster from England. He saw a light breaking in upon the thick gloom before him, a light which others did not see ; and we can fancy him cheered by the words which the poet has put into the mouth of Richelieu : —

> " Take away the sword ;
> States can be saved without it."

When the two negotiators met and proceeded to their work, it was in a style and manner very different from that usually practised in diplomacy, but eminently suited to the topics which they had to discuss. If we have made any thing clear in the foregoing pages, it is, that these subjects demanded reasoning and argument. They were great questions of law. To make adroit and rapid movements in the game, to checkmate each other on the board, or to exercise mere ingenuity and skill in the discussion, would have resulted in nothing at all. Questions depending on moral reasoning were to be settled. The debaters were to ascertain and demonstrate to each other, and to the world, what public jurisprudence declares to be the truth upon those questions. It happened that, in regard to most of them, we were to establish the affirmative of certain positions ; and hence the letters of Mr. Webster were arguments addressed to the convictions of his antagonist, to obtain an express or an implied assent to his positions, or to develope the grounds on which his own government intended hereafter to rest with regard to these subjects.

The careful reader of these documents will hereafter observe the manner in which Mr. Webster extracts the question to be discussed from the circumstances out of which it arises. In his statement of the case, statement becomes argument. The principle which he intends to maintain becomes so clear, as he advances through the facts with which he has to deal, that the assent of the reader is almost gained, before he has surrounded it with the illustrations which illuminate the course of his reasoning, and carry us willingly captive along to the conclusion. In these illustrations, there is, too, an extraordinary amount of legal knowledge, expressed in the clearest terms. The whole body of these papers may be profitably resorted to as a text-book upon a great variety of questions in international law. Here the student will find the principles which govern the rights of persons and vessels entering a foreign friendly port ; the extent to which the comity and practice of nations oblige governments to permit the law of a foreign country to be brought into its waters for the government of the relations of foreigners who may come into them ; the distinctions between an exclusive and a mixed jurisdiction ; the rules which determine when one system of law applies and another does not apply ; the distinction between what a state may do by positive provision, and what it is presumed not to intend, when it has made no such provision ; the force and extent of the law which creates the condition of slavery, when the person affected by that condition leaves the soil where that law prevails ; the rules which declare that a ship is an extension of territorial sovereignty ; the limitation which this principle opposes to the exercise of any act of foreign sovereignty within such limits ; the rights of mariners under the law of nations, and their consequent exemption from the law of perpetual allegiance when that law undertakes to follow them into a foreign vessel ; the mode in which the sovereignty of a nation is offended by the practice of impressment ; the inviolability of national territory, and the circumstances which will make a case of self-defence that can excuse a trespass upon it ; the extent to which the citizens of one country may take part in the civil commotions of another, and the nature of their offence, if it be one ; the duties of neutrality, and the obligations of governments to enforce them ; the personal immunity afforded to military men by the fact that they act under the orders of their sovereign ; the distinction in all constitutional governments between the executive power and a function of the judiciary ; and the great topic of the immunity of flags, and the respective rights of public vessels and merchantmen upon the high seas, in time of peace, as distinguished from a state of war. Information upon these and many other topics, of the highest value and authority, may be found in these pages. When the questions involving these subjects came under Mr. Webster's cognizance, they were brought to the ordeal of legal scrutiny, to an extent not common in diplomatic discussions; and therefore, as we think, the world has gained something in the results.

The United States, at least, have gained all that was undertaken. Impressment has been rendered a nullity ; the question arising out of the case of the Creole stands upon an unanswered argument made six years ago, and therefore it is to be held unanswerable ; the right of search, in the judgment of Europe and America, is gone ; and for the invasion of our territory by the burning of the Caroline, an apology, ample, but without injury to the pride of England, was obtained. If to these we add the settlement of the boundaries, the provisions for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the incorporation into the public code of the mutual surrender of fugitives charged with crime, — that high moral obligation which the whole body of jurists, from Grotius down, have desired to see enforced, but could not declare to be part of the public law, — we shall be content with the decision of Mr. Webster, when he concluded to hold the seals of office until these things could be accomplished.

As we are writing these observations, the news is received of the assembling of a small body of well-meaning enthusiasts, in Europe, to promote the adoption of arbitration, as a means of settling international disputes, and the entire or partial disarming of the nations. We have no space and but little inclination to discuss this project. The great practical difficulty with regard to arbitration, as a general practice, upon such questions as those which arise between nations, is, that no system can be devised to enforce the award, by an independent power, and compliance with its terms must therefore be at last enforced by an appeal to arms by the parties themselves. All that upholds the practice of arbitration between individuals, in any society where it is extensively used, is the fact that the regular tribunals of justice will enforce the award. But in the case of nations, no power can be lodged with any third party, by positive institution, which would be great enough for the purpose of enforcing the decrees of the proposed tribunal, and would, at the same time, be tolerated by the nations. The executive force of such an institution must consist of standing armies and navies perpetually afloat, greater than are now required to preserve the peace of the world ; and without such a force, its decrees would be mere waste-paper. We have therefore little to hope from such a project, even if it were agitated by persons of more influence than those engaged in it at present. To our thinking, the example given by two such nations as England and the United States, of appointing two such persons as Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster, at a time when causes of difference had almost exhausted mutual forbearance, to meet, discuss, and settle every question in dispute capable of settlement, is of more value than all the arbitrations in history. When, we may ask, has there been a question, between any two countries in modern times, which would have admitted of statement and submission to an arbitrator, which two such men could not have settled ? When has there been a question between France and England, for the last five-and-twenty years, which could have been thus settled by the Duke of Wellington and the Duc de Broglie ? The truth is, that but few wars grow out of questions which could be formally stated for the decision of an arbitrator, by being disentangled from all the circumstances and disturbing causes of which an arbitrator could take no cognizance. These disturbing causes, which intrude between the pure deductions of reason and the results to which they lead, exist in the minds of men, in the temperaments of races, in the development of new ideas leading to social convulsions, in the necessities, real or imaginary, of differing nations, and in the shifting aspects of institutions, which cannot always be pulled down or built up without violence. When such causes are in operation, when the waters are out, and the great deeps are broken up, wars must come; and no arbitrator and no umpire can grasp or resolve the complicated elements of the dispute. But when, in a period of general peace, questions have sprung up, which touch national honor rather than immediate national interests, which may be rescued from the dominion of the passions, and be subjected to the ordeal of reason by discussion and statement, — then is the period for the higher statesmen of the world to interpose. Then it is possible, with a certain class of minds, clothed with sufficient authority on either side, and without any umpire to vex by a wrong decision, to reach a final termination of the worst of such controversies, and to show that

> "Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword."

ART. II.— *The Works of Henry Fielding, with a Life of the Author.* By THOMAS ROSCOE. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1843. 8vo. pp. 1116.

THERE is no word more provokingly equivocal than history. In one sense, it simply indicates a department of literature; in another, the sum and substance of all departments. He who should read all the so-called historians of the world, from Herodotus to Hallam, would, in common phrase, be considered as possessing a knowledge of history; but in respect to the thing itself, he might be more ignorant of many ages and nations than one who had devoted his time to plays and novels. In regard to the history of England, especially, it is curious how small a portion of our realized and available knowledge of the English mind and people is derived from the standard narratives of public events. When, after exhausting the strictly historical department of English literature, we turn to its works of imagination, and from these to the numerous trifles in poetry and romance which every age has poured forth, we discover that we are increasing our historical information while we are seemingly gratifying only taste, indolence, or whim. Indeed, it is impossible to understand the causes of England's material supremacy in any summary now extant of the persons and events connected with its different stages. That peculiar combination of virtues and vices, of practical sense and stubborn prejudice, which occurs to us when we think of an Englishman, never was obtained from Hume alone. The literature of the country, in the most generous meaning of that word, is therefore a portion of its history, conducting us close to the heart, character, and external costume, the body and soul, of the nation, and enabling us to realize the people as living beings. A drama by Fletcher, a pamphlet by Nash, a satire by Donne, a novel by Mrs. Behn, a comedy by Congreve, not to mention the stores of information in Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, may convey more real historical knowledge, and enable us better to understand England in its manners and unwritten institutions, than Holinshed and Carte, than Oldmixon and Burnet. A person whose notions of dignity prevent him from penetrating into such minor avenues of letters will never gain much more than the shell of history. If the object of historical studies be thus to give an idea of a past age, approaching as near as possible in vividness to that which we have of our own, then certainly no student of the eighteenth century should overlook the life and works of Henry Fielding, — dramatist, lawyer, journalist, magistrate, novelist, and man of wit and pleasure about town. Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews may not seem of so much importance as George II. and Sir Robert Walpole ; but no one ever followed the adventures of the former without acquiring, unconsciously, a vast amount of information shedding light on the policy of the latter.

Of all English authors, the two most exclusively English, the two into whose very being the life of their age and country passed most completely, are Ben Jonson and Henry Fielding ; and no person can be pronounced ignorant of England who has studied their works and obtained a living conception of their personal characters. Our present concern is with Fielding, who, somewhat deficient in that positiveness and dogmatism of the English character which appear so grandly in old Ben, and in heedless animal spirits suggesting the Irishman rather than the Englishman, still in mind and disposition represents that basis of sensuality, humor, coarse and strong morality, that practical grasp of things in the concrete, and that thoroughgoing belief in the senses, which characterize the genuine Saxon. Scott, indeed, thinks that Fielding can hardly be relished and understood by persons not habitually conversant with old English life. Doubtless, this is true to a certain extent ; but we can name no novelist who so felicitously exhibits human nature through its modification of English nature, or conveys so vivid an idea of both, in modes so universally appreciable.

The period in which Fielding lived and wrote presented a society richly diversified in character and manners, and affording to the moralist exhaustless materials of humor and real life. It had already, in Pope, Swift, Young, Arbuthnot, and others, found its satirists, men who made its crimes and follies the butt of their aggressive wit ; but it had not as yet been mirrored on the page of a deep and genial humorist, combining the requisite insight with the requisite toleration to represent it in its peculiar life and costume. The profligacy and levity which disgraced the higher classes had been partially reflected in the comedies of Congreve ; and Vanbrugh, with a stronger grasp of character, had brought up Sir Tunbelly Clumsey and Sir Francis Wronghead from the country, to introduce them to the Lord Foppingtons and Sir John Brutes of the town ; but the man who should exhibit church and state, town and country, in characters at once national, local, and individual, and be able to present pictures by which after ages might recognize the form and spirit of the time, was yet to appear. Fielding not only possessed the jovial temperament and mental power to perform this truthfully, but the vicissitudes of his life brought him face to face with every order of English society. Born of a noble family, but thrown at an early age into the world to make his own living, he knew almost every form of poverty and distress, and obtained his knowledge of mankind by the scientific process of observation and experience. He knew equally well the mansion of the aristocrat and the garret of the author, the palace and the sponging-house, the court and St. Giles, Westminster Hall and Wapping, the cathedral and the Methodist meeting, the manor-house and the country inn. To dine with the Duke of Roxburgh or his Grace of Bedford in the West End, to sup with Savage or Boyce in a cellar, — to converse with Lord Chesterfield at Pulteney's, and with a country coachman at an ale-house in Dorsetshire, — to hear some member of the great Whig connection expatiate on the blessings of the Hanover succession, how it preserved English liberty (besides filling his pockets with the wages of corruption), and to hear some old Jacobite squire roar out a song to Charlie over the water, after the fifth bottle, — to know all varieties of fortune, and consequently all varieties of company, and intensely to enjoy every thing short of misery itself, — was the common experience of the great delineator of English character and manners. No other author of his time had his experience of life, and his experience would have converted almost any other author into a spitfire satirist or moody misanthrope. Towwouse, Squire Western, Parsons Adams, Barnabas, and Trulliber, Dr. Harrison, Colonel Bath, Square, Thwackum, Bliful, Allworthy, Partridge, Fanny, Sophia Western, Mrs. Slipslop, Lady Bellaston, — almost every form which selfishness, baseness, levity, licentiousness, clerical worldliness, political corruption, as well as honesty, innocence, and truth, assumed in the men and women of his age, — Fielding knew with a certainty and accuracy almost approaching the perfection of science. And he surveyed the whole with a kind of inimitable absence of spleen and egotism, more wonderful than his knowledge. His works represent greater varieties of rascality and hard-heartedness than those of almost any other writer ; yet he never leaves the impression, that human nature is to be given over as beyond redemption, or that the world is effete.

Fielding was born April 22, 1707. He was the son of Edmund Fielding, an officer who served with some distinction under Marlborough, and who eventually was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. By his father's side, Henry was connected with the noble families of Kingston and Denbigh, and through the latter with the renowned house of Hapsburg, from which Austria has drawn her emperors. Gibbon, in that burst of enthusiasm for literary fame in which he exhorts the noble Spensers, enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, to consider still "the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel in their coronet," also finely alludes to Fielding's noble descent. "Far different," he says, "have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Hapsburg; the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the emperors of Germany and kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the Old and invaded the treasures of the New World. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of Austria." This confident prophecy seems in the present year to be in the course of fulfilment.

Fielding received the rudiments of education from the Rev. Mr. Oliver, a coarse, avaricious, and narrow-minded priest, whom he afterwards immortalized in the character of Parson Trulliber. From the hands of this clerical bear he was removed, when he arrived at a suitable age, to Eton, where he distinguished himself for his quickness of parts, and laid the foundations of that classical knowledge which he always loved, and which he was so fond of parading even in his novels. At this school he formed the acquaintance of many boys who afterwards became eminent, and among others of Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt. It was his father's intention to make him a lawyer, and accordingly he was sent from Eton to Leyden, in his eighteenth year, to study the civil law. How he conducted himself abroad we are not informed; but launched, as he was, into life in the heyday of youth, and with a constitution which could bear any excesses into which his irresistible animal spirits might impel him, we have always thought that his knowledge of law was principally obtained in experiencing the consequences of its violation. His biographers are careful to inform us that he studied hard with the celebrated Professor Vitriarius, and some of them mournfully regret that his father could not sustain the *expense* of carrying him through a course of study so auspiciously commenced, and which was winning him the approbation of the learned Thebans of Leyden. The probability is, that Fielding's expenses were considerably larger than properly belong to a simple devotee of knowledge, and that General Fielding had to support the *bon vivant* as well as the scholar. At any rate, his father's remittances failed after he had enjoyed the inestimable companionship of Professor Vitriarius for a period short of three years, and he was compelled to return to England. It cannot be doubted that he returned with some knowledge of the world and of the classics, with a keen sense of the pleasurable and a disposition to gratify it in the elegant recreations suitable to a rake and a blood ; but of his civil law we hear no more.

General Fielding was married four times, and had a large and constantly increasing family, which in respect to number was compared to King Priam's ; and accordingly, on Fielding's arrival in England, he found his good-natured father perfectly willing that he should be his own master, and willing also to settle on him £200 a year, — an allowance, however, which was never paid. Thus, at the age of twenty, Fielding was cast upon the world of London, with nobody to assist or check him, and with five particularly ravenous senses to provide with objects of necessity or indulgence. He immediately renewed his acquaintance with many of his schoolboy friends, and plunged resolutely into the dissipation of the time. With a handsome person, a constitution of iron, a fund of spirits which glorified the hour and disregarded the future, with brilliant conversational powers and irresistible *bonhommie* of manner, he soon became popular, and ranked among his associates all the good fellows of the day, from the noble profligate to the needy author. But this kind of life requires money, and Fielding probably soon found that there is a limit to the patience of unpaid landladies and the liberality of fashionable friends, and that he must choose an occupation. It is needless to say that Professor Vitriarius and the civil law were forgotten, and that his thoughts were at once turned to the stage, as presenting the best means of solving the problem, how a young adventurer, whose wit and sprightliness were the talk of London society, could gratify an insatiable love of pleasure without keeping up a portentous mountain of debts. At the early age of twenty, therefore, he became a playwright, having no alternative, as he expressed it, but to be a hackney writer or a hackney-coachman.

His first comedy, Love in Several Masques, was produced 1827 in 1707. Though it succeeded The Provoked Husband, which had attracted large audiences for twenty-eight nights, it still met with a moderate share of success. Wilks, Cibber, Mrs. Booth, and Mrs. Oldfield did all that good acting could do in promoting the author's interest. When published, the play was dedicated, in an elegant preface, to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who was a connection of Fielding's. The author may be considered to have started fair in his dramatic career, with nothing to prevent his reaching the most profitable summits of theatrical excellence, provided his genius was calculated for the drama. Congreve, at about the same age, had, under somewhat similar circumstances, laid the foundations of his fortune in The Old Bachelor. But Love in Several Masques indicates none of Congreve's original merit. It is a well-written imitation of the latter's style, bearing about the same relation to its model which Hayley bears to Pope, or the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker to Scott. In character, plot, and diction, it is but a repetition of the established theatrical commonplaces of that period. In the throng of affected similes and ingenious comparisons, which the author forces into his dialogue to make it seem brilliant, we look in vain for one touch of Fielding's peculiar genius, as afterwards evinced in his novels. The play simply exhibits fashionable life after the approved fashion. The beau is "every thing of the woman but the sex, and nothing of the man beside it"; the lord considers "beauty as the qualification of a mistress, fortune, of a wife," "virtue so scarce as not to be worth looking after, and beauty so common as not worth the keeping"; and the brisk wit of the play, with the usual cant of his function, swears that a charming woman, divested of her fortune, is like "Beau Grin out of his embroidery, or my Lady Wrinkle out of her paint." The dialogue is smart and glib rather than witty, with a continual effort after brilliancy. The only thing which distinguishes the play from the hundred forgotten productions of its school is an occasional touch of humanity or hearty sentiment, proving that the best-humored and most joyous man in Great Britain could not altogether forget his nature, even when cramped in the most artificial of styles. There is something amusing in the moral tone of the prologue, whether we consider the freedom of the particular comedy it introduces, or the coarseness of the plays which succeeded it. It expresses, in rather indifferent verse, the ethical object which at that time every fifth-rate professor of ribaldry and licentiousness affected to have in view, however scandalous might be his language and *dramatis personæ* : —

> " No private character these scenes expose ;
> Our bard at vice, not at the vicious, throws.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Humor still free from an indecent flame,
> Which, should it raise your mirth, must raise your shame.
> Indecency 's the bane to ridicule,
> And only charms the libertine or fool.
> Naught shall offend the fair one's ears to-day,
> Which they might blush to hear, or blush to say."

Fielding was now fairly entered upon his occupation of man of letters, and during the ensuing ten years produced eighteen comedies and farces. The Temple Beau, which succeeded Love in Several Masques, was brought out in 1729. The introductory scene, between Lady Lucy Pedant and Lady Gravely, is a good specimen of malignant genteel raillery ; and the scene in which Sir Harry Wilding breaks into his son's chambers in the Temple, and discovers the peculiar kind of law which his darling student is practising, is finely ludicrous ; but the play is generally uninteresting and devoid of originality. With these two comedies, Fielding seems to have bid adieu to the school of Congreve, and resolved to try a kind of writing which less tasked his fancy, and which he could despatch in more haste. Tom Thumb, a grand caricature of the popular tragedies of the day, including those of Dryden, and aiming to produce laughter by the broadest gushes of drollery, appeared in 1730, and still keeps the stage. In a similar, though even coarser, style is the Covent Garden Tragedy, produced in 1732. The Coffee-House Politician, which Arthur Murphy gravely praises, could have been written only when the author was drunk. The fumes of gin and tobacco, we think, can be detected in most of his plays after he had been two years at work. There is a sort of brazen vulgarity about them which continually suggests the pot-house. The year 1732 seems to have been the most industrious period of his dramatic life. The Mock Doctor, and The Miser, from Molière, The Debauchees, and The Covent Garden Tragedy, were all produced in this year. The wretchedness of the profession he had chosen is perhaps sufficiently indicated in the character of the entertainments he provided for the public ; but in the dedication of The Universal Gallant, in 1734, to the Duke of Marlborough, he indicates another evil. This comedy was condemned with particular emphasis ; and he complains bitterly, that there were some young gentlemen about town who " made a jest of damning plays." He speaks of the cruelty of this kind of wit, especially as exercised upon a person like himself, depending on his labors for his bread ; and he adds, that " he must be an inhuman creature, who would, out of sport and wantonness, prevent a man from getting a livelihood in an inoffensive way, and make a jest of starving him and his family."

About this time, he seems to have conceived the idea of being a manager himself, the ill success of his plays probably rendering the great theatres indisposed to receive his productions. Accordingly, in 1735, he assembled a company of discarded actors, under the name of the Great Mogul's Company of Comedians, to perform his own dramas at the small theatre in the Haymarket. Though this project hardly met with any more success than his other contrivances for a living, failure does not appear to have damped his miraculous spirits, or to have impaired the elastic vigor of his mind. At this theatre, we believe, he brought out his two political satires, Pasquin, in 1736, and The Historical Register, in 1737, which, in themselves of no great importance, were the cause of the celebrated measure of Walpole to restrain the licentiousness of the stage, by giving discretionary power to the Lord Chamberlain to refuse a license for any play which did not meet his approbation.

This measure created at the time a great deal of clamor among the dramatists, and has been the cause of a great deal of cant among them since. During its passage through Parliament, Lord Chesterfield delivered a powerful speech against it. It seems to us, that the merits of the bill must be considered apart from the motives of the framers, in order to form a correct judgment upon it. That some check was needed, there can be no doubt. The evil which the bill assumed to remedy was one which strikes at the very root of society. To outrage morality and decency in public places of amusement, to have a legalized system of entertainments whose only tendency was to make drunkards, blasphemers, and libertines, might be very justly considered as demanding the interference of the civil power, even by those who would give the largest liberty to the publication of irreligious and immoral opinions. Fielding himself, in 1729, indicated the necessity of some regulation of the stage, when, in mourning over the degradation of authorship, he exclaimed, —" Be profane, be immodest, be scurrilous ; and if you would ride in a coach, deserve to ride in a cart." In truth, the obligation of every ruler to enforce decency, if he cannot enforce morality, called for some measure to check the profligate stupidity and comic irreligion which every broken-down Grub-street hack might indite over his morning gin, to feed a vulgar appetite for brutal merriment.

But important as this measure eventually proved in purifying the stage, nothing can be more ludicrous than to praise Sir Robert Walpole, as Coxe, his biographer, gravely professes to do, for his agency in the reform. He was undoubtedly a man not destitute of virtues, and when we consider that he was a hunted politician, it must be acknowledged he was singularly free from cruel and malignant passions ; but it would be absurd to allege a regard for decency as the motive of any of his acts. He had always been accustomed to the English theatre as it had been left by Charles II., — the theatre of Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Congreve, and Farquhar,—and doubtless considered libertinism as a prominent element in every brilliant play. Besides, he was himself utterly destitute of delicacy and refinement. His talk, it is well known, was confined to two subjects, politics and women ; and he conversed about the latter in a style to shock even the gentlemen of a generation famous for its preference of plain noun substantives to cautious circumlocutions. His summer revelries at Houghton made him the nuisance of the neighbourhood ; and if indecency and profanity, inspired by " potations pottle deep," were heard anywhere with peculiar emphasis and shameless vociferation, it was at the board of England's prime minister. The truth is, he cared nothing about the license of the stage until it attacked his darling power. Fielding might have violated every morality and decency of civilized life, without being much disturbed by Sir Robert ; but in Pasquin and The Historical Register, he exhibited and exposed the political corruption of the day ; and Walpole then found it was high time to put a stop to the demoralization of the drama.

But if Walpole's motive was not a hatred of licentiousness, neither was Fielding's motive a hatred of political corruption.

He had a grudge against the prime minister. In 1730, he had solicited his patronage, which Walpole, with his usual contempt for literary men, had refused. In 1731, he dedicated The Modern Husband to him, exhorting him to protect the Muses, reminding him that heroes and statesmen had ever been the patrons of poets, and adjuring him to add to his many noble and patriotic qualities the glory of being the protector of literature. The flattery and the advice Walpole seems equally to have disregarded. Accordingly, Fielding became a patriot, as the word was understood at that day;—that is, he joined those politicians who were indignant at the corruption which they could not themselves wield, or in whose fruits they could not participate. Walpole bought all the patriots he feared, and defied or ridiculed the rest. He never patronized literary merit; but if he discovered a writer able to do the dirty work of political pamphleteering without any scruples whatever,—a man whose mind presented the harmonious combination of tact, impudence, shamelessness, and talent for influencing the mob,—he was ready to give such a person the full enjoyment of the luxuries of the secret-service fund. Thus, he paid £10,000, at different periods, to that "intermediate link between man and the baboon," the profligate Arnall. As far as Fielding's political opinions were concerned, he seems to have viewed Sir Robert with great admiration. In his latest work, he speaks of him as "one of the best of men and of ministers."

We have seen that, during the ten years that Fielding was a dramatist, he averaged about two plays a year. The composition of these occupied but a comparatively small portion of his time. He would sometimes contract to write a farce or comedy in the evening, pass a good portion of the night convivially, and bring in a whole scene the next morning, written on the paper in which his darling tobacco was wrapped. His plays never met with any brilliant success, and failed to provide for his wants. He said himself, that he left off writing for the stage at the period when he should have begun. There are some indications of his genius scattered over his comedies, though but little evidence is given of dramatic art. As a playwright, he never reached the success which was afterwards obtained by such men as Holcroft, Morton, and Reynolds.

There are few memorials extant of his mode of life, during these ten years of contrivances and failures. That he plunged heedlessly into dissipation, and led the life of a man of art and pleasure about town, there can be no doubt. As an author, he was distinguished from his brother hacks by having the social position of a gentleman. He repeatedly received pecuniary assistance from Lyttelton and other friends, who were delighted with his vivacity and good fellowship. Lyttelton said that, in conversation, he had more wit and humor than all the celebrities of Queen Anne's day put together. But though thus assisted by the patronage of rich and titled acquaintances, Fielding must have participated more or less in the vices, miseries, and humiliations of the literary drudge of the time, — the hireling of managers and booksellers, the vagabond by practice and author by profession. The appreciation which the government had of literary men is perhaps best indicated in the remark of George I. to Lord Hervey, who had some sins of verse lying heavy on his soul: — "Do not write poetry, — 't is beneath your rank; leave that to little Mr. Pope; — 't is his trade." A man who, in that day, adopted authorship as a means of livelihood was immediately associated with one of the most curious bodies of men of which we have any record; — the clan of Grub-street hacks, so remorselessly gibbeted by Pope. During the reigns of George I. and George II., it was very difficult for a man of genius to escape this most miserable of social grades. As soon as he fell into the clutches of a bookseller, he had passed through that gate over which was written, "Let those who enter here leave Hope behind." He had joined that lean and squalid band of *littérateurs*,

> "Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
> And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead"; —

men on whose brows was blazoned the sign, "Mind to be let"; who were slaves to every stupid, ignorant, and unprincipled publisher, engaged in supplying a demand for frivolity, scurrility, indecency, and sedition; and who, with the tastes of scholars and the wages of draymen, ended at last in being the most dissolute and the most wretched of day-laborers. To be the tenant, at best, of an attic or a cellar; to be hunted by enraged unpaid tradesmen; to wait for weeks in the antechamber of a lord to exchange a dedication for a guinea; to have all the spirit of a man extinguished by the necessity of creeping and cringing before a vulgar taskmaster ; to know want and need in all their bitterest forms ; to pass at evening from the back-room of a Curll, an Osborne, or a Mist, with a worn-out brain and a jaded body, and rush to purchase a few hours' pleasure in a low debauch ; to exercise more ingenuity in dodging bailiffs and bilking landladies than in writing poems or pamphlets ; — this was the existence of many an enthusiast who came up to London filled with aspirations after fame, and expecting the fortune of a Pope or a Swift. Squalor and beggary were the commonplaces of an author's life. "Could I have guessed," says the aggrieved Mrs. Moneywood to Lackless, "that I had a poet in my house ? Could I have looked for a poet under lace clothes ?" And the good lady goes on to mourn that her floor is all spoiled with ink, her windows with verses, and her door almost beaten down with duns.

But connected with these scholars and men of talent, there were all varieties of quacks, pretenders, panders, and buffoons. Authorship was the last refuge of the outcasts of society, — of liars, libellers, and vagabonds, — of penny, half-penny, and two-penny blasphemers and reprobates, — of men who, having tried every other petty contrivance of knavery to filch a livelihood, at last, on the smallest possible capital of grammar and sense, descended to the trade of writing. Any one who will condescend to glance over the minor literature of the period between 1720 and 1770, for the purpose of catching the general character of its composition, will be surprised at the extreme lowness of its moral and intellectual tone. Its stupidity is absolutely amazing, amid all its efforts to be bright by the grace of ribaldry and scurrility ; and it becomes difficult at times to consider such lifeless slang and imbecile indecency as the product of the human mind. Scattered over Fielding's various works are allusions to this gang of *littérateurs* who degraded authorship even below the level to which poverty and improvidence had reduced it, by offering to do the work of scholars and men of ability for a smaller pittance than the miserable one they already received. Such was the ignorant charlatan that Booth, in the novel of Amelia, meets in the sponging-house, collecting subscriptions for a translation of Ovid, of whose language he is as ignorant as a South-Sea islander. The scenes, in The Author's Farce, between Bookweight and his hacks, Dash, Quibble, Blotpage, and Scarecrow, are probably almost literal transcripts of the truth. We extract a specimen, as it tells the story better than any words of ours could do.

Book. Fie upon it, gentlemen! what, not at your pens? Do you consider, Mr. Quibble, that it is a fortnight since your Letter to a Friend in the Country was published? Is it not high time for an Answer to come out? At this rate, before your Answer is printed, your Letter will be forgot. I love to keep a controversy up warm. I have had authors who have writ a pamphlet in the morning, answered it in the afternoon, and answered that again at night.

Quib. Sir, I will be as expeditious as possible; but it is harder to write on this side the question, because it is the wrong side.

Book. Not a jot. So far on the contrary, that I have known some authors choose it as the properest to show their genius. Well, Mr. Dash, have you done that murder yet?

Dash. Yes, sir, the murder is done; I am only about a few moral reflections to place before it.

Book. Very well: then let me have the ghost finished by this day se'nnight.

Dash. What sort of a ghost would you have this, sir? the last was a pale one.

Book. Then let this be a bloody one. Mr. Quibble, you may lay by that life which you are about; for I hear the person is recovered, and write me out proposals for delivering five sheets of Mr. Bailey's English Dictionary every week, till the whole be finished. If you do not know the form, you may copy the proposals for printing Bayle's Dictionary in the same manner. The same words will do for both.

Enter INDEX.

Ho, Mr. Index, what news with you?

Index. I have brought my bill, sir.

Book. What 's here? For fitting the motto of Risum teneatis Amici to a dozen pamphlets, at sixpence for each, six shillings; for Omnia vincit Amor et nos cedamus Amori, sixpence; for Difficile est Satyram non scribere, sixpence. Hum! hum! hum! — sum total for thirty-six Latin mottos, eighteen shillings; ditto English, one shilling and ninepence; ditto Greek, four — four shillings. These Greek mottos are excessively dear.

Ind. If you have them cheaper at either of the universities, I will give you mine for nothing.

Book. You shall have your money immediately; and pray remember, that I must have two Latin seditious mottos, and one Greek moral motto, for pamphlets by to-morrow morning.

Quib. I want two Latin sentences, sir,—one for page the fourth in the praise of loyalty, and another for page the tenth in praise of liberty and property.

Dash. The ghost would become a motto very well, if you would bestow one on him.

Book. Let me have them all.

Ind. Sir, I shall provide them. Be pleased to look on that, sir, and print me five hundred proposals and as many receipts.

Book. "Proposals for printing by subscription a New Translation of Cicero Of the Nature of the Gods, and his Tusculan Questions, by Jeremy Index, Esq." I am sorry you have undertaken this, for it prevents a design of mine.

Ind. Indeed, sir, it does not; for you see all of the book that I ever intend to publish. It is only a handsome way of asking one's friends for a guinea.

Book. Then you have not translated a word of it, perhaps.

Ind. Not a single syllable.

Book. Well, you shall have your proposals forthwith: but I desire you would be a little more reasonable in your bills for the future, or I shall deal with you no longer; for I have a certain fellow of a college, who offers to furnish me with second-hand mottos out of the Spectator for twopence each.

Ind. Sir, I only desire to live by my goods; and I hope you will be pleased to allow some difference between a neat fresh piece, piping hot out of the classics, and old, threadbare, worn-out stuff that has passed through every pedant's mouth, and been as common at the universities as their drabs.

SCENE V.—BOOKWEIGHT, DASH, QUIBBLE, BLOTPAGE, SCARECROW.

Scare. Sir, I have brought you a libel against the ministry.

Book. Sir, I shall not take anything against them; for I have two in the press already. [*Aside.*

Scare. Then, sir, I have an Apology in defence of them.

Book. That I shall not meddle with neither; they don't sell so well.

Scare. I have a translation of Virgil's Æneid, with notes on it, if we can agree about the price.

Book. Why, what price would you have?

Scare. You shall read it first, otherwise how will you know the value?

Book. No, no, sir, I never deal that way,—a poem is a poem, and a pamphlet a pamphlet, with me. Look ye, sir, I don't like your title-page: however, to oblige a young beginner, I don't care if I do print it at my own expense.

Scare. But pray, sir, at whose expense shall I eat?

Book. At whose? Why, at mine, sir, at mine. I am as great a friend to learning as the Dutch are to trade: no one can want bread with me who will earn it; therefore, sir, if you please to take your seat at my table, here will be every thing necessary provided for you: good milk porridge, very often twice a day, which is good wholesome food and proper for students; a translator, too, is what I want at present, my last being in Newgate for shoplifting. The rogue had a trick of translating out of the shops as well as the languages.

Scare. But I am afraid I am not qualified for a translator, for I understand no language but my own.

Book. What, and translate Virgil?

Scare. Alas! I translated him out of Dryden.

Book. Lay by your hat, sir, — lay by your hat, and take your seat immediately. Not qualified! — thou art as well versed in thy trade as if thou hadst labored in my garret these ten years. Let me tell you, friend, you will have more occasion for invention than learning here. You will be obliged to translate books out of all languages, especially French, that were never printed in any language whatsoever.

When we consider the wretchedness and knavery which were associated in the public mind with the profession of literature, it is not wonderful that such men as Ford, in the reign of Charles I., and Congreve and Horace Walpole at a later period, men of fine powers, but also of little vanities, should have shrunk from the accusation of authorship, and desired to be considered in their mortal capacity, as gentlemen, rather than in their immortal, as writers. By the inevitable law of association, a man rises or falls in public estimation exactly according to the condition and conduct of the class to which he belongs; and as a class, English authors have not been considered respectable until a comparatively late period. This is, of course, a satire on English society, rather than on its literary men; but ludicrous as the statement may sound, we believe it is accurate. At any rate, Fielding was relieved from the drudgery of his own tasks, the companionship of dissolute associates, and all those corrupt influences which attached to the writer of his time, by an important event, which he and his best friends were inclined to deem his salvation. This was his marriage, in 1736, to a beautiful, amiable, and accomplished young lady, by the name of Cradock, who, in addition to her other virtues, possessed a fortune of £1,500. Fielding's mother, dying about this time, left him a small estate in Dorsetshire, worth £200 a year. He accordingly forswore Bacchus and Momus, the midnight debauch and the green-room, and went with his wife to his estate in the country, with the determination of reforming his life, and devoting his time to study, literature, and domestic pursuits. But he had no sooner arrived at his new home than his natural improvidence, extravagance, and vanity led him into a style of expense suitable only to a rich country squire. He was among his superiors in fortune, and he became emulous at once to rival them in his mode of living. He was by no means an aristocrat. The Earl of Denbigh once asked him the reason of their spelling the family name differently, the earl's branch placing the *e* before the *i*, and Fielding's branch the *i* before the *e*. "I can't tell, my Lord," was the philosophic reply, "except it be that my branch of the family first learned how to spell." But now that he was a landholder and country gentleman, Fielding seems to have had his nobility roused; for was it not intolerable that a man of the family of Denbigh and Hapsburg should be excelled in ostentation by the Squire Westerns and Sir Tunbelly Clumseys of his neighbourhood? Instead, therefore, of devoting himself to composition, he dashed into the hilarities and hospitalities of English country-life; kept his coach, his dogs, his horses, his servants in yellow liveries, his open house, and free table; and in less than three years he was a beggar, with a constitution shattered by sensual indulgence, and a wife and family dependent on him for support. To these years, however, we owe his knowledge of rural life and character, and to his ruin the novels in which it was embodied. As soon as he found himself incapable of continuing his country life, he at once escaped from the censures and reproaches of his friends and acquaintances, — who, having assisted in his downfall, of course bitterly assailed his improvidence, — and went directly to London, with the intention of studying law. He entered himself as a student in the Temple; alternately studied hard and drank hard; and, after the usual term of probation, was called to the bar. But he was unsuccessul as a lawyer, partly owing to the distrust of attorneys, who hesitated about giving important cases to a wit and a believer in the bottle, and partly to the wild habits of dissipation which still clung to him, and prevented him from giving his serious and undivided attention to any subject. Even his attendance on his profession, desultory as it was, was soon interrupted by fits of the gout, which now began their remorseless work on his tough and solid frame. He gave up law in disgust, and returned to his original occupation of man of letters. He poured forth in rapid succession a series of fugitive pieces, to provide for the wants of the hour. He thought also of resuming his connection with the stage, and wrote his farce of Miss Lucy in Town for that purpose; but the Lord Chamberlain discerned in it an intention to hold up a man of quality to ridicule, and refused his license. We believe, also, that he produced at this time his farce of Eurydice. Its fate is sufficiently indicated on its title-page, being published, not, in the usual phrase, "as it was acted," but "as it was d—mn'd, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

But the time was approaching when his genius could find some fit expression of the power and richness it had attained through his manifold experience of life. We owe his novel of Joseph Andrews to a lucky accident. In 1740, Richardson published Pamela. Before this period, prose fiction had hardly occurred to any writer of eminence as affording an opportunity for the acquisition of fame or money. Nonsense, stupidity, and obscenity, or, at best, such moderately clever and immoderately licentious fictions as those of Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Manley, monopolized romance. Novels were below plays and newspapers in respect to literary rank. Indeed, Richardson himself did not contemplate writing a story when he commenced Pamela. A bookseller, who had learned his talent for epistolary composition by assuming the position and feelings of others, he was induced to prepare a book of letters for the benefit and instruction of those who found the task of conducting a tender or friendly correspondence to be, what Fuseli's fop found the reading of Milton, "an exceedingly tough business." He commenced his work with this humble purpose; but soon adopted the idea of giving to it the interest of a story, and in three months produced Pamela.

The success of this novel was of that peculiar kind so flattering to an author who starts an original school of composition. The book became the talk of the town. It ran through five editions the first year of its publication. Every body, high and low, read and commented upon it. At Ranelagh Gardens, the ladies held it up to each other in triumph as they passed. Pope said it contained more good morality than twenty volumes of sermons. Dr. Sherlock, not daunted by some highly drawn scenes, innocently enough indelicate, recommended it from the pulpit. One significant sign of its popularity was its changing the pronunciation of the name itself, which in Pope is accented on the second syllable, and in Richardson on the first, — the public being willing to introduce discord into a line of the former, rather than spoil the harmony of a few verses which the latter had inserted in the novel. Richardson, at the age of fifty, found himself in some measure the centre of attraction, and his exacting and importunate vanity was fed daily with incense of private and public praise. A clique of female puffers and toadies was especially generous and indiscriminate in panegyric, and did every thing in the power of foolish women to make him morbidly sensitive to blame or ridicule levelled at himself and his heroine. Fielding watched the fever, and, in a spirit of good-natured mischievousness, resolved to parody the novel, in a mock heroic style, as Cervantes had parodied the romances of chivalry in Don Quixote, and as Scarron had parodied the romances of gallantry in the *Roman Comique.* To a man of his quick sense of the ridiculous, and knowledge of life and character, the glaring faults of Pamela were instinctively evident. The moral pedantry, the conceit of virtue, the exaggerated importance attributed to the conventional distinctions of society, the absence of nature and truth, and the "do-me-good" air of the work, struck his humorous fancy at once. He saw that, in spite of its passages of simplicity and pathos, and the power of mind it evinced, it was still essentially a deception, — that its boasted morality was practically false, and its sentiment mawkish. Pamela thus had the honor to provoke the production of Joseph Andrews, the beauty and exquisite humor of which have immortalized not only itself, but the work it condescended to make the butt of its genial merriment.

"The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews, and his Friend, Mr. Abraham Adams," was published in 1742. It revealed at once that wealth of invention, humor, and character in Fielding's large and joyous mind, which had heretofore found no adequate expression. If we compare this novel with Tom Jones, we must pronounce it inferior in story, in variety of character, and in the range of its comprehension of life ; but it seems to us superior even to that, in glad and exuberant feeling, in sensuous beauty, in warm and overflowing benevolence of spirit, and in the combination of the shrewdest practical observation with the most delicious abandonment to pleasurable impulses. The author seems himself to take the most intense enjoyment in the scenes he describes. He realizes them so thoroughly to his own consciousness, that he communicates the glow of their gladness to the reader. The inartistical arrangement and beautiful waywardness of the narrative, — its quick growth from a mere caricature of Pamela to an independent work, — the readiness with which the author's mind yields to every temptation to revel in rural scenes of adventure and enjoyment, — the unmatched irony of his allusions to the novel he professes so much to admire, — the heaped and overrunning measure of delight he continually pours forth from an exhaustless fund of good-natured creativeness, — and especially, the broad and deep gushes of humor, instinct with the very spirit of fun, coming from a heart as beneficent as it is mirthful, and flooding all banks and bounds of conventional propriety with overpowering merriment, — make this work one of the happiest, as well as the most natural and most poetical, that ever came from the comic genius of England. But the marvel of the book consists in the union of vast worldly knowledge with childlike enthusiasm, — in the description of the faults and follies of men without the intrusion of an atom of gall or bitterness, — and in enveloping the coarsest and most indisputably natural persons and events in a rich atmosphere of romance. It is an exact reflection of life, but a reflection similar to that we sometimes perceive in a still, deep river, which mirrors the trees and shrubs on its banks, and converts every thing into beauty without altering its form or hue.

In Joseph Andrews we have the best exponent of Fielding's nature, with its goodness as an instinct and lack of goodness as a principle. No one can read it without feeling that in the author's heart were the germs of a philanthropy as warm and all-embracing as ever animated a human breast; but from the absence of high moral and religious aspiration, it seems to expend itself simply in the desire to make the whole world comfortable. Not a shade of moroseness, intolerance, or malignity darkens the sunny and breezy tract which lies before his mind After fifteen years' experience of the selfishness of the world, and with a frame shattered by indulgence in its vices, we find him in Joseph Andrews radically sound in heart and brain, without a trace of misanthropy in his composition, cheerful, cosey, chirping, with a man's large and wide knowledge united to a boy's hopeful and gleeful spirit. If we consider his mind in respect either to its scope or its healthiness, we do not see how we can avoid placing it above that of any English poet, novelist, or humorist of his century. In strength, depth, and massiveness of mind, Swift might be deemed his equal; but Swift's perceptions were so distorted by his malignities, that he is neither so trustworthy nor so genial as Fielding. Pope, with all his brilliancy, and epigrammatic morality, and analogies from the surfaces of things, appears little in comparison, the moment he snaps and snarls out his spiteful wit and rancorous pride. Addison and Goldsmith, with their deep and delicate humor, and mastery of the refinements of character, have not Fielding's range and fruitfulness; nor, perhaps, his occasional astonishing subtilty of insight into the unconscious operations of the mind. Thus, the huntsman, in Joseph Andrews, grumbles as he draws off his dogs from Joseph and Parson Adams, because his master is in the custom of thus encouraging the creatures to hunt Christians, making them follow *vermin* instead of sticking to a hare, — this being, in the opinion of the servant, the sure way to spoil them. Smollett has occasional touches of pathos and power beyond Fielding; but, not to mention his grossness, his scurrility, and his cynicism, his portraits are caricatures, compared with those which appear in Tom Jones, Amelia, and the novel we have at present under consideration. Richardson, with his intense concentrativeness and hold upon the minutest threads of his subject, his dogged habit of accretion, his matter-of-fact accumulation of uninteresting details, presents so strong a contrast to Fielding's fresh, springing, elastic vigor, and habit of flashing a character or a feeling upon the imagination in a sentence, that comparison is out of the question.

It seems difficult to reconcile Fielding's mind with his temperament. In his life, we find him the most heedless of good fellows, delivering himself up to every impulse of sensibility, tossed and tumbled about on every wave of desire, unguided by the experience he gathers from his follies, and repenting of one excess only to rush immediately afterwards into some other. The fact, that he was in conduct so confirmed a "rowdy," and seemingly as reckless and feather-brained as Tom Fashion, or Sir Harry Wildair, makes us disposed to underrate his intellect. Yet the moment we forget his habit of deifying the moment, and calmly consider his mind, we are amazed at its weight and range, — its sure, steady, deep, and refined perception of the motives of action, — its keen vision, before which cant and hypocrisy instinctively unveil, in the very despair of eluding detection, — its humor, so sly, so shrewd, so profound, so broad, so introversive, penetrating beyond the reach of analysis to the inmost springs of life, — and its just and discriminating views of those things which are commonly overlaid with prejudice and passion.

But passing from these remarks to the work which occasioned them, it is certain that, if Joseph Andrews is the most delightful of Fielding's novels, the first book of Joseph Andrews is the most delightful portion of the whole. The strain of irony in which he alludes in the commencement to Richardson is exceeded only by his stroke at Colley Cibber, who had lately published his gossiping apology for his life. Cibber had called Fielding a "broken wit"; and the latter, in alluding to the former's autobiography, mockingly praises its design. "How artfully, by insinuating that he escaped being promoted to the highest stations in church and state, doth he teach us a contempt of worldly grandeur! How strongly doth he inculcate an absolute submission to our superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched, a passion as the fear of shame! how clearly doth he expose the emptiness and vanity of that phantom, reputation!" The account of Joseph's youth, which follows, — of his position as footboy to Lady Booby, and his promotion thence to the post of footman, — of the unfortunate passion which her Ladyship experiences for him, and his rejection of her unworthy advances, — of the letter which he writes to his sister, the divine Pamela, describing his temptation, and his being turned away by Lady Potiphar Booby from his place, on account of his heroic virtue, — is steeped through and through with mirth.

The scenes which succeed are even better. Joseph, on his return home, is waylaid at night by robbers, pounded almost to death, and thrown naked into a ditch. A stage-coach passes, and the postilion, hearing a groan, offers to stop. But the coachman tells him to go on, that the stage is confounded late, and that they have no time to look after dead men. A lady, however, interferes, but as soon as she finds the condition that poor Joseph is in, her modesty impels her to desire that he may be left where he is, it being better that he should freeze to death than that her delicacy should be wounded. Every passenger in the coach developes some form of selfishness, — and the coachman, after it is concluded to take Joseph in, swears that it shall not be done unless somebody pays a shilling for the remaining four miles he is to ride. After this point is settled, nobody will lend him a great coat to wrap himself in; the coachman, who has two, refuses, lest they should be made bloody; and the poor fellow must inevitably have perished, were it not that the postilion, whom Fielding is careful to inform us in a parenthesis was transported shortly after for robbing a hen-roost, strips off his own coat, and swearing a great oath, (for which the passengers rebuke him,) exclaims "that he would rather ride in his shirt all his life, than suffer a fellow-creature to lie in so miserable a condition."

The scenes which succeed, at the ale-house of Mr. and Mrs. Towwouse, beggar description. Betty, the maid, runs to the surgeon, and he, understanding that some gentleman is hurt, hastily dresses himself; but on being informed that the wounded man is only a poor foot-passenger, gravely rebukes Betty for calling him at unseasonable hours, slips off his clothes again, and quietly returns to bed and to sleep. Mrs. Towwouse, with her pursed lips, her harsh, loud voice, her sharp, red-pointed nose, the two bones which stood at "the upper end of that skin which composed her cheeks, almost hiding a pair of small red eyes," and her poor pin-hearted and hen-pecked husband, now make their appearance. This beautiful shrew, on being informed that her husband had lent poor Joseph one of his shirts, goes off into one of her fits of connubial rage. "But," says Towwouse meekly, "this is a poor wretch." "Yes," returns his spouse, with unanswerable logic, "I know it is a poor wretch; but what the —— have we to do with poor wretches? The law makes us provide for too many already. We shall have thirty or forty poor wretches in red coats shortly." "But," still persists Towwouse, "this man hath been robbed of all he hath." "Well, then," answers she, "where 's his money to pay his reckoning?" The husband at last concludes not to contradict her. She compliments the wisdom of this last determination, by saying, "If the Devil was to contradict me, I would make the house too hot to hold him."

However, Joseph is in the house, — Betty has managed to borrow some clothing of the hostler, — the surgeon speaks knowingly of the extreme danger of the unwelcome guest, — Mrs. Towwouse is apprehensive that she will have to bear the expense of a funeral, — and the parson, Mr. Barnabas, is called up to Joseph from the bar-room, to give him some ghostly consolation. He desires to know if he has any sins unrepented of; if he has, to make haste and repent of them as soon as he can, "that they may repeat over a few prayers together," — the hint in regard to haste in repentance being given because the company down stairs are about to prepare a bowl of punch, and no one is willing to squeeze the lemons until Barnabas comes. After being thus shrived, the sick man desires some tea; but Mrs. Towwouse answers, that "she had just done drinking it, and could not be slopping all day," and orders a mug of beer to be carried to him instead. The appearance of Parson Adams now changes matters in favor of Joseph, and a few more diverting scenes, brimful of nature and character, conclude the first book. We know not anywhere else such fine ingenuity in exhibiting the selfish element in human nature, or such invincible good-humor in its representation.

A good portion of the rest of the novel is taken up with the adventures of Joseph and Parson Adams on their road homewards, and is full of humorous pictures of the English life of that period, high and low. Of Parson Adams, the most poetical character in any novel not written by Scott,— a man whose virtues had so endeared him to a bishop, that, at the age of fifty, he was presented with a handsome living of £23 a year, wherewith to support a wife and six children,— we shall hardly presume to speak. His vanity, simplicity, learning, benevolence, evangelical purity of mind, — his stout cudgel, pedestrian habits, and copy of Æschylus, — are as well known as any thing in romance. The other characters are drawn with a fidelity which leaves nothing to wish. There is Fanny, simpler and purer than Pamela herself, a rose-bud with the morning dew upon it, just the true and innocent creature that we might expect in one who had followed the teachings of the good parson. There is Mrs. Slipslop, with her garrulous vulgarity, her town-bred airs, her impertinence to inferiors, her servility to superiors; mourning over the "frail sect," and always "confidious" that she is in the right; more eager to part with her virtue than others are to retain it,— the perfection of waiting-women, and worth all of Congreve's put together. There are Lady Booby, and Squire Booby, and Beau Didapper, vivid as life itself. Pamela, towards the close of the novel, is subjected to a process of caricature, whose merry maliciousness might well enrage Richardson. She is represented as seconding the entreaties of Squire Booby to make Joseph give up Fanny, as a match below the rank of her brother; and on being told that the girl is *her* equal at least, she answers, in a strain of the most exquisite imbecility, — "She *was* my equal; but I am no longer Pamela Andrews. I am now this gentleman's lady, and as such am above her. I hope I shall never behave with an unbecoming pride; but at the same time, I shall always endeavour to know myself, and question not the assistance of grace to that purpose."

The publication of Joseph Andrews gave the author increased reputation, but it made him bitter enemies among the friends of Richardson, and the paltriest means were taken to decry his talents and scandalize his reputation. Richardson himself was stung to the quick, and never forgave Fielding. His resentment took the form of contemptuous commiseration. Rancor ate into his heart, but he expressed it in the style of an offended saint, looking pityingly down on a low sinner who had attacked his unstained purity. He went so far as to deny invention to Fielding, and even after the latter's death pursued his memory with his deep, quiet, narrow, and unappeasable hatred. With regard to Joseph Andrews, he could not see any merit even in Parson Adams. Fielding, he said, took the character from Parson Young, "but made him more absurd than he is known to be." On an allusion of one of his correspondents to his own novel, he refers to it as the Pamela which Fielding " abused in his Shamela. Before his Joseph Andrews, (hints and names taken from that story with a lewd and ungenerous engraftment,) the poor man wrote without being read, except when his Pasquins, &c., roused party attention and the legislature at the same time." And to crown all, Richardson and his knot of admiring widows and spinsters comforted themselves with the faith, that the author whom they made the target of their petty malice would be soon forgotten.

It is certain that Fielding would not, even to save himself from this prophesied oblivion, put out his reputation to nurse, and attempt to keep the bantling alive by milk diet and baby talk. He was in quest, not so much of praise or fame, as of a subsistence, and accordingly, soon after the publication of his novel, he brought out his comedy of The Wedding Day, at Drury Lane. It was acted but six nights, and the author received only £ 50. This comedy is not without humor, sprightliness, and character; but the stage was not Fielding's sphere. His careless scorn of the " patrons of the drama " came near producing the condemnation of this play, on the first night of its representation. Garrick, who played Millamour, and who was then a young and skittish actor, entreated him to omit a particular passage calculated to provoke the hisses of the audience, as such a repulse would so flurry his spirits as to disconcert him for the whole evening. " No !" replied Fielding, with an oath ; " if the scene is not a good one, let them find *that* out." Garrick's fear proved to be correct ; a storm of hisses and cat-calls greeted his utterance of the objectionable passage ; and he retired, boiling over with rage and chagrin, to the green-room. He there found Fielding in his most ecstatic mood, enveloped in tobacco-smoke, and glorious with champagne. " What 's the matter, Garrick? " said the dramatist, cocking his eye at the actor, " what are they hissing now ? " " Why, the scene that I begged you to retrench ; I knew it would not do ; and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself the whole night." — " Oh ! " answered the author ; " they HAVE found it out, have they ? "

But while Fielding was thus bearing, cheerily enough, the miseries consequent upon his state of wretched dependence on his pen, dogged by creditors and racked by the gout, — a new calamity, the most severe of his life, burst upon him.

This was the death of his wife, a woman whom he tenderly and passionately loved, and who, in her devotion to his interests and happiness, and the smiling resignation with which she bore the consequences of his errors, deserved the bountiful admiration he afterwards lavished upon her in the character of Amelia. For once, at least, in his life, he was utterly broken down and disheartened. His affectionateness was as characteristic as his joyousness, and the rude shock which both received by this event almost drove him frantic. There is a curious story told about him, in this connection, which, as it is in keeping with his character, we are inclined to believe, though it is not mentioned by Arthur Murphy, Scott, or Roscoe. Mrs. Fielding had a maid, who assisted her in taking care of the children. She was fondly attached to her mistress, and on the death of the latter, so piteously bewailed her loss, that she attracted the notice of Fielding in his affliction. As she seemed the only person who really echoed his own grief, he naturally enough was led into repeated conversations with her regarding the good qualities of his deceased wife. Thus mutually mourning the departed, they insensibly became mutually attached, and in the end they were married. She proved a faithful and affectionate wife ; and though the houses of Denbigh and Hapsburg might not receive any additional splendor from the match, the girl was probably as virtuous and disinterested as any that their line could boast. There is something ludicrous in the dignity of Fielding's biographers, in avoiding this incident of his life. They should have recollected Mrs. Slipslop's righteous indignation at Mrs. Graveairs, for attempting to play the gentlewoman in a stagecoach: — "My betters! who is my betters, pray?"

Fielding, as soon as he recovered from the first shock of his wife's death, displayed no lack of industry in following his profession of authorship. Besides a volume of miscellanies, published in 1743, in which was included "A Journey from this World to the Next," — an unfinished work, marked by many of his peculiar excellences, but apparently aimless as to general design, — he produced "The History of the Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great." This work smacks of the vulgarity of the localities to which its characters are principally confined ; but the general idea, that of showing how much of the greatness which passes in this world is identical in spirit with that of the highwayman, is enforced in a strain of irony which no other author then living could have approached. We can almost sympathize with Wild's detection of the analogies between his own actions and those of many vigorous characters who have exercised murder and rapine in a wider sphere of destruction. "For my own part," he says, "I confess I look on this death of hanging to be as proper for a hero as any other; and I solemnly declare, that, had Alexander the Great been hanged, it would not in the least have diminished my respect for his memory." The episode of Heartfree and his wife has many touches of genuine pathos, and the humanity of Fielding finely underlies the mocking praise he awards to their hard-hearted and selfish persecutor. The conversation between Wild and the Ordinary of Newgate is as deservedly celebrated as any passage in Joseph Andrews or Tom Jones. The sudden placability of the Ordinary, when Wild interrupts his holy invectives by offering to treat him to a bottle of wine, is exceeded only by his objection to that beverage. "Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch; a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is nowhere spoken against in the Scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted." This work covers the whole philosophy of that system in accordance with which the strong prey upon the weak, and consider superior intelligence as given to men only to make them more ingenious wolves and more profound tigers.

In addition to these works, Fielding started, in 1745, a paper in the Whig interest, full of enthusiasm for the Hanoverian succession, entitled The True Patriot. This, with The Jacobite's Journal, commenced in 1748, expressed sufficient zeal for the cause of the ministry to entitle him to receive some of its favors; but his services were not appreciated, and meaner men bore off the rewards of loyalty. At last, in 1749, through the influence of his constant friend, Lyttelton, he received a small pension, with the office of Justice of Peace for Westminster and Middlesex. This was hardly a reputable position. The magistrates of Westminster were called trading justices, being paid for their services in fees,— "a mean and wretched system," says Scott, "which made it the interest of these functionaries to inflame every petty dispute which was brought before them, to trade, as it were, in guilt and misery, and wring their precarious subsistence out of thieves and pickpockets." Fielding was now brought into connection, as a justice, with the lowest and vilest classes of society, with rogues, vagabonds, and debauchees, and his own habits seem to have suffered from the character of his environments. To his honor, it must be admitted, he did not avail himself of the means his office afforded, of selling justice, or of wringing from the miserable their last pittance. He was too humane to make money by his position. His predecessor, with less business, had cleared £1000 a year; but Fielding says, in regard to himself, that by composing quarrels, "and refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of £500 a year, of the dirtiest money on earth, to little more than £300, a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk." He appears to have bent his powerful mind, while in this office, to an investigation of the causes and cure of the crimes which at that period were so common in England. His charge to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, and his Inquiry into the Increase of Thieves and Robbers, both full of just remarks and benevolent sentiments, were his chief productions on subjects relating to his magistracy.

His office, as we have seen, gave him but a slender income, but he could convince nobody of the fact. The Secretary of State told him, when he asked for an increase of his pension, that his office was not on all accounts a very desirable one, but that all the world knew it was lucrative. Fielding, therefore, was as poor as ever. Horace Walpole has left a picture of him at this time, at once laughable and mortifying. Rigby and Bathurst, two of Walpole's friends, carried a servant of the latter, on a charge of attempting to shoot his master, before Fielding. He sent word that he was at supper, and that they must call in the morning; but they pushed into the Justice's room, and found him banqueting with a blind man, a woman of doubtful character, and three Irishmen, "on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred, nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him come so often to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, — on which he civilized." Rigby and Bathurst doubtless proved themselves insolent puppies by this conduct, and Horace Walpole an unfeeling one by his mode of narrating it; but there is little in this reflection to excuse the abject position in which the account places the magistrate.

It was amid the disgusting and ill-paid duties of this office, and while under the influence of the habits it engendered, that Fielding composed Tom Jones, the great prose epic of English literature. He was indebted for the means of subsistence, while writing it, to Ralph Allen, Lyttelton, and the Duke of Bedford. The former has been immortalized, both in the character of Allworthy, and in the celebrated couplet of Pope: —

> "Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

His kindness to Fielding was, we believe, wholly unsolicited. He once sent him two hundred pounds anonymously, or, at least, before he knew him in any other way than as a distressed man of letters.

Tom Jones was published by Andrew Millar, the Murray of that period. He was a shrewd, enterprising, and not illiberal bookseller, but celebrated, even in that generation of topers, for his devotion to the bottle. It is said, that for years there was not a day in which he was not in that muddled state, which, in Bacchanalian phraseology, goes under the name of "boosy." In this condition he could always be found behind his counter, going through the business of his occupation with commendable gravity, and though hardly able to stand or speak, still contriving to avoid making mistakes in his dealings both with authors and customers. He bought Tom Jones for six hundred pounds, and, on its meeting with extraordinary success, generously presented the author an additional hundred, of his own free will.

In Tom Jones, Fielding has comprehended a larger variety of incidents and characters under a stricter unity of story than in Joseph Andrews; but he has given to the whole a tone of worldliness which does not mar the delightful simplicity of the latter. As an expression of the power and breadth of his mind, however, it is altogether his greatest work, and in the union of distinct pictorial representation with profound knowledge of practical life, is unequalled by any novel in the language. We not only see all the personages as clearly as if they were brought bodily before our eyes, but so close and lifelike is the imitation, that the moment they converse, the page itself seems to speak, and, in our illusion, we hardly distinguish reading from listening. Characters and events are so softly and yet so indelibly impressed on the imagination, that we care not to discriminate between the memory of them and the memory of facts which have fallen within our own experience. It would almost seem to argue an unreasonable skepticism to doubt the existence of such a veritable personage as Square, lover of Plato and Molly Seagrim, with his brain full of transcendental morality, and his heart full of *descendental* appetites ; of Thwackum, malignant orator of grace, and most graceless of boisterous malignants ; of Ensign Northerton, the very pink of rakes, braggarts, and upstarts, with his profane disrespect of "Homo," his contempt of all learning associated in his mind with pedagogic flagellations, and his exultation at deceiving "the old put," his father, out of his intention of making him a parson ; of Blifil, the most sublime of didactic coxcombs, with his deep and solemn shamming of virtue, so completely a hypocrite that he almost conceals himself, and seems more an appearance than a being ; of Allworthy, in whose delineation the author's whole beneficence of heart overflows ; and of Tom Jones himself, with his unguided heart glowing with all the impulses, disinterested and sensual, and allowing each to act of its own will, — sincere, generous, affectionate, and unprincipled. But above all, what shall we say of Squire Western, next to Falstaff the most universally popular of comic creations, and as genuine a lump of clay and passion as ever started into being under the magical touch of a humorist ? His shrewdness, his avarice, his coarse kindness, his sense-defying Jacobitism, his irresistible unreasonableness ; his brutal anger, making the page which chronicles it shake with oaths, interjections, and screaming interrogations ; — loving his daughter as he loves his dogs and horses, and willing to use the whip and the spur the moment she does not obey him with due alacrity, as in the case of his other brutes ; and loving himself with a depth of affection, with a disregard of every thing else on and over the earth, which touches the pathetic in selfishness ; — all these go to make up a character so natural and yet so eccentric, as to disturb our faith in the dogma, that reason is the separating line between man and the beast. Parson Supple, his spiritual adviser and boon companion, looking after the Squire's soul, and running on his errands, is a suitable appendage to this "good old English gentleman." Then there is Black George, the gamekeeper, oscillating between rascality and honesty, like a pendulum; the interesting and accomplished family of that gentleman; and Partridge, with his proverbs and proverbial pedantry, the unfortunate scape-goat of the sins and vices of others. Sophia Western, whose rich, red lips almost peep through the page as we read; Mrs. Honor, her maid, a younger sister of Mrs. Slipslop, with the peculiarities of her blood tripping from her tongue in every impertinence she utters; Mrs. Waters and Lady Bellaston, admirably discriminated in their worthlessness; and Mrs. Western, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and Molly Seagrim, and Mrs. Miller, — all are indisputably genuine, though not altogether flattering delineations of female character.

We are, in fact, made acquainted through this book with England, as it was in the middle of the eighteenth century. Every personage, from lord to chambermaid,—every incident, — every description of a custom, an amusement, a fashion of dress, — every form of colloquial speech, vulgar or delicate,— every allusion to the political parties which divided the country, is a mine of information; and the whole gives the lie direct to half the impressions we derive from history, and enables us to grasp the reality and substance of the national life. Squire Western is probably but a heightened representation of the country gentleman of that period, as he was found by Walpole or Newcastle, when the minister desired to push a measure through the House of Commons, and established commercial relations with its obstinate Jacobites and patriots "open to reason." Western would have imperfectly comprehended a question of national policy, but would be sure to have known the market price of votes. The political corruption of that period has been often laid to the different administrations of the government. But no reader of Fielding can fail to see how common it was, for a person holding a portion of the legislative power of the country, to consider it a piece of property, which should not be induced to alter a simple "aye" without an introduction to the secret-service money. There is a great difference between a prime minister who corrupts representatives, and a prime minister who has to deal with representatives who set themselves up for sale. In the latter case, that statesman would seem to be the best, who contrives to purchase the largest number of votes with the smallest expenditure of the public money.

In addition to the wealth of character and incident in this novel, its fulness of spirit and humor, and its almost exhaustless capacity to amuse and to instruct, the story is distinguished from that of most works of fiction by its artistic unity and completeness. It contains nothing, if we except the episode of the Old Man of the Mill, which interferes with the main design. With a beautiful art, so felicitously concealed as to seem instinctive, incident grows out of incident, at once springing from and developing character; and the stream of events, growing broader with every accession, flows naturally forward to the catastrophe. The style also varies with the scenes, exhibiting a singular command of apt and pictorial language, and is especially delicious in the expression of irony and mock-heroic grandeur. The description of the battle between Molly Seagrim and half of the parish, in which she does such direful execution among the country nymphs and swains, is a masterpiece of triumphant parody. But no quotations or allusions would do any justice to the exquisite perfection of this novel, in respect either to its plot, its characters, or its style.

There has been much speculation on the question, whether Tom Jones is an immoral work. Scott decides it somewhat after the manner in which Dr. Johnson decided a similar question regarding the morality of The Beggar's Opera. He says that the novel never added one libertine to the company of licentious debauchees; and he fears that the frankness and generosity of the hero have found as few imitators as his vice and indiscretion. This judgment, however, implies that all minds are healthy enough to escape contamination from immoral works of imagination, which is just the reverse of the fact.

The discussion of the question in respect to the novel under consideration may be considerably narrowed by attempting to define in what the immorality of a work consists. Some persons, without allowing for changes in national manners, pronounce coarse and direct expression, in plain, plump words, to be immoral; and in this sense, Tom Jones shares the stigma with Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, with Dr. South and many a luminary of the Church. Others consider all representation of profligacy and falsehood, unaccompanied by resounding maxims declaring their naughtiness, to be immoral; and in this sense, every delineator of life and character is bound to be immoral by the first principles of his art. Others, without the breadth of mind to take in the whole design and total effect of a work of imagination, condemn it as licentious by fastening their moral gripe on some particular scene, which should be viewed in its relations. A few, with a juster and more catholic judgment, confine the accusation to books *intended* to inflame the passions and unsettle the principles, coming from an incurably corrupt mind, which basely makes itself the pander to appetite and crime.

Certainly, in this last meaning, Tom Jones cannot be pronounced immoral. Fielding's object was, undoubtedly, that which he professed in his preface, — to recommend goodness and innocence ; to show that no acquisitions of guilt can compensate for the loss of that solid inward comfort of mind which is the lot of the virtuous ; to employ all his wit and humor in laughing men out of their favorite vices and follies ; and to inculcate the truth, that virtue and innocence fall into the snares of deceit and villany chiefly through indiscretion. He also asserts, that there is nothing in the book " inconsistent with the strictest rules of decency, or which can offend the chastest eye in its perusal," — a statement which sounds ironical in this age, but which, we know, would not have seemed strange fifty years ago. There are persons living now, who, in their boyhood, read Tom Jones aloud to their mothers and grandmothers, without any thought of impropriety on either side.

Not only must Fielding be acquitted of intentional immorality in his composition of the novel, but it must also be allowed that he has indicated the connection of vice and misery, indiscretion and discomfort, as closely as the logic of Chillingworth himself could rivet it. But the true question of literary morality lies back of all the considerations to which we have referred. The morality of a book is something unconsciously impressed upon it, and is independent of intention. It takes its tone from the character of the author, rather than from his opinions or his will. If sensuality or malice pervades his mind, it will find vent in his book, however cautiously he may abstain from directly expressing it, however affluent he may be in moral and religious commonplaces. Thus we see many a modern novel, professing the loftiest principles and sentiments, seemingly only too elevated to be practical, and yet as truly licentious as the amatory verses of Rochester or the rakish comedies of Sedley ; and many a treatise of theology, studded all over with Scripture quotations, and yet as malignant and irreligious in spirit as if it were inspired by the Devil himself.

If we try Fielding by this test, we shall, it is true, find Tom Jones as moral as The Loves of the Angels, or The Corsair, not to speak of Little's poems, Don Juan, and the prodigies of profligacy we import from France ; but we shall not find it moral in the true sense of the term. Fielding suffered too much from his own vices and follies, not to know what a miserable sham and deceit is that happiness which comes from a violation of moral laws, and he would have been the last man intentionally to recommend it to others ; but his character was what his life had made it, and his sensations accordingly penetrate his verbal ethics, flash out in the turn of his sentences, and peep through the best-intentioned morsels of moral advice he is so ready to give. There were no malignant vices in his composition, nothing which urged him to defy heaven or vilify and hate man ; but he necessarily had too much toleration for what Gibbon, with characteristic indulgence to the sensual, calls the " amiable weaknesses of our nature "; and this prevents him from arranging his wonderfully vivid representations in relation to higher laws than those which were in the things themselves. He had, in short, if the term be admissible, a good deal of honest sensuality ; that is, he never elaborately disguised it in dainty sentiment and philanthropic metaphysics, according to the modern custom ; and though the quality is a blot upon his works, and limits the upward movement of his mind, it is hardly so insidiously depraving as the Satanic sentimentality and sugared corruption which have succeeded it.

The brilliant success of Tom Jones, which lifted Fielding at once to an almost undisputed eminence among the great writers of his century, seems to have emboldened him to proceed in his new vocation. He accordingly commenced Amelia, and completed and published it in 1751, — performing, at the same time, his duties as a magistrate, and occasionally throwing off a pamphlet on some subject which engaged public attention at the time. His proposal for making an effectual provision for the poor proves that he had applied his mind with no inconsiderable force to social and political questions; and his short essay on the mysterious case of Elizabeth Canning, "in which," as Scott observes, "he adopted the cause of common sense against popular prejudice, and failed, in consequence, in the object of his publication," reflected credit on his sagacity and his benevolence.

Amelia is a novel not generally read even by those who appreciate the other works of Fielding. It must be admitted that it indicates a decay of vigor, not in the delineation of character or in the vividness of particular scenes, but in that fusion of all the parts into a living whole, and that elastic and onward movement of the narrative, which are the charm of Tom Jones. It lingers and loiters at times around a character or an incident, not lovingly and in the spirit of enjoyment, as in Joseph Andrews, but seemingly from a lack of strength or invention to proceed. But, of all his novels, it leaves the finest impression of quiet domestic delight, of the sweet home feeling, and the humanities connected with it. We have not the glad spring or the glowing summer of his genius, but its autumnal mellowness and mitigated sunshine, with something of the thoughtfulness befitting the season. Amelia herself, the wife and the mother, arrayed in all matronly graces, with her rosy children about her, is a picture of womanly gentleness and beauty, and unostentatious heroism, such as never leaves the imagination in which it has once found a place. This character Fielding is said to have drawn from the model of his first wife, while in Booth he intended, partly, at least, to represent the weaknesses, follies, and improvidence which characterized himself. Nothing can be more beautiful than the fidelity with which Amelia adheres to her affectionate but unworthy husband, the refinement of love she displays in concealing from him her knowledge of his intrigue with Miss Matthews, and the full-hearted affection with which she greets him on his return from every adventure, where his imprudence has laid up a new store of sorrows for herself. Booth never thinks her unreasonable but on two occasions, when she insists on his breaking off his acquaintance with two friends, apparently from mere caprice. He afterwards discovers, that they were pestering her with dishonorable proposals, and that she would not tell him the true reason of her dislike, from the apprehension that the result would be a duel.

Most of Fielding's pathos is unintentional and unconscious, and is commonly overlooked both by readers and critics ; but there is one scene in this novel which goes directly to the heart. We refer to that where Amelia is represented alone at evening in her little room, expecting, after a weary day of anxiety and care, her husband to supper, and pleased at the idea that she has prepared a meal of which he is particularly fond. She waits hour after hour until midnight, but he does not come. It appears that he is at the gaming-table with Captain Trent, hazarding and losing guineas by the score, and laying up fresh troubles for himself and her. She, the same afternoon, had checked a desire to buy some little luxury for herself, because it would cost sixpence, a sum she thought she could not spare from their small hoard. We are inclined to forgive Captain Booth all his errors but this disappointment to Amelia. No reader ever mustered sufficient charity to cover that cruel thoughtlessness, although the wife pardoned it at once.

The characters of this novel are delineated in Fielding's most felicitous manner, and possess sufficient variety to have established a reputation for any other author. Dr. Harrison, a clergyman after the style of Parson Adams, but discriminated from him by his abruptness of tone, his greater knowledge of the world, and his cynicism, assumed to veil a boundless beneficence, is a grand personation of practical Christianity. Sergeant Atkinson, with his deep, quiet, humble love, his devotion to Booth and Amelia, his self-sacrificing generosity, is one of those embodiments of goodness of heart which Fielding, to his honor, delighted to represent. The fair and frail and malicious Miss Matthews ; the shrewd, knowing, learned, equivocal Mrs. Bennet ; the vapid Mrs. James ; Colonel Bath, with his high sense of honor, and perfect willingness to blow out the brains of his best friend on a punctilio ; Colonel James, the polite town rake, complacent in his shallow baseness ; the dogmatic young theological student, who violently disputes with Dr. Harrison, to the great chagrin of his politic father, who appreciates benefices better than logic ; the little, round, fat Mrs. Ellison, the best natured of pimps ; and, especially, that wretched devotee of lust, and embodiment of all which is disgusting in sensuality, the lord who is her employer, — are characters which Fielding in his best days hardly excelled. The descriptions of town life, also, are so graphic, that we seem transported to the London of 1750. The masquerade at Ranelagh, and the scene at Vauxhall, where the two brainless town-bloods frighten Amelia and the children with their profanity and insolence, are daguerreotypes of manners. The author evidently intended that the novel should have a moral effect upon his readers, and the fact that many scenes would now be accounted coarse or licentious only proves that manners have changed. "The Beaux Stratagem" or "Love and a Bottle" would now be considered strange productions to find in the hands of a lady; yet the virtuous and tender Amelia, who reads Barrow's sermons with so much profit, and whom Dr. Harrison considers the saint of his church, is represented as solacing a weary hour of impatient watching in perusing "the admirable comedies" of Farquhar.

The comparative failure of Amelia threw Richardson and his admirers into ecstasies. Mrs. Donallan asks him if he is going to leave them to Captain Booth and Betty Thoughtless for their examples. "As for poor Amelia, she is so great a fool, we pity her, but cannot be humble enough to desire to imitate her." Richardson, in reply, assures her that Captain Booth has done his own business; that the piece is as dead as if it had been published forty years ago, as to sale; and that Mr. Fielding "seems in his last journal ashamed of it himself, and promises to write no more." He compliments his correspondent on her "admirable" remark, that, by several strokes in the novel, Fielding "designed to be good, but lost his genius, low humor, and spirit, in the attempt." Again, he chuckles over the assumed fact, that Fielding had been beaten by his own imitators, and that since the time "his spurious brat, Tom Jones," met with its "unaccountable success," the public have discovered what "stuff" they have been admiring. But his happiest expression of petty rancor is contained in that letter, written in 1752, in which he affects to pity Fielding; describes how he insulted the sisters of the latter, by his depreciation of their brother; and narrates the whole in a strain of moral coxcombry, unexcelled in the annals of Pharisaic criticism. "I *could not help* telling his sisters, that I am equally surprised at, and concerned for, his continual lowness. Had your brother, said I, been born in a stable, or been a runner at a sponging-house, one should have thought him a genius, and wished he had had the advantage of a liberal education, and of being admitted into good company." He goes on to say, that it is beyond his conception, that a man of family, having "some learning, and who really is a writer, should descend so excessively low in his pieces. Who can care for any of his people?" But the most ludicrous outbreak of conceit, both of respectability and wit, follows this precious specimen of Christian commiseration. "A person of honor," he says, "asked me, the other day, what he could mean by saying in his Covent Garden Journal, that he had followed Homer and Virgil in his Amelia. I answered, that he was justified in saying so, because he must mean Cotton's Virgil Travestied, where the women are drabs and the men scoundrels." Keats represents himself as once being in a very genteel circle of wit-snappers, who, in speaking of Kean, the actor, affected to regret that he kept such low company. Keats remarks, that he wished at the time he was one of that company. No one can read Richardson's correspondence, and be bored by the insipidity of his female toadies and persons of honor, without being perfectly willing to exchange their refinement for Fielding's "excessive lowness."

Fielding was superior to the small malice and miserable vanity which would prompt such a mode of attack as that adopted by Richardson. To his large and tolerant mind, it would have appeared ridiculous to wreak a personal spite against an author by depreciating his works. Pope and Swift had both referred to him in early life, with a contemptuous fleer at his talents; but it never entered his brain to refuse to quote and praise them because they disliked him. In the fifth number of the Jacobite Journal, published at a time when he knew that Richardson was exulting over his supposed failures, and making his genius the butt of his insolent pity, he speaks in terms of high eulogy of Clarissa Harlowe. He knew human nature too well not to divine the meanness to which the delineator of Clarissa and Clementina would descend, when his sensitive vanity was stung by ridicule; but it was a part of his philosophy to view such things with good-natured indulgence, and not hesitate to acknowledge the good qualities which might exist in connection with vices so paltry and so malignant.

Millar, Fielding's publisher, paid one thousand pounds for Amelia, thinking it would meet with the success of Tom Jones ; but while it was in press, he obtained a hint that it was an inferior work, and might turn out a bad speculation. His stratagem to save himself from loss indicated the ingenuity of a master-mind in "the trade." At a general sale to the booksellers, he told them, with his accustomed tipsy gravity, that he should sell his other publications at the usual terms, but that there was such a demand for Amelia he should be compelled to decline all offers for that except at a reduced discount. The booksellers, cunning as they were, were all deceived by his manner, greedily swallowed the bait, and the whole edition was ordered before it was published.

After the publication of his last novel, Fielding returned to his former occupation of newspaper essayist, and commenced, in 1752, The Covent Garden Journal. In this paper he published some of his most agreeable essays. His style in these has the cosiness and abandonment of an after-dinner chat, and is peculiarly felicitous in gossiping comments on literature and manners. In this journal he was drawn into a verbal quarrel with Smollett, who had established a fame by Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle second only to his own. The Journal was discontinued on account of Fielding's health, which now suffered from a complication of diseases, of which the principal were asthma, dropsy, and jaundice. The physicians recommended a milder climate as the only means of preserving his life, and Lisbon was fixed upon for his residence. Before he went, however, he undertook, at the request of the Duke of Newcastle, and for a fee of six hundred pounds, to extirpate some gangs of robbers and murderers who infested the metropolis. After performing this duty with great sagacity and complete success, he prepared for his voyage. On the 26th of June, 1754, he took that melancholy leave of his children which he has described with such affectionate pathos in his Voyage to Lisbon. This, his latest work, cut short by death, indicates that his mind was bright and his spirits joyous, to the very verge of the tomb. He died at Lisbon, in the beginning of October, 1754, in the forty-eighth year of his age. His family, consisting of a wife and four children, were left penniless, but were preserved from want by the kindness of Sir John Fielding, and the ever-active charity of Ralph Allen.

It would seem that the most rigid moralist, in reviewing the events of a life illustrated by virtues so imperfectly rewarded, and by vices so severely expiated, as that of Fielding, would be inclined rather to regret his misfortunes than harshly to condemn his faults. His whole existence, from the age of twenty, was one long struggle with fortune, in which he bore humiliations and experienced distresses which would have crushed a more sensitive spirit at the outset. His life, judged by its external events, without taking into account the character of the man, appears as wretched as any chronicled in the calamities of genius. But it was the peculiar constitution of his nature, that those qualities which whirled him into excesses blunted the edge of the miseries into which his excesses plunged him. In his lowest state, he rarely desponded, rarely lost the vigor of his intellect and the gladness of his disposition. Lady Montague, writing soon after she heard of his death, says that "his happy constitution (even when he had with great pains half demolished it) made him forget every evil, when he was before a venison pasty or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded," she adds, "he knew more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with a cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret." As a consequence of this felicity of disposition, he never whined about his misfortunes, never scolded the public for neglecting him, never represented his sensualities and weaknesses as the result of his ardent genius. From all nauseous cant of this kind, which so commonly infects authors and their biographers, Fielding's sense of humor would have preserved him, even if he had not been saved from it by his sense of the pleasurable. And that much abused noun of multitude, the World, against whose injustice poets have ever stormily inveighed, may find two consolations, at least, for its comparative neglect of Fielding; — in the thought, that it could not possibly have lavished upon him an amount of wealth which his improvidence would not instantly have wasted; and in the reflection, that, but for his poverty, he never would have produced those exquisite creations of humor and imagination, with their large knowledge of human nature and their large toleration of human infirmity, which have made his name immortal.

ART. III. — *Lives of the Chief Fathers of New England.* Boston: Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. 1846 and 1847. 5 vols. 12mo.

VOL. I. — *The Life of* JOHN COTTON. By A. W. M'CLURE.
VOL. II. — *The Lives of* JOHN WILSON, JOHN NORTON, *and* JOHN DAVENPORT. By A. W. M'CLURE.
VOL. III. — *The Life of* JOHN ELIOT, *with an Account of the Early Missionary Efforts among the Indians of New England.* By NEHEMIAH ADAMS.
VOL. IV. — *The Life of* THOMAS SHEPARD. By JOHN A. ALBRO.
VOL. V. — *The Lives of* INCREASE MATHER *and* SIR WILLIAM PHIPPS. By ENOCH POND.

ONLY a considerable extension of the number of volumes in this series could fill out its general title of Lives of the Chief Fathers of New England. We may allow the honored epithet to the eight famous men whose names are given above, the first six of whom may be called contemporaries. But many other equally honored and eminent names are identified with our earliest annals, and, with equal claims to a grateful commemoration for their personal virtues and their public services, they present a large variety of traits of character and of romantic and instructive experience. New England opened a wide field for the display of character and ability, even from the beginning, and it had many fathers. A rough sea-coast made one of its boundaries, and a frontier of Indians and of rival colonists made the other; and the wild region thus encompassed invited from abroad for its first European stock the heroic and the hopeful, and offered but a stern nursery for the earliest white generation that should be born upon the soil.

Admitting to the seven divines and the single layman, whose biographies are before us, the unquestioned right to appear prominently among the Fathers of New England, the series must be a long one which shall do equal justice to all their compeers and partners. Thus far, only the old Bay Colony of Massachusetts figures in the New England cohort, and some of the greatest of her original leaders in church and state have not been mentioned. Winthrop, Johnson, Dudley, Higginson, and Endicott have neither of them received as yet a proper commemoration from our biographical writers. Carver and Brewster, and Winslow, Bradford, and Morton, of the Plymouth Colony, and Hooker, and Stone, and Eaton, of Connecticut, still wait for their due honors. These are all names of a good savor with the most grateful and devout admirers of the old Pilgrim race. No taint of heresy, no disturbing remembrance of strife or bitterness, is associated with them. They all lived and died in the odor of Puritan sanctity. Then there are to be reckoned among the chief fathers a considerable number of those whom Cotton Mather calls "the anomalies of New England." Such men as William Blackstone, Roger Williams, William Coddington, and Samuel Gorton, — men, if of eccentric, yet doubtless of strong and effective minds, — have impressed a deep mark on New England. The minister, the magistrate, and the captain expressed three ideals of greatness among our fathers, and each ideal was realized to the life in more than one instance. There is something mysterious and unaccounted-for as yet in the bond of union between Miles Standish and the fathers of Plymouth Colony, whose great military leader he was. Massachusetts gave to Connecticut, for her wilderness warfare, Captain John Mason, who had served with Lord Fairfax in the Low Countries, and signalized himself here by burning seven hundred of the bloody Pequots in their own fort at Mystic. Captain Underhill, who had had the same foreign training, was reserved to Massachusetts for her own service ; but most unfortunately, his notoriety was won not so much in the field or woods as in church meetings, where he was disciplined for hypocrisy and gross immoralities. He was a good soldier, but he was also a cunning rogue, and withal a man seemingly of some sly humor. Nothing can surpass in artless ingenuousness the record which the grave and pure-minded Winthrop makes concerning this Captain Underhill, when he was first exposed as a man of an unsavory and exorbitant character. He had adopted the theory of Antinomianism, availing himself of the extreme license in practice to which it was denounced as leading ; and he dated his conversion to a very comfortable hour when he was smoking his pipe. "The Spirit sent home to him a comfortable assurance of free grace in the moderate use of the creature called tobacco."

Of the derelictions of the Captain there is, unfortunately, full and unimpeachable evidence. But we have sometimes thought that the famous Morton, of Merry Mount, may appear somewhat worse in the features and deeds which our fathers have recorded of him than he really was. He is accused of riotous merry-makings at Mount Wollaston. This may all be true. But it may be well to remember, that we have only the testimony of stern judges to the charge. Yet, after all, we should acknowledge that our fancy as to the possibility of clearing up a little the character of Morton is suggested, not by any token or hint of his innocence which we have discovered, but by the simple question arising in our minds, — What means or materials had he for boisterous frolics and carousings on that bleak hill?

But we have wandered, if not to another time, yet to other characters than those with which the volumes before us deal. We have had an object, however, in this brief digression, and that is, to suggest that only a pretty full list of prominent names in New England history can reproduce the great features of our early times, and do justice to those who together laid the foundations on which we all are proud to build. In no point of view does the remarkable and inseparable character of that union between church and state which existed in New England present itself more obtrusively to our notice than when we attempt to parcel out the honors, or even the censures, of history between the ministers and the magistrates of our colonies. Indeed, while the civil rulers took their pattern and model for government, and their judicial code, from the Old Testament, and the civil franchise was allowed only to that portion of the people who were in full communion with the church, it is evident that the church and state were essentially identical. That the volumes before us should contain the lives of seven ministers and of only one layman is a significant token of the proportion of clerical to lay influence which prevailed in the beginning of things in New England.

These volumes are in part composed for a sectarian purpose, and are to be judged according to the lawfulness and wisdom of that design, their fidelity to truth, and the bearings upon present interests which they may involve. We would not imply that there is any thing offensive or contracted in such a design, because the more prominent motive alleged for the series is, that an honored and much-enduring race of men may be held up to the reverent regard and grateful recognition of their posterity. A somewhat heterogeneous multitude on the New England soil find that, amidst recent causes of alienation and division, a common ancestry is their chief bond of union. Indeed, there have not been wanting among the descendants of the Puritans those who repudiate what are called their principles, and the language of ridicule has been heard even upon the days set apart for their commemoration. The greater is the reason why sound discretion, as well as historic fidelity, should guide the pen of the biographer who recalls the dead, that he may prove their claims to unqualified respect and close imitation. Richter says, in his Levana, "It is good to repeat old thoughts in the newest books, because the old works in which they stand are not read." It will be all the better, if, each time the thoughts are repeated, they are made to approximate nearer to the truth, are stated in a more impressive and engaging manner, and are more widely published abroad. Memorials of the fathers and of the early annals of New England, with the stories and tales, the sermons and occasional discourses, referring to them, compose by far the larger portion of our whole literature, and the mine is not yet exhausted.

But of all this mass of historical and biographical literature, there is no one volume, or connected series of volumes, which continues to be reprinted like an old classic, or which is cherished with a peculiar partiality. It is thought that new books are necessary to rehearse and rejudge the past, and to portray the fathers with their deeds in the varying lights of each advancing age. That portion of our literature is, indeed, the staple of our public and private libraries; more, however, because there is so much of it than because of its intrinsic value. For, as a general thing, it is distasteful to all save antiquarians; and the reason is, that our New England patristic lore is, for the most part, of a highly sectarian character. We cannot, therefore, approve the wisdom of any new attempt to associate the claims of the fathers to respect and reverence with the interests of a religious sect. Still less would we have our children brought to read the history of the past as if it gave the law by which the present is to be judged and condemned. That such is the design of the series of books now in our hands is frankly avowed and repeatedly implied in their pages. There is, however, an evident restraint practised in mitigating and moderating this design, so that there is not so much to offend a general reader as might at first be feared. Of course, an individual, or an association of individuals, is at perfect liberty to present for veneration the most rigid features of the men and the creeds of the past. The question is about the wisdom of so doing, and whether this is the best way to deal even with the honorable and the good of ancient days.

Some paragraphs from the "General Introduction" to these volumes will serve to manifest their purpose.

"As for us, whose homes are on the soil of New England, we need not go far from our birthplace to find the most illustrious examples to be studied and copied. Since the days of the apostles, there have been no worthier patterns of Christian character and primitive piety than the Puritans, to whom we are indebted for all that gives our people any superiority in any respect over other nations of the earth. Not that we are to practise an indiscriminate and idolatrous veneration. 'There are no errors which are so likely to be drawn into precedent, and therefore none which it is so necessary to expose, as the errors of persons who have a just title to the gratitude and admiration of posterity. In politics, as in religion, there are devotees who show their reverence for a departed saint by converting his tomb into a sanctuary for crime.' But though the Puritans had their faults and failings, what sort of moral appetite must that be which fastens upon and devours these unsavory scraps, and neglects all that is pure and wholesome in their character?"

"'There is no readier way,' says Tillotson, 'for a man to bring his own worth into question than by endeavouring to detract from the worth of other men.' And this is especially the case when the slanderer is vilifying his own progenitors. What can be more odious than to see the child defacing and polluting the sepulchre of his fathers? The only disgrace he can fix upon them is that of having generated a monster so contemptible as himself. Such recreant and apostate natures usually exceed all others in the avidity and malignity with which they traduce the sainted dead. They do this for the reason Dryden gives, — and he must have known, as being one himself, —

'For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.'"

"These considerations have induced the Publishing Committee of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society to prepare a series of biographical sketches of some of the distinguished men who were God's instruments in making this country what it is. These volumes will collect, and present in one view, every thing which relates to them that can be recovered from scattered confusion and from oblivion. It is intended that this exhibition shall bring out the characters, actions, sufferings, and principles of these remarkable men, in such form as may interest and profit the general reader, and not be unuseful to such as may be studious of the early history of our country."

"It is hoped that these volumes will not only find a place in all our Sabbath school libraries, but may obtain a general circulation among the young men and young women of our land. It is believed that the contemplations of these noble examples will be found among the best means of strengthening the minds, enriching the memories, and settling the principles of the young. The moral beauty of the character of the Puritans consists chiefly in this, — *they were men of principle.* This made them deliberate in resolving, and inflexible in performing. The 'noble grace of decision' shone conspicuously in their lives; they were decided for truth, for conscience, for God. It was a rich gift of the Holy Ghost, and enabled them for a work in which all other adventurers must have failed." — Vol. I. pp. 4, 5, 7, 8.

There are some hard words and hard charges in these paragraphs. They must refer either to some of the descendants of the Pilgrims who bear the epithet of "Liberal," or to some of the old or the new prelatical party, who owe the Puritans no especial reverence. But we know of no respectable writer among us, who has done worse than challenge the infallibility of the fathers, or utter an occasional flippancy about their persecuting spirit. Their most jealous admirers — and we claim to be among them, so far as our knowledge and conscience will allow — must be aware that detraction is sometimes provoked by undue praise, and that this is especially true of historical personages, who were associated in their day with violent conflicts in opinions and institutions. Will the question ever be decided to the satisfaction of all concerned, whether Cromwell was a saint or a hypocrite? We fear not; but we are inclined to believe that no one would ever have made a set attempt to prove him a hypocrite, had he not been exalted as a saint. There is enough of unqualified praise and of unguarded extenuation of some of our fathers' weak points, in the volumes before us, to excite the spirit of counter-sectarianism in some who are passionately opposed to the spirit, and views, and institutions which are attributed to them.

In the third paragraph which we have quoted from the Introduction, there is promise of research and pains in the preparation of the volumes, though we find but scanty evidence of such care in their contents. The Lives of Eliot and Phips are inferior to those that had been previously in print. There are signs of haste in the composition of all the volumes, and they all lack thoroughness to a degree which will not diminish the inducements of some subsequent writer to go over the whole ground again. Mr. M'Clure (Vol. II. p. 61) repeats, without qualification, the very doubtful story, that Cromwell had embarked for New England, and was stayed by order of Council. Mr. Adams (Vol. III. p. 259), speaking of the condemnation of Mr. Eliot's Christian Commonwealth, says, "The book does not survive in this country to speak for itself." Now no one should undertake to write the life of a Father of New England without the help of the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society. If Mr. Adams had explored these, he would have found a manuscript copy of Mr. Eliot's book, which has been there for several years, and he might have read a reprint of it, issued in the twenty-ninth volume of the Society's Collections, a year before the publication of his own Life of Eliot.

We have made these slight criticisms, not in a peevish or captious spirit, but because we wish that each renewed attempt to give us faithful lives of the honored founders of our States should be an improvement upon past attempts, should be written with increased discrimination and research, and supersede the necessity of a repetition of the task. We have taken pleasure, but slightly qualified, in perusing these volumes. Though we should be ready to suggest frequent exceptions to the encomiums which are here often passed upon the worthies of New England, we are free to say that they have never yet had justice done to them; that the strong and noble traits of their characters have not yet been worthily sketched; and that their sterling virtues, their unflinching fidelity to principle, their costly sacrifices, and their service paid to all the great interests of humanity, have been but faintly delineated even on the most glowing pages of the historian or the declamatory orator. The very readiness with which one who would detract from the claims of these men seizes upon their foibles and failings, and magnifies them, is a significant token that he finds it easier to deal with their faults than to humble himself before their undeniable virtues. As the regions which they reclaimed from a wilderness desolation, and made to teem with blessings for their children, become more and more cultivated and adorned, it is more difficult at once to appreciate their early sacrifices and toils. It seems as if they came to seek and enjoy in a rich harvest the good things of which they, in fact, only sowed the seeds in an unpromising spring-time. If we could have a daguerreotype of the coast before a wharf extended over the flats into deep water, and of the surface of the country before its rocks were piled up into walls, we should doubtless have a better idea of the men who brought with them hands and hearts that have so marvellously improved unpromising materials. And this merely physical illustration will readily lead us on to a fair moral appreciation.

Mr. M'Clure, in his Lives of the first four pastors of the First Church in Boston, gives us some very graphic and nervous sketches of the rise and early fortunes of Dissent in England, describes the training of those divines who were its leaders and its victims, and in different parts of his two volumes, he defines the principles of Congregationalism, and vindicates the fathers from the most common charges brought against them for intolerance and severity. Mr. M'Clure writes with a pen of power, and where his own sectarian feelings do not warp his judgment and inflame his temper, he can discriminate with much wisdom. His defence of those whom he so ardently admires is strongly urged, and is well worthy of a careful perusal. He makes allowances almost sufficient to win for them an entire acquittance from posterity. We give an extract from the conclusion of his vindication.

> "But it is a painful and undesirable task to bring back to remembrance the errors of those who have so long reposed in their forgotten graves. There would we gladly leave them to rest in oblivion,
>
> 'Nor draw their frailties from their dread abode.'
>
> We wish to do no more than was needful to remove the unjust aspersions which had been cast upon our fathers, as though they had persecuted the most meek and inoffensive characters, for no

other cause than mere difference of opinion on disputable points in religion. We have arrayed facts sufficient to show, that most of what is called their persecution was but the punishment of such violations of public order as must ever be punished, so long as the public peace is to be secured by law. We have showed, that the rest of their persecution naturally grew out of these irritating cases of misdemeanour. We have argued, that whatever judicial proceedings of our forefathers are called intolerant were either dictated by the law of self-preservation, or by the spirit of the age, rather than by the temper of the men.

"Our fathers were the first to emerge from that deep and wide-spread pool of persecution for conscience' sake under which the world had stagnated during ages of Popish oppression. Nor will men of sense be astonished, if, at their first coming forth from the miry brink, they dripped for a while with the ooze from which they were escaping. Soon they purged themselves from these last remaining impurities, and became the spotless champions of the freedom of the human mind.

"And here we rest our defence of that noble race of men, the Puritans; of whom their bitter enemy, the historian Hume, was compelled to own, 'that for all the liberty of the English constitution, that nation is indebted to the Puritans.'" — Vol. II. pp. 133, 134.

Mr. Adams's Life of Eliot was originally prepared for a lecture before a Young Men's Missionary Association. It is an affectionate tribute to the piety and devotion of one of the most zealous and amiable men who brought the Gospel to the wilderness. There was a single-heartedness, a simplicity, and an unconscious grandeur of soul in the apostle Eliot, which would make him a singularly attractive character for fond commemoration, independently of the sacred task to which he consecrated his life.

This volume is largely made up of extracts from original documents, such as the letters and reports of Eliot concerning his work and success in the conversion of the Indians, together with their "perplexed questions" about theological doctrines, and their "confessions" after their "enlightenment." We suppose that the utmost effort of our imaginations can scarcely reproduce a fair conception of the intense and exciting interest of the scene to our fathers, when the elders and messengers of the churches gathered at Natick to decide whether a church body should be formed among the natives. There was the reward of long and most arduous toil; there were "the first fruits of Christianity in the wilderness" to be gathered; and there was the first triumphant inroad to be made upon the ancient empire of Satan. Many excitements, in war and peace, have passed over New England since that day; but we doubt whether either of them has exceeded, in deep sensibility, in grateful satisfaction, or in cautious hope, the feelings which attended that pilgrimage to Natick. We extract a portion of a letter of Mr. Eliot's, describing his preparation for this occasion.

"'In way of preparation of them thereunto, I did this Summer call forth sundry of them in the dayes of our public Assemblies in Gods Worship; sometimes on the Sabbath when I could be with them, and sometimes on Lecture daies, to make confession before the Lord of their former sins, and of their present knowledg of Christ, and experience of his Grace; which they solemnly doing, I wrote down their Confessions: which having done, and being in my own heart hopeful that there was among them fit matter for a Church, I did request all the Elders about us to hear them reade, that so they might give me advice what to do in this great and solemn business; which being done on a day appointed for the purpose, it pleased God to give their Confessions such acceptance in their hearts, as that they saw nothing to hinder their proceeding, to try how the Lord would appear therein. Whereupon, after a day of Fasting and Prayer among ourselves, to seek the Lord in that behalf, there was another day of Fasting and Prayer appointed, and publick notice thereof, and of the names of Indians were to confess, and enter into Covenant that day, was given to all the Churches about us, to seek the Lord yet further herein, and to make solemn Confessions of Christ his Truth and Grace, and further to try whether the Lord would vouchsafe such grace unto them, as to give them acceptance among the Saints, into the fellowship of Church-Estate, and enjoyment of those Ordinances which the Lord hath betrusted his Churches withal. That day was the thirteenth of the eighth month.

"'When the Assembly was met, the first part of the day was spent in Prayers unto God, and exercise in the Word of God; in which my self first and after that two of the Indians did Exercise; and so the time was spent till after ten or near eleven of the clock. Then addressing ourselves unto the further work of the day, I first requested the reverend Elders (many being present) that they would ask them Questions touching the fundamental Points of Religion, that thereby they might have some tryal of their knowledg, and better that way, than if themselves should of themselves declare what they beleeve, or than if I should ask them Questions in these matters: After a little conference hereabout, it was concluded, That they should first make confession of their experience in the Lords Work upon their hearts, because in so doing, it is like something will be discerned of their knowledg in the Doctrines of Religion: and if after those Confessions there should yet be cause to inquire further touching any Point of Religion it might be fitly done at last. Whereupon we so proceeded, and called them forth in order to make confession. It was moved in the Assembly by Reverend Mr. *Wilson*, that their former Confessions also, as well as these which they made at present, might be read unto the Assembly, because it was evident that they were daunted much, to speak before so great and grave an Assembly as that was, but time did not permit it so to be then: yet now in my writing of their Confessions I will take that course, that so it may appear what encouragement there was to proceed so far as we did; and that such as may reade these their Confessions, may the better discern of the reality of the Grace of Christ in them.' " — Vol. III. pp. 188-191.

Mr. Albro, in his Life of Shepard, goes over much the same ground that is reviewed in the first two volumes. He had a pleasant subject, and he has treated it with justice and feeling, having caught the spirit of the fathers, and holding "for substance" their theology.

Increase Mather and Governor Phips, the subjects of Professor Pond's volume, were at best only sons of fathers of New England, and we must confess that there are many names which stand higher than theirs in our reverence. The Life of Increase Mather contains more matter of controversy between those who descend from a New England ancestry than either of the other volumes. Mr. Pond undertakes a defence of the Mathers from the charges which, not merely in our own times, — as he says, — but even from their first appearance in their prominent spheres of life, have been emphatically urged against them. We think that President Quincy, who has most elaborately treated their faults and infirmities, allowed himself to reflect too much of the contemptible littleness of the son, Cotton, upon the father, and to judge Increase too harshly, beyond the fair limits of impartiality and candor. Cotton Mather is fair game; he was a conceited, vapory pedant, an ambitious, intriguing lover of notoriety. He accumulated more worthless learning than any man of his time, and made himself ridiculous by continually obtruding it. He was the first person to bring some Puritan notions in theology and in social matters into absolute contempt. But his father was a wiser and a better man. The judgment of their contemporaries is the basis of all the subsequent censures which have been cast upon them, and allowing for some excessive and undue reflections upon Increase, the view which President Quincy has taken of them is more near to the truth than that which Professor Pond would maintain.

The Professor undertakes to defend the Mathers — the father directly, and the son by implication — from their prime agency in fostering the witchcraft delusion. We fear the task is too hard for him. The question may arise, Who were the principal abettors of that wicked frenzy? Who had been the teachers of the people, and what doctrines had prepared them to turn against their innocent friends and neighbours as in league with Satan? If the admirers and defenders of those whom they claim to have been the great and influential men of their day are to exculpate them from the blame of favoring, or of not discountenancing, a delusion which they alone could control, with whom is the blame finally to rest? Mr. Pond says, — "In point of learning, Dr. Mather exceeded all the New England Fathers," — we do not believe that he surpassed Cotton and Norton, — "with the single exception of Cotton Mather, his son. But though less learned than his son, and possessing less exuberence of fancy, he had more sound, practical judgment, more common sense." Of what value were this *judgment* and *common sense*, if, in such a matter as this of witchcraft, he was not a prominent teacher and example of prudence and caution? We are aware that popes, monarchs, philosophers, civilians, physicians, and scholars, all accorded with this absurd but terrific delusion of a superstitious age. The great physician, Sir Thomas Browne, who set himself to oppose "common and vulgar errors," favored this. But we believe the Mathers were more active dupes of it than any other equally prominent men in any part of the earth.

Mr. Pond makes a more direct attempt than any of his coadjutors in these volumes to uphold and perpetuate some of the peculiar views of the Puritans which are least conformed to sound reason, and are generally allowed to pass into oblivion. He ascribes the great fire, the small-pox, and the anxieties about the Charter to special providences. By saying that some things are *more* providential than others, would he be understood as allowing that some things are *less* providential than others? The most irreligious of all religious notions, it seems to us, is a belief in special providences; for if the doctrine has any weight at all, it is gained at the expense of a general providence. To assume to detect God as nearer to us on some occasions is to put him farther off from us on other occasions. To have him in special incidents is to forget him in the common tenor of events. The doctrine of special providences evidently has no other foundation than this, that men *think they can detect* God's purpose and presence more signally in some incidents than in others. So that the doctrine, after all, is only a compliment to man's power of detection, instead of an acknowledgment of God's special presence. The best comment on this cherished notion of our fathers which we have recently met with occurs in a late work of light literature, which yet contains many sound and sage remarks. In the "Bachelor of the Albany," an excited personage is recounting that a boat has just been upset in the Thames, and that one of the two persons in it was *providentially saved.* The speaker is interrupted with the question, — "Then was not the other *providentially drowned?*"

Mr. Pond even gives in his adhesion to the "doctrine of devils," which we supposed had no believer among intelligent persons in our days. The following extract will amaze many of our readers: —

> "It is recorded of Richard Baxter, that he was afflicted with the like temptations. And not to multiply instances, the same was true, for a time, of Increase Mather. 'The first years of his ministry,' says his son, 'were embittered with such furious and boisterous temptations unto atheism, as were intolerable to him, and made him cry out, like Peter in the tempest. Vile suggestions and injections, tending to question the being of that God whom he feared and loved, and to whom he continually prayed, were shot at him, as fiery darts from the wicked one, and caused him to go mourning because of the oppression of the enemy. His holy soul suffered an intolerable anguish from these blasts of the terrible ones.'
>
> "The proper inference to be drawn from such cases of temptation is *not* that there is any real *force* or *plausibility* in the ob-

jections and arguments of atheists and infidels. The individuals tempted would not so decide, so soon as the delusion had passed away. But the inference rather is, (so the tempted ones understand it, and so the Scriptures represent it,) that there is a mighty malignant spirit, or more properly legions of them, who 'go about as roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour.' For the *trial* of God's people, they are permitted to have access to their minds, and to worry them, for a time, with their bitter suggestions and their fiery darts. How else, I ask, are such suggestions to be accounted for, — so opposed to the most cherished and established principles of the children of God, so abhorrent to their feelings, so contrary to all their mental associations and habits, — darted, too, as they commonly are, into their minds, at seasons and under circumstances when they might least have been expected, and when they are most painful and vexatious? I know not how to account for *facts* of this description, — facts of not unfrequent occurrence, but upon the Scriptural representation as to the existence and agency of evil spirits. And if the suggestions in question proceed from such a source, it certainly is no *recommendation* of them, whether in respect to their reasonableness or their truth." — Vol. v. pp. 55 – 57.

Setting aside the sectarian purpose of these volumes, we feel a sincere respect, and, in the main, a perfect sympathy, for the end which their authors have in view. They are not prepared with the care and thoroughness which will henceforward justify their being quoted as authorities, so that one desirable use of them is precluded. If it is said that they are not intended for the library of the scholar and the antiquarian, but chiefly to aid in the religious education of the pupils of Sunday Schools, then it will be obvious to the adult reader that they enter so much into perplexing controversies, and take for granted the possession of such an amount of historical knowledge in the young, that children could not profitably use them. Books prepared and circulated under the auspices attached to these have a greater influence than all are aware of. They are apt to be too much relied upon by friends, and not to be fairly treated by opponents. But for the most part they do but fair justice to the fathers of New England, not claiming for them entire perfection, and affording hints at least which remind the reader of the necessity of some discrimination in judging of the great and good men of the past.

Mr. Albro (Vol. IV. p. 238) and Professor Pond (Vol. V. p. 58) both broadly imply, that the stiff Puritan parishioners of Shepard and Mather were inclined to practise a little hard dealing, if not absolute injustice, in withholding the stipend of their ministers, — a fault which is not yet wholly obsolete even in these favored regions. Mr. M'Clure assures us that our fathers were much given to joking and punning. Most of their jokes, however, that have passed before our eyes are rather hard. Mr. Norton was perhaps the most grim and rigid among the ministers of his generation. The Quakers, "that enchanted people," as Cotton Mather calls them, regarded the reverend teacher as a man of any thing but a playful disposition, and in him it seems to have been literally true, that "grace was grafted on a crab-stock." But Mr. M'Clure records of him the following, which incidentally gives token of a good dinner.

> "Another natural infirmity of this good man was a strong inclination to levity. Some of his humorous table-talk is on record; enough to indicate the hilarity of his temper. A single instance of this may suffice. Ann Hibbens, an unhappy woman, whose husband had been a magistrate, and a Boston merchant of note, and who was sister to Governor Bellingham, was arraigned for witchcraft in 1656. She appears to have been a sad termagant. Her temper, naturally bad, was further soured by her husband's losses in business; and after his death, she became so violent as to make herself extremely odious to her neighbours. She was excommunicated from the church for her strange malevolent behaviour; which at last provoked against her the fatal charge under which Joan of Arc was doomed to die. The truth of the accusation was as much disputed in the case of Ann Hibbens as in that of the 'Maid of Orleans.' The jury brought her in guilty; the magistrates set aside the verdict; but the Deputies in the General Court confirmed it, and she was executed accordingly. She was the second person who died under this charge in Massachusetts. Mr. Beach, a minister in Jamaica, in a letter to Dr. Increase Mather, gives the following relation: — 'You may remember what I have sometimes told you your famous Mr. Norton once said at his own table, before Mr. Wilson the pastor, elder Penn, and myself and wife, and others, who had the honor to be his guests: — That one of your magistrates' wives, as I remember, was hanged for a witch *only for having more wit than her neighbours.* It was his very expression; she having, as he explained it, unhappily guessed that two of her persecutors, whom she saw talking in the street, were talking of her. Which, proving true, cost her her life, notwithstanding all he could do to the contrary, as he himself told us.' " — Vol. II. pp. 238, 239.

Mr. M'Clure also gives us the bill of the funeral charges at the burial of Mrs. Norton, from which it appears that, of an amount of two hundred and fifty dollars, twelve dollars only were for the coffin and the interment, while the remainder went for wine, gloves, and scarfs. Each receiver of a pair of gloves had a small strip of silk, and about a pint of Malaga. Our fathers seem to have connected something with their sorrow besides the Scriptural solace of "hope."

One thing, however, is certain, that no one can associate contempt with the early New England stock. Those who will not venerate are forced to respect them. How far their opinions and views are to be stereotyped into fixed precedents for all who shall succeed them on their soil, and be made the medium of rebuke upon those who own them as ancestors, but do not follow them as examples, is an open question. On this point we should probably differ a little from their recent biographers.

The professed aim of the special admirers of our Pilgrim fathers is, to retain, restore, and diffuse their principles, while they feel justified in rebuking every departure from them as a token of decline and degeneracy. *The principles of the Pilgrims*, — this is the phrase which we frequently hear and meet. Yet whenever we seek for a complete and distinct exhibition of their principles, we never can find it in any quarter without an admitted qualification. Some of their admirers repudiate some of their principles, while a different set repudiate others. So that the question, after all, is, Which of the principles of the Pilgrims are to be retained, and what is the criterion of judgment or decision? We should really be glad to have a careful and thorough statement of the peculiar and essential views of our fathers about politics, religion, and society, compared with views with which they conflict, set forth with the modifications which time has introduced among them, and vindicated against recent and rival views which are at issue with them.

The credit of our fathers depends very much upon the manner in which their opinions and institutions are described. Different ways of stating a fact may give it altogether different aspects to the reason and judgment of men. Thus, for instance, Mr. M'Clure says (Vol. I. p. 223), "All the freemen of this new-born republic were church-members." A reader might infer from this statement, that so complete were the Christian unanimity and harmony of the Colonists, and so thorough was their religious education, that every male who was of age was a professed and acknowledged Christian. Now put the same fact in a different, but equally true, form, and say that "our fathers did not allow any one his civil rights unless he had passed through the ordeal which they required for admission to their church fellowship." We see at once that we have come upon debatable ground, and have opened the earliest, the sorest, the most vexatious, of the grievances which disturbed the Colony of Massachusetts. They, who, through Mr. M'Clure's way of stating a fact, were just claiming our regard as all full-grown and harmonious Christians, now, by a different way of stating the same fact, stand chargeable with unwise policy, and with fomenting discord, if not with absolute injustice and oppression.

It seems to us, that the error into which an indiscriminating eulogy of our Pilgrim ancestry leads their admirers is that of describing them as if in their day they had attained to full-formed and complete views of truth about the vexed questions of highest interest to man. They are applauded as if they furnished in themselves collectively an exception to the well-known law of progress towards truth through errors and mistakes. They are supposed to have leaped towards a perfect result, in an infallible and complete system, which admits not even of development, still less of improvements. This fond fancy must be in the minds of those who aim, as they profess, to restore the principles of the Pilgrims, and who feel at liberty to quote them as infallible in order to rebuke as degeneracy all departures from their system. Thus, Mr. M'Clure, referring to the First Church in Boston, laments "the fearful falling away of that assembly from the faith of their fathers." (Vol. I. p. 294.) Did it occur to him that the Episcopal sires in Old England of the first exiled members of that assembly might lament, in the same way, the lapse of their descendants, and that the Roman Catholic ancestors of those Episcopal sires might pitch the note of wailing still higher? In the adoption of the "Half-Way Covenant," our fathers, of their own accord, acknowledged the insufficiency and failure of their own rigid system; for that covenant conceded that Puritanism was self-destructive, because it admitted that there were many persons of sober and righteous life who could not accept its tenets and ordinances. Our fathers, with all their wisdom and virtues, left their children in conflict, and that conflict is the price of further progress in wisdom and virtue to be made by their posterity.

Art. IV. — *A Sketch of the History of Harvard College, and of its Present State.* By Samuel A. Eliot. Boston: Little & Brown. 1848. 12mo. pp. 190.

To the oft repeated accusation that is brought by foreigners, especially by Englishmen, against the character of our countrymen, that we are a dollar-hunting people, eager and successful in nothing but the pursuit of wealth, we wish for no better answer than is afforded by the history and present condition of Harvard College. Six years after the settlement of Boston, while the surrounding country was still a wilderness, and doomed apparently to remain so for a long time on account of the sterility of the soil and the incursions of savage tribes, the "General Court" passed an order for the establishment of a college at Newtown. They appropriated for this purpose a sum "equal to a year's rate of the whole Colony," or as much, in proportion to the means of the government, as if Massachusetts should now give half a million of dollars for a similar purpose. The object of this noble foundation was not to enlarge the income of the Colony, to prepare for its defence, to improve its soil, or in any way to increase its attractiveness for emigrants; but simply to provide for the truthful preaching of God's word among the people by competent, discreet, and well-educated ministers, — to the end that the torch of sacred learning, which had been lighted for that generation in the English universities, should not be suffered to waste away and expire in their new home on the rock-bound shores and amidst the unbroken forests of New England. How long will it be before the English settlers of New Holland or New Zealand will make bountiful provision for such an object exclusively from their own resources?

The end in view was not the diffusion of the mere elements of an English education throughout the Colony. So much as this would be accomplished, it was well known, by the zeal and liberality of individuals, without the aid of legal enactments. The Puritan of that day thought his child's soul would be in danger, if he were not enabled, at least, to read the Bible for himself. Accordingly, whether taught at their mothers' knees, or at the schools which sprang up everywhere as soon as the primitive forests were felled, the children of that period were universally instructed in the rudiments of learning. But the wisdom and foresight of the stern and parsimonious fathers of New England went much farther. They were a saving set ; frugality ranked next to piety in their list of household virtues. They would deprive the lawyer of his fee, if they could, and would even stint the clergyman in his salary. But they took good care that there should always be clergymen enough for the wants of every town, — men whom they could trust, from their general reputation for learning, to interpret God's word for them and to teach them the way of salvation. The clergy of that time, both of the first and second generation, the former coming from Oxford and Cambridge, the latter from Harvard, were all good scholars ; their classical attainments were probably superior to those of their successors in our own century. They could quote Greek and Hebrew with tolerable fluency, and compose a Latin epitaph with but a moderate share of false quantities. Our less instructed ancestors looked up to them with reverence, and blessed in them the first fruits of that "school of the prophets" which they had established at Cambridge.

This inordinate estimate of clerical learning and dignity passed away, as was natural, with the lapse of time and the progress of general intelligence. But the benefits resulting to the whole community from the liberal studies of a few were still felt and appreciated; and the institution where these studies were pursued was still fostered with an eager and thoughtful care. Our ancestors felt a generous pride in promoting the cause of sound learning and a liberal education for its own sake; they did not stop to inquire whether the balance of the immediate results was on the side of profit or loss. They acknowledged that comprehensive and accurate scholarship was a good thing in itself, and in the long run was sure to redound to the advantage of the people. The men to be educated at Harvard would teach the teachers of the lower seminaries ; they would occupy almost exclusively the bar and the pulpit, and minister to the health, not only of the physical man, but of the body politic. They would fill the highest public offices in the Colony ; they would form the tone of public opinion; they would take the lead in every generous enterprise and every political emergency. How these expectations were realized is matter of history. Read the annals of Massachusetts, and the greater part of the distinguished names that you find there will also be found enrolled in the Triennial Catalogue of the college. Most of those who guided the Colony through the dark period of the Indian and French wars, and who took the lead in the Revolutionary struggle, were graduates of Harvard. So it must always be; the writers, the teachers, the thinkers, the men of great local influence and inspiriting example, who, if they do not always appear on the quarter-deck, invariably do most to determine the course of the ship, are mostly those whose youth was devoted to liberal studies. Brilliant exceptions there are ; but one reason why these exceptions are conspicuous is that they are few.

That ours is now, and virtually always has been, a democratic community is a fact which only lends additional force to the preceding considerations. Wealth has here comparatively little influence, birth has none at all. Strictly personal qualities alone form a universally recognized title to public esteem and confidence. The elements of character, when in their most ductile state, receive shape and impress from the predominant influences that govern a life at college. Broad and vast as the consequences of a common school education are, when so universally diffused as it now is in this State, we doubt whether its general effect upon public sentiment and the general welfare is superior, or even equal, to that of the higher seminaries of learning. The reason is obvious; the pupils in the former case are younger, and are not exposed so exclusively to the influences of their place of training. Men do not often form their characters or imbibe many of their opinions while at school. This important work remains for the subsequent period, which either forms their introduction to active life, or is spent within the walls of a university. From fifteen to twenty years of age is really the critical, the governing, period in the life of most persons, — not that the decisive step which will mould their future fortunes is usually taken as soon as this, but because the powers are then at work which determine *how* that step shall be taken, and in what direction. Besides, school is hardly ever more than a concurrent power with home ; what is learned by rote in the one is never half so important as what is silently imbibed at the fireside of the other. College life in most cases is a suspension of home influences. While at school, we collect the materials and gather the strength for raising the whole fabric of our future character and destiny. At college, we do much more ; the structure is actually begun, is often carried far forward, and the whole architectural plan of the building finished. So far, also, as wealth and social position have any weight in a community like ours, they go to increase the legitimate influence of those who have been liberally educated.

Our fathers acted wisely, then, in cherishing with extreme care and liberality the interests of sound learning and liberal studies as represented in their land almost solely by Harvard College. It is a pleasant task to review their example in this respect, and to hold it up for the admiration and imitation of their posterity. We are grateful to Mr. Eliot, the energetic Treasurer of the college, for giving us a renewed opportunity of doing this, by bringing together in this little work, with admirable taste, method, and succinctness, all the requisite materials for judging of the past, and for estimating the present condition and prospects of the institution. It is not a mere abridgment of President Quincy's elaborate work, though the writer at first proposed this as the limit of his endeavour. But going over the subject again with a full mind and a deep interest in it, he has naturally been led to add to the labors of his predecessor, as well as to present an abstract of them, and to hold up some points of research and discussion in a new light. Though writing with a strong bias of affection towards his old *Alma Mater*, and with the chief purpose of advancing her interests, he has not unduly colored the facts he had to narrate, nor anywhere betrayed the spirit of an advocate bound to support only one side. There was enough to relate in which the historian could take an honest pride without lapsing into a strain of exaggerated eulogy; the real claims of the institution are strong enough not to need rhetorical or professional artifice in the attempt to set them forth. If personal feeling appears anywhere in the volume, it is in the warm-hearted sketch of President Kirkland and his administration of the affairs of the college; yet even here, the expression is so temperate and judicious, and the avowal of blemishes and faults so frank, that the critical spirit is at once disarmed, and the tone of commendation is echoed by the reader with a full and hearty approval.

We have here the means of estimating with great precision the relative obligations of the college to the Colony and the State on the one hand, and to individuals on the other. We have said, that the legislature and other public authorities nursed the infancy of the seminary with extreme care, and fostered its growth by a liberal application of the public means. The original grant, equal to a year's income of the Colony, was followed by a string of public donations, many of them small in amount, if judged by the standard of the present day, but large in the aggregate, and showing the affectionate and continued interest that the body politic took in the welfare of the institution, and how the college was considered, like the Church, to be virtually identified with the state. A salary was voted year by year to the President and the Professor of Divinity almost as regularly as to the Governor and the Council, — even more regularly when political troubles arose, and his Excellency sometimes found it difficult to get any pay whatever. By the end of 1786, these public grants amounted in all to more than $ 115,000. At this period, the stream of public bounty suddenly stopped flowing, the disastrous state of public affairs forming probably the obstacle to its continuance. Not till 1814 was it opened again, when a grant was obtained of $ 10,000 a year for ten years, thus making the aggregate of aid from the legislature to exceed $ 215,000. At three different periods, also, the college was permitted to raise sums for a particular purpose by lottery; and the whole amount obtained in this way, if it should be considered as a legislative donation, which is doubtful, for it did not come from the public treasury, would raise the aggregate nearly to $ 300,000.

Let us now see what individuals have done. Reckoning only the gifts of money or of articles afterwards converted into money, and thus putting aside many valuable presents of books, philosophical instruments, and land, their donations before the commencement of the present century exceeded $ 141,000. If we add what has been given or bequeathed by private persons during the last forty-eight years, we have the noble aggregate of $ 857,000 ; to which should be added $ 370,000 for legacies already made, though they are payable at a future day. The exact state of the account is, then, that the college is indebted to the legislature for about $ 300,000, and to individuals for $ 1,227,000 ; or the State has given not quite one fifth of all that the institution has received.

Of course, we are not to consider that the productive property of the college now amounts to a million and a half of dollars. Nearly half of this sum has been expended in the purchase of lands, books, and instruments, and the erection of buildings, — all useful for the several objects which the institution has in view, but not yielding any pecuniary income, and having no valuation attached to them in the Treasurer's books. On a former occasion,* we ventured to doubt whether a larger portion of the funds had not been expended in building than either the absolute wants of the seminary, or a due regard to taste and convenience, would justify ; and certainly nothing has occurred since to alter our opinion. Within the last thirty years, $ 200,000 have been expended on four buildings alone, namely, University Hall, Gore Hall, the Observatory, and the Laboratory ; and more than three fourths of this immense sum was taken from what is called the "Stock Account" of the college, or its free funds, not locked up by the will of the donors for specific purposes. We say nothing of at least $ 100,000 more laid out within the same time on extensive alterations of the college edifices, and on buildings for the several professional schools ; because most of this sum was contributed for these very ends, and could not have been devoted to any other. We look chiefly to the "Stock Account," the most useful of all the college funds, which is now only about half as large as it might have been but for this insane expenditure, within thirty years, upon bricks and stones, — this taste for architectural abortions. It is matter of constant regret with the Corporation and the community at large, that this free fund is not larger, that so many of the benefactors of Harvard tie up their gifts for particular objects, some of which have but a remote affinity to the great purposes for which the college was founded, so that the benefaction is rather a burden than a benefit. During the period of which we now speak, not one dollar has been appropriated from this general fund to aid indigent students, or to lessen the general expenses of a residence at Cambridge. To all applications to devote money to these purposes, which are generally admitted to transcend nearly all others in importance, the Corporation have always answered, "The college is too poor; nothing can be spared from the Stock Account."

---

* *N. A. Review* for October, 1842, p. 315.

The excuse will be very ready, we are well aware, that these buildings were needed. We admit it, but ask again, if buildings *so very costly* were needed. University Hall contains a kitchen, about a dozen recitation-rooms, and a chapel, — the latter being admitted now to be too small, ill-shaped, and inconvenient. A separate and very modest building for a chapel might be erected on college land for $ 15,000; another simple edifice, to give as much accommodation as is afforded by the remainder of the present building, might cost an equal sum; on University Hall, $ 65,000 were expended. The college library now contains about 53,000 volumes; a plain, fire-proof building, which would hold 100,000, and thus give room for any probable increase for half a century to come, might have been built on college land for $ 40,000; Gore Hall cost $ 73,000,* and from its size and *grandiose* construction, $ 750 have to be annually expended simply for the fuel that it requires. As soon as Gore Hall was completed, a subscription was made, after much effort, amounting to about $ 21,000, to buy books with; and three fourths of this sum have already been expended. Thus, in the estimation of Harvard College, the cause of letters and sound scholarship stands to that of good architecture as 21 does to 73. In these two buildings alone, nearly $ 70,000, out of a fund which should have been sacred to science and liberal studies, have been thrown away upon towers, buttresses, hammered stone, and other architectural frippery.

We are very sorry to allude to these facts; they give a rude shock to our feeling of affectionate admiration for our

---

* It is curious to find the following passage in the report of the college Treasurer for 1835: —

"It is intended the next season to erect on the ground within the College Square a granite Library building, to be paid for out of the funds received from the late Governor Gore's estate, and to be called the Gore Library. *The cost of this building is estimated at about* 35,000 *dollars.*"

Ex uno disce omnia.

Alma Mater. But the mania for showy edifices, which appears to have seized all public bodies in this country, has produced consequences so disastrous, that it cannot be marked out too emphatically for general reprobation. Near Philadelphia, a long row of magnificent Corinthian columns in marble, with exquisitely finished capitals, is shown in place of the defrauded orphans for whom the money spent upon these idle ornaments was devoted by Mr. Girard's will. The Boston Athenæum, one of the boasts of our city, now stands before the public in a half ludicrous, half scandalous position, with the agreeable prospect of being compelled to give up to its former owner the land which it had bought, but not paid for, encumbered by an unfinished edifice of extraordinary pretensions, on which every dollar of its disposable funds, amounting to some $ 90,000, has been expended. One of the costliest churches that have been erected in the city for many years is soon to pass under the auctioneer's hammer for a similar reason, its pastor being dismissed, and the once flourishing religious society entirely broken up. These facts are full of admonition ; we have alluded to the subject in regard to Harvard College, not with any reproachful feeling for what is past and cannot be undone, but simply as a caution for the future. There are rumors that architectural ambition is panting for another opportunity to show itself at Cambridge ; and we would gladly hear these rumors contradicted. It is to be hoped, that whatever money may hereafter be given to the institution, whether by the legislature or by individuals, will be saddled with only one condition, that not a dollar of it shall ever be expended on buildings or the purchase of land.

Putting aside all question, however, about money that has been unprofitably spent, we may say that the available productive funds of the college now fall but little short of $ 800,000. But of this sum only about $ 470,000 belong to the undergraduate department, or the college proper, the remainder being the property of the Theological, Law, Medical, and Scientific Schools, or appropriated for purposes not connected with education at Cambridge. Of this last amount, nearly $ 280,000 are specifically appropriated, by the will of the donors, to the salaries of certain professors and to maintaining the Botanic Garden, the surplus being the "Stock Account," and certain funds devoted to the library and to indigent students. Now the salaries of the professors and other officers of instruction and discipline in the undergraduate department amount to $ 28,500 a year, and the repairs and other general expenses make up $ 10,500 more. As the income of $ 470,000 capital does not suffice to pay both these sums, the deficiency is made up by the term-bills of the students. We see nothing that the most rigid economy could effect for improving this state of things, excepting, perhaps, in the item of "general expenses," which have been greatly increased within the last twenty years, and now amount nearly to $ 7,500, thus absorbing nearly the whole income of the general fund, or "Stock Account."

We beg pardon of our readers for entering into these dry details; but they are necessary in order that a subject of much importance may be clearly understood. The pecuniary position of Harvard College, as we have tried to show, is somewhat remarkable; in one aspect it is immensely rich, and in another it is very poor. The explanation is to be found in the great change which has taken place during the last half-century in the general character and sphere of operation of the college. For the first hundred and fifty years of its existence, Harvard College was what its name purports, an institution for training youth in those liberal studies which are of higher grade than the branches usually taught in academies and schools, though they are only preparative for the education that is strictly limited to fitting one for professional pursuits. Only the academic degrees, strictly so called, were then given out; that is, the two degrees in the Arts, and the honorary title of Doctor either of Divinity or Laws. In a word, the undergraduate department constituted the whole college. Now, it is hardly half of it; so many professional schools and other establishments have sprung up around it, so many funds have been left to its Corporation in trust for various purposes, many of them having hardly any connection with the education of undergraduates at Cambridge, that it is no longer only a college, nor even a university, but a vast nondescript establishment for the general promotion of science and letters. Nay, it has even lost its name within a few years, and for the first time in two centuries has come to be designated in its own official publications as "The University at Cambridge." We suggest in a note some reasons for questioning the propriety of this new appellation, which seems to have been rather hastily adopted.*

---

* We find the following note appended to the last edition of the annual catalogue of the college: —

"'HARVARD COLLEGE' is the name given to the institution by the Charter of 1650, which still remains unaltered and in force. The legal style of the Corporation is 'The President and Fellows of Harvard College,' and their rights and privileges are confirmed to them under that name by the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

"The chapter of the Constitution in which this is done is entitled, 'The University at Cambridge and Encouragement of Literature, &c.,' and in its first section Harvard College is spoken of as 'the said University.' In the second section it is declared to be the duty of all legislatures and magistrates to cherish the interests of the University at Cambridge, which is also the name given to the institution by the Statute of 25th June, 1789, enacted to carry the second section of the fifth chapter of the Constitution into legal effect.

"The name of 'Harvard University' prevails extensively; more so, perhaps, than either of the other designations; and it is sanctioned by the high authority of Mr. Peirce and President Quincy in their respective histories. But 'Harvard College' and 'the University at Cambridge' are the only names known to the Charter, to the Constitution, and (it is believed) to the legislation of the Commonwealth."

The specific appellation, or *proper name*, of any thing is to be distinguished from its general appellation, which is nothing more than a brief description or definition of it, that serves to point out the object to which the proper name is applied. Thus, we may speak of "the ship of the line recently launched at Charlestown," meaning thereby the "Vermont"; the latter is its proper name, the former is a brief definition of that name, or description of the object to which it belongs. So a stranger might inquire after "the public classical seminary in Boston," of which he had forgotten the proper name, which is "The Boston Latin School." In this country, the words *college* and *university* have always been used as synonymous, and we hear of "Brown University" and "Yale College" as names applied to two institutions of precisely the same class. We find another instance in the records of Harvard College as far back as 1693: — "The Corporation having been informed that the custom taken up in *the college*, not used in any *other universities*, for the commencers to have plumb cake, is dishonorable," &c.

It is quite proper, therefore, to speak in general terms of "the university at Cambridge," or "the college near Boston," or "the school of the prophets at Newtown," or "the oldest college in the United States"; every one knows that the *proper name* of the institution thus designated, the name given to it in honor of him whom the General Court in 1661 called its "principal founder," the only name by which it is known in its charter, under which alone it holds all its property and privileges, and performs all its legal acts, is HARVARD COLLEGE. The chapter in the Constitution relating to it has *for its general title*, "The University at Cambridge, and Encouragement of Literature, &c."; but throughout the first section, which relates exclusively to "the said university," the institution is called by its proper name of Harvard College, just as in the second section, the "encouragement of literature" is explained to mean cherishing the interests of *all* seminaries of learning, the university at Cambridge and the public schools in the towns included.

In all its own official acts and publications, so far as we have ascertained, There are a few instances in the earlier history of the college, in which money was bequeathed to it for certain purposes that had little fellowship with its original design. Thus, in 1716, the Rev. Daniel Williams left it an annuity of £ 60 a year, "for the support of two teachers among the Indians and Blacks"; and the proceeds of this annuity having unluckily been allowed to accumulate, the college is now paying $ 650 a year to two persons, that they may teach and take care of a little tribe of uncertain color and genealogy on Cape Cod, who are called by courtesy the "Marshpee Indians." We presume the Corporation would gladly resign this trust fund to any person or institution who could legally

---

in all its catalogues annual and triennial, its diplomas, its lists of public exercises at commencement, &c., till within three years, the institution has called itself either "Harvard College," or "Harvard University," — the two terms, as we have said, being considered synonymous, though, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the former alone is used. The first meeting of its governors of which the official record is preserved is called in that record "the meeting of the governors of Harvard College, held in the college." On the tombstone of every one of its presidents who is interred at Cambridge, he is called the President *Collegii Harvardini*, or *Academiæ Harvardianæ*. Only on the monument recently erected to John Harvard himself, erected by the graduates of the college to show their gratitude to him as its principal founder, the institution is called, with singular infelicity as it seems to us, "the University of Cambridge," and the fact is nowhere even alluded to, either in the English or the Latin inscription, that his name had been given to the college.

It seems proper, at any rate, that some one name should be chosen for the institution, and adhered to by its governors themselves. We have before us four publications, all of which may be considered as official, which have appeared within the last six months, and in no two of them is the college designated by the same name. The first is "A Sketch of the History of *Harvard College*," by Mr. Eliot, its Treasurer; the second is the annual catalogue for this year "of the *University at Cambridge*"; the third bears on its outer leaf "*Harvard University*. Treasurer's Statement, 1848"; the fourth is the Triennial, which has this curious designation, — "Catalogus *Collegii Harvardiani* SEU *Universitatis Cantabrigiensis*." This last reminds one only of the *alias* under which a rogue is described in a criminal indictment.

There is, at least, one serious objection to the name of "The University at Cambridge"; which is, that one great branch of the university is *not* at Cambridge, but at Boston; and another portion of it will soon be established at Roxbury. Accordingly, in this year's catalogue "of the University at Cambridge," when the Medical School comes to be spoken of, we read that "the Medical Lectures form a department of instruction *in Harvard University*." It is well that this fact is mentioned, for otherwise the Medical School might seem to have been turned out of doors. We object further to this modern change of name, that "the University at Cambridge" has been for many centuries the appellation of a venerable establishment in the mother country, whose honors we have no wish to appropriate. It is not seemly that our own excellent college should be known only as a John Smith, *Jr.*

take charge of it ; it is now a draft upon their time and care, it encumbers their Treasurer's books, and does not in any way promote the growth of liberal studies at Cambridge. So, also, in 1790, Mrs. Sarah Winslow was moved to give Harvard College £ 1,367, Massachusetts currency, "for the aid of the town of Tyngsborough in supporting a minister and a schoolmaster." Why she did not leave the fund to the town authorities, to be thus applied, does not appear ; probably she thought the college treasurer was a better financier than the town-clerk, and would take better care of her money. At any rate, the whole income of her fund is regularly paid by the college to the parson and the pedagogue of Tyngsborough. It is certain that old Harvard is none the richer for these two funds, though they increase its nominal property by more than $ 20,000.

These are extreme cases, it is true ; but they illustrate our point, which is to show that the college proper may be really very poor, though seemingly in possession of great riches. The numerous schools and other establishments, which have grown up under its auspices, all have large funds which are strictly appropriated to them, and cannot be diverted to other purposes. Yet, in legal strictness, these funds all belong to the "President and Fellows of Harvard College," who, among all the boards of instruction and management, form the only chartered body that is known to the laws, and empowered to hold property. In fact, this corporation, holding a perpetual charter secured in the constitution of the State, filling its own vacancies, managing exclusively its own concerns, — the visitatorial power over them having been long since reduced to a mere shadow, — and being composed of a few gentlemen of the very highest repute for learning, ability, and uprightness, forms an excellent depositary of funds which are to be held in mortmain in this State for any conceivable purpose. Old Mrs. Winslow made a capital hit in selecting her trustee to take care of the minister and the schoolmaster of the good town of Tyngsborough *forever*. Had she trusted some other public bodies, the fund ere now might in great part have disappeared, — not, perhaps, from embezzlement or misappropriation, but from negligence, wastefulness, or unlucky investments. Riches held in mortmain are peculiarly apt to take to themselves wings and fly away. The Smithsonian Fund has been exhaled once already, though Congress has very fairly and justly made it up out of the public treasury. And where is the greater part of the enormous fund left by Stephen Girard? Harvard College takes better care of the money intrusted to her, and faithfully applies it to any purpose the testator may indicate. Her reputation in this respect is getting to be widely known, and we fear that it may soon prove inconvenient to sustain it. If a wealthy manufacturer should leave half a million of dollars to the college, the whole income of it to be applied to keeping a cotton-mill in Cambridge in operation for ever, we have no doubt the Corporation would gratefully accept the trust, and watch diligently and anxiously over the turning of every spindle for centuries to come.

We speak lightly of this matter, but in truth we are a little jealous for the existence and prosperity of that school of the prophets, which, till within fifty years, monopolized the care and attention of the Corporation of Harvard College, and which is now in a fair way of being smothered under a heap of other institutions, which have as much to do with the original purpose for which it was founded as with cotton-spinning. It is not that the respective objects of these institutions are mean, unworthy, or of little account. Far from it; most of them are of that high and liberal character which challenges the admiration and support of every well-informed lover of his race, every well-wisher to the highest interests of mankind. But they absorb the time and energy of the governors of the college; they give it a deceptive appearance of wealth, when in truth they only make it poorer; they divert the attention and generosity of the community, which would otherwise all be turned towards the fostering of proper academic studies at Harvard; they borrow its money; they multiply inordinately its occasions for appealing to public munificence, so that the college appears like a horse-leech, whose cry is constantly, "Give! Give!" they become formidable rivals to those exclusively intellectual pursuits, to that love of letters and sound scholarship, to that general and liberal culture, which should be the peculiar aim of a life at college; and though often seemingly successful at the outset, they subsequently become in many cases a dead weight and an encumbrance, injuring the good name of the college, and lessening its means of usefulness. Let them be confined to their proper place; let each be established on its own independent footing;

let not Harvard College be expected to furnish all the machinery, all the management, all the funds, for the cultivation of every science, and for the promotion of every enterprise, be it of an intellectual, a philanthropic, or an industrial character.

But it is time to give some particulars, and to judge from them whether this recent enlargement of the sphere of operation of the seminary is, on the whole, a benefit to it, and whether it tends to promote the objects for which the college was first instituted. Take one of the most recent additions to the establishment, and one of which the community generally has most reason to be proud; we mean the Observatory. Upon the land, building, instruments, observers, &c., for this institution, about $ 70,000 have already been expended, one half of which sum was subscribed, after urgent solicitation, by the merchant princes of Boston and its vicinity, and the other half was lent, or given, as the case may be, out of the funds of the college. Possibly this loan may now be repaid, if the munificent bequest of the late Edward B. Phillips should take effect, placing $ 100,000 in the hands of the Corporation for the exclusive benefit of the Observatory. The very learned mathematical director of the establishment, the skilful observers with their excellent instruments, have already accomplished much for astronomical science and the growth of their own fame; probably it is one of the best appointed observatories in the world. But has it any particular connection with the proper business of the college? Are diligent youth there trained in liberal studies? Does it exert any influence upon the course of academic exercises? Does a student go there once a year, except from mere curiosity, to have a peep at the moon through the big telescope? If not, might not its whole management and control with greater propriety be confided to the State, to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to the Smithsonian Institute, or to a corporation of its own? Why should Harvard College be burdened with it? Its effect upon this institution may be summed up as follows: — it has used up for the time being over $ 30,000 of the college funds; it has taken away almost entirely from his duties as an instructor one of the ablest of the college professors, whose place in the recitation-room is supplied by a tutor at considerable expense; it has made the college in appearance about $ 130,000 richer, and thus lessened its chance of obtaining any thing more from the liberality either of the State or of individuals, while in reality the institution is made many thousand dollars poorer. If, at any future time, the progress of science should call for other and better instruments, or more observers, the college must again beg for it, or devote to it a further portion of its own slender funds. How much of the time, care, and effort, which the President and the Corporation would otherwise have given to the undergraduate department, have been absorbed during the last ten years by the Observatory, we have no means of estimating. They are but seven mortal men, after all; most of them are deeply engaged in very laborious professions, and it is to be presumed that they find the management of the college no sinecure.

We will take, as the next instance, the Lawrence Scientific School, founded about two years ago by the extraordinary munificence of one who, without office or other adventitious aid, has obtained a just and enviable celebrity, both at home and abroad, as a merchant, a philanthropist, a statesman, and a benefactor of letters and science. The school which he has established is an experiment, its objects and arrangements making it really the first of its kind in the world; being yet in its infancy, it is too soon to speak with confidence of its effects, and we have room now only to consider a minor question respecting it, as to the propriety of making it one of the departments of Harvard College, and blending its fortunes as closely as possible with those of that seminary. It has a Faculty composed of nine professors or instructors, six of whom are borrowed from the undergraduate department, two from the Observatory, and one who is attached exclusively to the new school. The Rumford Professor of the Application of the Sciences to the Useful Arts, whose services had been enjoyed exclusively by the undergraduates for some twenty years, is now transferred to the new establishment, though members of the Senior class may still attend his lectures on the payment of an additional fee of ten dollars a year. The audience for the lectures of the distinguished Lawrence Professor of Zoölogy and Geology is also made up almost entirely of members of the college and the Law School, who pay a further additional fee, of equal amount, for the privilege. "Should a sufficient number of students require it," several other special courses are to be given by those *college* professors who are now annexed to the Scientific Faculty; and the Seniors may attend any of them, "on the payment of a fee of five dollars per course."

Notwithstanding the liberality with which the Scientific School was endowed, its expenses and wants are very great. It has as yet but thirteen students, and the Laboratory which has been built for them at large cost, on college land, is capable of accommodating one or two hundred. The whole amount received for tuition in the school the last year was little over $1,000, about $400 of which was derived from the "additional fees" charged to undergraduates; the mere general expenses of the school for this year, not including the professors' salaries, exceeded $ 2,400. The charge for tuition in the school, therefore, is necessarily put very high; the "special students in chemistry" pay $150 a year, besides supplying themselves at their own expense with such articles of apparatus as are consumed in using. As Cambridge is an expensive place to live in, we fear, considering the position in life of the particular class of young men for whom this institution is designed, that these high charges alone will be fatal to the success of the scheme. Under the circumstances, we are not surprised to find the announcement, in reference to the contemplated professorship of engineering, that "it has not yet been in the power of the Corporation to fill this department." Yet this professorship was to be the only real addition made by the school to the means of instruction formerly provided at Harvard; professors of chemistry, geology, botany, mathematics, and the application of science to the arts, the college already had of its own.

In view of these facts, we cannot resist the conclusion, though we have come to it very reluctantly, that the Scientific School as yet is a tremendous burden upon the college, and yields to it no advantage or profit whatsoever. That the services of many professors have been transferred, in whole or in part, from the undergraduate department to the new institution, is perhaps no serious loss; Harvard had more professors than it could find employment for, and the number of students in the new school being yet so very small, there is little or nothing for them to do there, and they can still find time for their proper academic duties. But it is a very serious thing, that undergraduates should be charged additional fees to a considerable amount, for the privilege of attending lectures which formerly made a part of their own course of instruction. It has always been matter of deep regret with the friends of the institution, that the tuition fee and incidental charges at Cambridge are so high; but the charge of $ 75 a year was thought at any rate to cover every thing; for this sum the college bargained to give each student, during the four years of his undergraduate course, all the instruction that he could receive with profit. If the lecture-rooms of the Scientific School were crowded with students of its own, undergraduates would not be permitted to go there; it would be said that they had studies enough to attend to, and that these lectures were designed for a different class of youth. Now they are permitted to attend for the twofold object of making up an audience where there would otherwise be bare walls, and of defraying out of their own pockets a portion of the large expenses of the Scientific School. Slender as the general funds of Harvard College are, we should prefer to see this pittance paid out of them to the aid of the new school, rather than made a fresh burden upon the students.

Candidates for admission to the Scientific School must be eighteen years old, and "must have received a good common English education"; these are the only real qualifications for entrance. This regulation shows at once the class of students for whom the school is designed, and the sort of education which it is intended to give. Harvard College was instituted for the promotion of *liberal* studies, and for nearly two centuries it was exclusively devoted to this end. Every one knows what is usually comprised in a full course of academic studies at college; a considerable degree of proficiency in classical and mathematical learning is required as indispensable for the very commencement of such a course. What would the founders of Harvard have said to a proposition for converting it into an ordinary English high school, even of the first class? Certainly, we do not undervalue the work that is done at such a school. It is admitted that even primary schools must exist; and, in one sense, the instruction given at them is certainly far more important and useful than the education which has usually been obtained at Harvard. But what then? Is the college to undertake to do every thing, — to take even the unbreeched philosophers, and teach them their A B C? Or is it well that every primary and grammar school, and every academy in the country, should be tied on to the tail of Harvard College, and the whole should constitute one grand hotchpot establishment, for the purpose of furnishing every article in the way of education that can be required between the cradle and the grave? In our opinion, this venerable institution will best serve the purposes for which it was founded, and the cause of letters and education generally, by adhering strictly to its legitimate work, by undertaking to give nothing more or less than that exact, thorough, and finished training which fits a man to perform honorably all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war. Its vocation is to send forth *scholars*, in the technical meaning of that word, — not *mere* practical chemists, or tolerable engineers, or scientific mechanics. These may be better schooled and exercised elsewhere. It is a misnomer that they should be called liberally educated, or university men.

How many more trial institutions of this sort are to come under the care of the Corporation it is difficult to tell. The late Mr. Bussey has left an immense estate, amounting probably to $ 350,000, of which the college is soon to take possession, and devote one half of it to the establishment of a great Farm School at Roxbury. The undergraduate department, or Harvard College proper, is not to receive one dollar from this grand bequest; but its officers and governors, its Corporation and treasury, are to be burdened with the whole management and direction of it; and if we may judge from the instances already given, the burden will be a very serious one. Professors are to be appointed who will lecture there on the rotation of crops and the mixing of manures, and teach ploughmen how to draw furrows straight, and graziers how to fatten oxen. Is not this a benefaction of a very doubtful character to the cause of liberal studies? Is it not rather an injury than a benefit, considering the purposes for which Harvard College was instituted, and to which for a century and a half it was exclusively devoted? It gives an outward, but wholly deceptive, appearance of prosperity to the institution. It enlarges its borders, and gratifies the honest pride of those who have the control of its affairs for the time being, and who believe that it adds to the glories of their administration. But, as in the case of the annexation of Texas, Oregon, New Mexico, and California, the coming generation may have cause to wish that their predecessors had been less ambitious of extending their territories. The Divinity School was "annexed" only about thirty years ago, and it is generally admitted now, that it is a millstone about the neck of the college, and that the college in its turn is a fatal obstacle to the success of the school. The two cannot flourish together, and the true friends of both heartily wish that they might be disjoined; but this is impossible. The Medical School, luckily, is three miles off, and, in the main, takes care of itself; though it has occasion every now and then to borrow some money of the parent institution, and some of its professors have to eke out their salaries by holding other offices in the college. The Law School alone flourishes like a green bay-tree; though we wish, both for its own sake and that of the college, that it also could be removed to Boston, where more of its students could live at home, and all could attend the courts.

It is evident, we think, that the college proper, the institution to which John Harvard gave his fortune and his name, is in danger of suffering the fate of the Roman maiden, Tarpeia, and being crushed by the weight of the ornaments of brass, simulating gold, which are heaped upon it. Notwithstanding the shower of benefactions that has seemed recently to fall into its lap, it is actually poorer, weaker, and less efficient than it was many years ago. Thus, in 1835, the "general stock," or common fund of the college, exceeded $ 218,000; it is now less than $ 176,000. At the former period, the "general expenses," not including salaries, were but $ 4,843; last year they amounted to $ 7,374. Again, the average number of students who graduated annually in the classes from 1815 to 1824, ten years, was sixty-two and a fraction; for the ten years ending last commencement, the average is not quite fifty-eight. Yet, in the interval between these two periods, the population of Boston has increased from 40,000 to nearly 120,000; and the increase in wealth and general intelligence, and the desire for a thorough education for the young, have been at least in equal proportion. If the college only performed the same proportion of the work of instruction for the neighbouring community which it did thirty years ago, the number of its students would now be half as large again as it was then, instead of being actually smaller.

It is true that these facts may all be easily accounted for, without imputing blame to any one; but they are none the less significant and unwelcome to the friends of the institution ; they are none the less *facts.* The common fund has been diminished by the expense of building Gore Hall ; the general expenses have been increased by the immense enlargement of the business done under the name of Harvard College & Co. The number of students was unusually great during the ten years ending in 1824, because $ 2,500 a year, or one fourth of the State grant, was then appropriated to aid those in indigent circumstances. Though the college charges to the students have not been increased, — except in the matter of those "additional fees," which are voluntary, however, as the students are not *obliged* to attend the lectures for which they are paid, — yet the expenses of living at Cambridge have been considerably enlarged, owing to the growth of the population and the rise in the value of property. Moreover, as the poorer class of students, who were formerly encouraged to come to Harvard by the aid they received from the State grant, have ceased to enter its classes, these are filled in a larger proportion by the sons of wealthy persons, and a different standard of expense, in regard to dress, pocket-money, furniture, &c., has been established, which renders it almost a hopeless matter for a young man of slender means to obtain an education there.

It may be, also, that the desire in the community for a liberal education, technically so called, has been diminished, — that a full course of academic studies is no longer held in so high esteem as formerly, or deemed so necessary a passport for eminence or usefulness in life. If so, we regret the change more than any circumstance that has yet been mentioned ; and we fear that the college, if not in some measure accountable for it, has still been under its influence in most of those particulars to which we have just alluded. A taste for the cultivation of the physical sciences has of late gained ground throughout the civilized world, and especially in the United States, with wonderful rapidity ; and the necessary consequence has been, that classical learning, old-fashioned scholarship, literary pursuits, and the moral sciences are no longer held in so much estimation as before, and if they are not often openly decried, they are now seldom pursued with enthusiasm, and have in many cases fallen into decay and neglect. Colleges and universities were instituted more particularly for the prosecution of these "liberal studies," as they are termed ; though the physical sciences, for the last century or two, have very properly been admitted into the *curriculum* of academic exercises, the cultivation of the *litteræ humaniores* has always been the special object and the crowning glory of these institutions. Harvard College, as we have seen, was almost exclusively devoted to them for the first century and a half of its existence. But what a change has taken place, chiefly within thirty years ! So many of the natural sciences have been crowded and jammed into the course of instruction, that the students are wearied and distracted by the number of the heterogeneous tasks imposed upon them, and learn nothing thoroughly. The old-fashioned studies have not been given up altogether ; but they have been pushed into a corner, and the student has his option with regard to many of them, during a large part of his college course, whether he will pursue them or not. The professors undertake to instruct *in omni scibile ;* the students get a smattering of every thing and a knowledge of nothing. And still, as if the newly awakened scientific zeal and practical tendencies of the age had not yet sufficient room and dominion, the various outlying establishments of the college of which we have spoken have been created for their especial benefit. The cultivation of physical science, and even of the mechanic arts and trades, is the sole object of most of them. A young man, with no previous training but a common English education, may now enter the college as a "special student in chemistry" ; that is, he may make himself a good scientific chemist, — and nothing more. This object, certainly, is a very good one ; but the question is, whether a college or a university is just the place where facilities ought to be offered for its attainment.

We have not room to consider here the causes of this sudden development of zeal in the prosecution of the natural sciences ; nor is it necessary. The brilliant discoveries that have recently been made in most of them, the great reputation which many of their cultivators have consequently obtained, the perambulating associations for their advancement, and the belief that a knowledge of them may somehow be made directly profitable in the pursuit of riches, and that in studying them we are dealing with things, and not with mere words, are enough to account in great part for the high place they now hold in the public estimation. We are not going to contest their right to that place, nor in any way to discuss the comparative claims of letters and science as objects of pursuit through life. This would be about as idle as to ask whether eating or drinking was more essential for the preservation of our animal existence. The only points are, whether a liberal education is either necessary or desirable for any class in a community like ours, — and whether any education can properly be termed liberal, that is, exact, comprehensive, and generous, from which classical learning, and a study of literature and the moral sciences, are either wholly or in great part excluded. Certainly, a well-disciplined intellect, a cultivated taste, an enlightened conscience, some familiarity with the first principles and the vexed questions of philosophy and theology, some acquaintance with the languages and literature of modern Europe, some knowledge of pure mathematics, logic, general politics, history, philology, and political economy seem almost equally desirable, and even essential, for the future statesman, divine, lawyer, physician, and the men of other liberal callings. We would not push out astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, and the several branches of natural history, in order to make room for these ; but neither should the former be excluded, so that these physical sciences may occupy the whole space, and monopolize the young student's attention. The only practical question is, whether room can be found for all of them in the four years of an undergraduate course ; and if not, which of them can with least injury be put off to the end of the academic period, and be then ranked with those strictly professional studies the object of which is to qualify a man for the particular walk in life that he has chosen.

But we must quit entirely this branch of our subject, the full discussion of which would carry us far beyond our present limits. We have done no more than to state the question ; and this is all that is really needed, as most of those who are likely to see these remarks would agree with us as to the answer which should be given to it. Our object all along has been to set forth the wants of Harvard College proper, and its claims upon the public for patronage and support. The doors of the institution are not opened wide enough, considering the amount of treasure deposited within its walls. The machinery of instruction is there in great abundance. There is the noblest library on this side of the Atlantic ; there are apparatus and scientific collections, which are ample for all the purposes of the mere teacher; there are professorships enough and to spare, most of them being filled by men who have attained high distinction in their respective departments of letters and science. Why should not a much larger number of students profit by these unequalled advantages? The college could receive twice as many as it now has, without the necessity of making any perceptible addition to its means of instruction. It is often as easy to teach many as to instruct a few; it makes no difference to the professor whether he lectures to a dozen auditors, or to a hundred. It is no great object for the college, perhaps, that its halls and recitation-rooms should be filled; the institution can support itself in its present state for an indefinite period, through the funds which are specifically appropriated to keep up its various offices. But it is of immense importance to the public generally, to the cause of education, to the State, that these rooms should be crowded to their utmost capacity. They would then be centres of intellectual light and heat, that would radiate to every corner of the Commonwealth.

The sole reason why they are not thus crowded is the great expense of living as a student at Cambridge. For vastly the larger number of the youth of Massachusetts, the effect of this high cost is just the same as if the institution were a thousand miles off. There the college is, — an admirable institution, and an education within its walls is very desirable ; but they are not able to take so long a journey. Reduce the cost, and you bring the college home to them, to their very doors. But how can this be effected? The charge for tuition is but a part, and not a very large one, of the whole bill. It is but seventy-five dollars a year, while the expenses of board, rent, fuel, clothes, books, and other incidentals make up nearly three hundred dollars more. If the former charge were struck off altogether, it would have no great effect towards opening the institution to poorer students ; and for most of those who now form the classes at Harvard, it is not desirable that it should be struck off. They are the sons of the rich, who are able and willing to pay a full equivalent for what they receive; and the present charge is not one third of what the instruction actually costs, or of what it is worth. Neither are we in favor of granting aid indiscriminately to indigent students from a beneficiary fund. This would be marking them out, — stigmatizing them, they would think, — as objects of charity. If, in point both of character and ability, they are fit objects of a university education, they are entitled to receive one from the State; it should be given to them, not as alms, but as their due. Their *right* to it is of the same general character with that of every child in the Commonwealth to admission to the common school; it is hardly more for their interest than for that of the public, that they should receive it. They should be paid what is necessary in order that they may attain it, just as the national government pays the cadets to come to West Point and receive the best military and scientific education that the world can afford. On the other hand, if they are indolent, wayward, or dull, beneficiary money is thrown away upon them; they should be sent home, and initiated in other pursuits, for which academic studies are no necessary preparation.

We know of no other mode of remedying the evil now complained of but the establishment at the colleges in this State of a sufficient number of scholarships, somewhat like those which have long existed at Oxford and Cambridge in England, and which in the Scotch universities are called bursaries. The income of one of these offices should be large enough to defray all the necessary expenses of a student at college; $ 300 a year at Harvard would probably do no more towards this end than $ 200 at Amherst or at Williamstown. No one should be allowed to become a candidate for a scholarship, who did not need pecuniary aid to enable him to remain in college, and who did not belong to the first half of the class in academic rank, or in regard to character and proficiency in study; and among the applicants thus qualified the scholarships should be distributed in due order according to their relative merit, as ascertained by a severe examination. When obtained, they should be held only for a year, unless the incumbent, at the end of that time, after again inviting all competitors into the ring, could make good his claim to one of the scholarships attached to the next higher class. Thus, if twenty of these offices should be established at Harvard, there would be five for each class. Those belonging to the Freshman year should be given to the five applicants, needing the income of the office, who should appear best at the preliminary examination for admission to college; provided, however, that the general result of the trial showed that they were as well qualified to enter as the best half of the whole number examined. Those who succeeded in this competition would be provided for during the Freshman year, and then they might become competitors for the five Sophomore scholarships; and so on, throughout their career at college.

Such foundations, it is evident, would be offices both of honor and emolument, and not mere beneficiary establishments; each one would be a fit reward of past exertion, and a stimulus to future effort. They could not be held either by drones or dullards. The salaries attached to them would be on the same footing with the pay of the professors; they would be earnings, not alms, — dignities, not badges of poverty. The creation of a sufficient number of them would at once popularize the whole system of college education in the State; they would do away with the injurious distinction which now exists between the colleges and the common schools, — the former being exclusively for the rich, or the moderately wealthy, the latter being filled in the main by the poor. Their influence, in fact, would be nearly as great on the lower seminaries of learning, the academies and common schools, as on the colleges themselves. Every boy in Massachusetts, however indigent and obscure his position, if he distinguished himself at school, and felt the promptings of noble ambition, would know that a university education was open to him, a full course of liberal studies, obtained with high honor, and a full support secured to him while prosecuting them. At the same time, the openness of the competition and the severity of the trial would effectually separate the bran from the wheat, and those who had mistaken a mere dislike of manual labor for a call to higher and more intellectual pursuits would find it necessary to fall back upon the avocations for which alone nature had qualified them. Individuals and societies, who often receive applications to aid indigent young men in their classical studies, and frequently see cause to doubt whether it would be an act of real kindness to comply with the request, would be relieved at once from this uncertainty, if there were a good number of scholarships in our several colleges. They could then say, that to real merit and unquestionable ability the path was entirely open, and there was no need of asking charity to smooth the way. The plan, then, would spare the feelings of the meritorious and the capable, by relieving them even from the appearance of accepting alms; while it would confine arrogant mediocrity and ambitious littleness within their appropriate sphere of action.

The effect on the colleges themselves would be most beneficial. The number of students would be largely increased, for the hope of gaining so brilliant a prize would draw together many competitors for every scholarship that was established; and the additional fees for tuition thus received would swell the funds of the institution without any thing like a proportionate increase of its expenses. At present, the machinery and appliances of instruction in each of these seminaries are large and costly out of all proportion with the amount of work actually done, or with the number of educated men annually sent forth into the community. The means of instruction in every department of science and letters must be provided, whether there are a dozen or a hundred students to profit by them. There is not raw material enough to employ more than half of the motive power which now turns the wheels; and every manufacturer knows that this is bad economy. Harvard, for instance, pays over $ 28,000 annually to its professors and other officers, and would not pay $ 2,000 more, if the number of its students were doubled; it would not pay $ 5,000 less, if it had no students at all, for its permanent funds, for ever appropriated to the support of the academic department, produce an income of nearly $ 24,000. Since the beginning of the present century, less than $ 5,000 has been given to the college by individuals for the purpose of adding to the number of students in the academical department, or for increasing the raw material; while the private donations to enlarge the means of instruction in that department, and to build up the professional schools, have amounted to $ 700,000. But which is the more advantageous use of money, — to give forty thousand dollars to establish a new professorship, which is not wanted, because there are already more instructors than there are opportunities to teach, or to appropriate six thousand to found a scholarship, in order that there may be at least one person more to profit by the professorships already created?

Far more important, however, than any pecuniary results, would be the effect of the proposed foundations on the zeal and industry of the students themselves, and on the whole air of the place considered as the seat of liberal studies. Competition kindled by the prospect of such honors and emoluments would raise a flame in the most sluggish bosom, and stir up all its energies for the generous strife. Nor would the excitement be confined to those alone whose limited means enabled them to enter the arena and compete for a scholarship. Enthusiasm in any cause among the young is always contagious ; and the candidates for scholarships, if the plan were fully carried out, would be numerous enough to govern the tone of feeling and action in the whole class. Now, so large a portion of every class is composed of those whose position in life makes them independent of scholastic honors, and who consider a college diploma only as one of the tokens of a gentleman, that indolent, reckless, and dissipated habits often become fashionable among the whole body of undergraduates, and many are drawn into the vortex whose natural tastes incline in the opposite direction. The few who have firmness and ambition enough to adhere to the proper pursuits of the place form a small band by themselves, and, far from having influence with their fellows, they become isolated even by their studious habits, and are pelted with nicknames and exposed to a constant shower of undergraduate gibes. The establishment of scholarships enough would enlarge this band into a majority of the whole number, and turn the stream of opinion and action the other way. Those who know from experience the gregarious tendencies and contagious excitements of college life will hardly consider this picture as exaggerated, or that there is little likelihood of effecting a change in it, if so powerful a cause should be put in operation.

A year ago, the several colleges in this Commonwealth united in a memorial to the legislature, asking that a fund might be created for their benefit from the same source of income which has already filled the fund for common schools up to the limit which was first proposed for it, and made it quite as large, in the opinion of the best friends of these schools, as is at all desirable. The application failed, probably because the legislature did not think fit to make a large grant from the public funds to chartered and independent institutions, to be used for purposes that were not specified. We learn that the application is to be renewed this year, with a request that the whole fund may be appropriated for the aid of indigent students. If so, we hope it may succeed, especially if the aid be given through the establishment of such scholarships as are here proposed ; since there is no reason why those who are indigent, indeed, but also sluggish, wayward, or feeble, should be encouraged to seek a liberal education, or be supported by the public bounty. The foundation of a sufficient number of State scholarships in every college in the Commonwealth to open the doors of these richly appointed establishments, with their noble libraries and abundant means of learning and instruction, to every capable and ambitious boy in the State, however poor and humble, would be indeed a splendid act of public munificence, second only to that memorable vote of the General Court in 1636, which appropriated a whole year's income of the Colony to laying the foundation of Harvard College. It would be no less politic than liberal ; for the good to be obtained by the objects of the act, by the youth for whom the scholarships are intended, would be proportioned not merely to the sum thus directly granted to them, but to this sum added to the large accumulations of public and private munificence for many years, which have made these institutions such rich storehouses of all the apparatus of learning and science. It would be giving a little that they might have the benefit of much.

And what act could be more consonant with the entire framework of our civil polity, with the genius of our republican institutions, than to make virtually free to the whole body of the people those higher seminaries of learning which have hitherto been confined almost entirely to a privileged class, which have existed in the main only for the rich, or for those who could find liberal and influential friends? It would be fostering the cause of liberal studies, and at the same time spreading the generous influences of them broadcast over the whole community. The benefaction, we have already said, would be almost as sensibly felt by the common schools and academies as by the institutions to which it was immediately directed. Every ambitious boy in these lower seminaries would see a splendid prize suspended before him to stimulate his exertions, and no accidents of birth or fortune could lessen his chance of obtaining it. The higher walks of professional life, the honors of the pulpit, the bar, and the senate, would be as open to him, and with equal advantages of thorough classical training for them, as to the son of the wealthiest man in the State, provided only that he had the talents and the tastes which alone would justify him, under any circumstances, in leaving the plough, the warehouse, or the loom. Massachusetts had not the honor of taking the lead in the reform of common schools, though she has nobly followed the example placed before her in this respect by one of the monarchies of the Old World. But she has the opportunity now of being the first to offer the advantages of a full course of university training to every one of her sons who is able to profit by it, and thus of making her colleges virtually as free as her elementary schools.

And no great exertion or sacrifice is necessary to secure these ends. The sum required is not very large, and it can be raised without taking a dollar from the revenues that have sufficed for the last twelve years to meet all the general expenses of the State. The proceeds of the sale of the public lands in Maine are no longer needed for the common school fund, which has reached its limit; in a few years more, there might be amassed from them a college fund of half a million of dollars, which is all that is needed. The income of this fund would be enough to maintain forty State scholarships at Harvard, and thirty each at Amherst and Williamstown, one of which would defray all the necessary annual expenditure of a student at either of these institutions. Few will doubt that the good to be effected by these foundations will largely exceed their moderate cost. In no way could the public bounty be more effectually applied to aid the cause both of liberal studies and elementary instruction, to elevate the character of the people, to protect the interests of science, religion, and letters, and to promote the reputation of the Commonwealth.

Six years ago, before the project of a university fund to be created by the State was formed, we urged the private benefactors of our colleges to turn their liberality towards the foundation of scholarships, as the most effectual means of increasing the usefulness of these institutions. As we still hope that this scheme may be partly carried into effect by individuals, even if the legislature should refuse to countenance it, our readers must excuse us for placing before them a short extract from the argument which we presented on the former occasion.

"Dr. Wayland remarks in strong language on the want of stimulants to exertion in our colleges, a want which we see no means of supplying, except by the method just proposed. The rich endowments of the English universities enable them to hold up numerous scholarships, fellowships, and situations in the Church, as the fit and even magnificent prizes that await distinguished scholars; and, defective in other respects as the system of these establishments is, the good actually accomplished by them must be attributed almost entirely to these noble rewards of industry and talent. In France and Germany, numerous and honorable offices in the seminaries themselves and under government are the almost sure recompense of distinguished pupils. In the United States, we have nothing of the kind. A scale of rank, it is true, is kept in the interior of the college; but it becomes known beyond the walls only on Commencement day, when the high standing of a pupil at the completion of his course is felt as a transient pleasure by his relatives and friends, though it is productive of no solid or permanent results. Even the first honors of a class are perceived to be a flattering, rather than profitable distinction, and destined to be soon forgotten. No wonder that many students of considerable ability decline to engage in such a fruitless race, and even refuse the honors when offered to them. But let a sufficient number of scholarships be endowed, and the spur would be felt by every member of the institution. The cost of founding one would not be more than one fifth of the expense of establishing a professorship, and the name of the donor would be for ever connected with the most efficient means of promoting the welfare of the seminary, and advancing the interests of letters. To preserve the importance aud respectability of the scholarships, they should be rather few in number; than small in profit; but the beneficial effects of their establishment would not be perceived to the full extent, till they were numerous enough to exert an influence through the whole body of the students. Founders who are much interested in a particular science might confine the benefit of their funds to pupils distinguished only in their favorite study; but the best interests of letters and education require that the bulk of the prizes should be given for general scholarship. If this scheme could be carried into effect, we believe that a new spirit would be awakened among the students, and a new chapter commenced in the history of American colleges. The operose machinery of exhibitions and commencements, affording very insufficient proof of industry and learning, might be done away, and rigid examinations, closed by the formal award of the merited scholarships, be the only public, as they are the proper, tests of the efficiency of the institution." — *N. A. Review* for October, 1842, pp. 340 - 342.

ART. V. — 1. *Obras Poéticas de* JUANA INEZ DE LA CRUZ. Madrid, 3 vols. Small 4to.
2. *El Aguinaldo Matanzero.* Editores J. V. BETANCOURT Y MIGUEL T. TOLON.
3. *Poesías de* HEREDIA. New York. 1825.
4. *Poesías Escogidas de* PLACIDO. Matanzas y Vera Cruz. 1842.
5. *Poesías de* ALPUCHE. Merida de Yucatan. 1842.
6. *Poesías de* IRUJILLO. Merida de Yucatan. 1842.
7. *Pasionarias de* RAFAEL DE MENDIVE. Habana. 1847.
8. *Rimas de* ESTÉBAN ECHEVERRIA. Buenos Ayres. 1837.

LARRA, the powerful satirist of "Young Spain," in one of his pungent dramatic mysteries, has represented his native country, under the name of Las Batuecas, as a narrow tract of land lying between two lofty sierras in the heart of Spain, and peopled by a race so contentedly national, that no Rasselas had ever crossed the barriers of their territory. Their very existence, says Father Feijoo,* was unknown to the neighbouring country till they were discovered by two pilgrims of love, a lady of the house of Alva and her page, some three or four years after Columbus gave a New World to the crown of Castile and Leon.

In the self-satisfied ignorance and indolence of the Batuecans, as in a mirror, the lineaments of the great Gothic monarchy are, indeed, too truly imaged. And the reflection would be changed in features only, not in expression, were we to present the glass to her colonies. For the policy which Charles IV. with a delightful frankness acknowledged, when, in suppressing the University of Maracaibo, he declared it to be "against his wish that information should become general in America," — this policy, resolutely carried out for three hundred years, could not fail of its effect. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Spanish power on this continent had satisfactorily shown that the proverb might be reversed, and that the dispositions of man might sometimes thwart the propositions of God. Every thing that was false and miserable in her domestic state, all those political and social vices which had reduced her to the rank of a third-rate kingdom with first-rate resources, Spain had transferred to the Western paradise. Education, whose ministers in Spain had whetted into truth the sarcasm of Condillac, that universities are the sworn foes of intelligence, was almost unknown in the Indies; political rights were unheard of; and the black draperies of the Inquisition speedily stifled any hint at religious emancipation.

---

* *Theatro,* Tom. IV. Disc. 10, § 2. The old father's examination of the story is very curious and entertaining. He received it at first, he says, with perfect faith; but, by the arguments and testimony of divers reverend persons, was at last compelled to put it among the "vulgar errors" of Spain.

Nor was the change which soon came by any means universally beneficial. The great intellectual movement which Humboldt observed among the Spanish American youth was confined to the higher classes of society, and its progress was fostered, not by the diffusion of popular instruction, but by a power whose character they who are familiar with the revelations of Blanco White will readily divine. The Revolution, which was its speedy result, commenced at Buenos Ayres, in 1807, by young men of rank, was mainly carried forward by them to its successful issue, under the walls of Callao, in 1827. In these twenty years of anarchy and confusion, the multitude, formerly ignorant but peaceful, had gained only the knowledge of war, and by the inspiration of this knowledge their subsequent conduct has been chiefly directed. We would not do injustice to the honorable efforts of the new governments to secure public instruction, or pass over without mention the Lancasterian schools introduced throughout the continent by Mr. James Thompson, the scientific institutions of Mexico, Caraccas, and Bogotá, the normal schools and provincial colleges of Colombia, Peru, and Chili, and the Buenos Ayrean academies of music and of engineering. We would yield a full meed of praise to the liberality of the Spanish American clergy, and to the devoted patriotism of those great statesmen, who, like Bolivar and St. Martin, gave so much of their time and wealth, while pressed with the responsibilities of new political organizations, to that cultivation of the people, without which all organizations are vain and transitory. They labored faithfully; but millions of men are not to be regenerated in a day or a year; and Spanish America, at the present hour, looms up to us on the far horizon of the political world in a mist of lurid light, which veils her from the general gaze about as effectually as the darkness of her old estate. Her condition, her destinies, — these are problems too much unheeded, and yet unsolved. Those of us, who, like the Javanese, consider gold-color the perfection of beauty, go down in ships to her borders, to bring back hoards of patriot doubloons, and strange stories pleasant to hear, of *tertulias* and mantillas and unlimited combs, and beggars on horseback (dismal types of their country's career) ; but very few persons have bestowed any serious observation and thought on the character and resources of these mysterious tropical nations, with whom it is the " manifest destiny " of our country to be more and more closely connected, and who, with such magnificent powers at their disposal, have as yet played so trifling a part in the great world drama.

Whatever may tend to awaken any interest in, or throw any light upon, a subject of such growing importance, cannot, we are sure, be wholly useless. Not all in vain, then, we trust, will be the attempt to give a sketch of some Spanish American poetry which circumstances have placed in our way, and which has helped us to discover the presence, amidst the shadows and vile noises of South American life, of nobler thoughts and higher aims than her politics have yet developed.

If any good end is served by the obstinate conservatism of the Spanish race, it may perhaps be found in the materials thereby afforded for the construction of historical pictures. The tournament of ash-poles at Eglinton Castle, or the more recent ridings at the ring of the " Chivalry " in the capital of South Carolina, would hardly have conveyed to a spectator any just idea of a mediæval combat *à l'outrance*, or even of a " gentle and joyous Passage of Arms " ; but the bare halls of Salamanca, and the gray-coated scholars on their annual pilgrimages, recall to mind the days of Gil Blas, with every circumstance of place and manner ; and Madame Calderon's accounts of her pertinacious visits to the convents of Mexico present us with a distinct image of the desolate room in which, with three devotional books, sundry garments of haircloth, and a collection of scourges, the first poetess of America passed the latter years of her life.

Juana Inez de la Cruz was born on Friday night, November 12th, 1651, in the famous Alquería of San Miguel de Nepanthla, a pleasant country-seat twelve miles distant from the city of Mexico, so deliciously situated that it was called the Jewel of New Spain. No portents shook the earth when she "whose end in life was the justification of nature's prodigality" rose, the first star of Western song, upon the midnight sky. "At her birth," says one of her biographers, "the heavens distilled not in golden showers, as is fabled of the heathen Plato; but a sign of greater worth and promise attended her, for she was born where earth herself pours out rich gold like rain."

Of the wonderful precocity of Juana's childhood we have not time here to speak, and we must pass silently over the progress of her youth, pausing only to relate one fact which may serve to inspire the literary zeal of our fair and studious readers. Unable to grant her request, that they would send her disguised as a youth to the university of Mexico, the parents of Juana Inez took her to the city, when she was about nine years old, and left her with her uncle, a worthy man, who possessed various books which, with a very civilized taste, he had "purchased solely to adorn his sideboard." Here she received the only instruction ever given her by a master, in twenty lessons from Martin de Olivas, a teacher of Latin. She had no Latin books, but was obliged to depend upon her memory for her progress; so, to fix the bachelor's words in her mind, she used to appoint herself a task, first cutting off a portion of her hair, and if the lesson was not learned by the time that the hair grew to its former length, she would repeat the tonsorial process, and persevere till she had gained her end. "This expensive cashew-comfit for refreshing the memory," remarks Diego Callega, "would have cost many women their senses."

Juana's beauty increasing as rapidly as her learning, and probably outstripping her wisdom, made her parents anxious to secure her a permanent shelter; and she was finally taken into the family of the viceroy, as the favorite of his queen. While here, she underwent an examination by a great council of all the Mexican literati, to the number of *forty*, including "theologians, philosophers, poets, mathematicians, philologers, historians, and not a few of those who in allusive jest are styled *tertulios*,* who, without having pursued any definite profession, are yet able to form a good judgment on every thing." Seated, ἱερῷ ἐνὶ κύκλῳ, like a Northern *Urtheilsring*, these sages of New Spain proceeded to badger the Western Sappho, and the viceroy thus relates the result: — "As a royal galley beats off the assault of a swarm of cock-boats, so Juana Inez flung off the questions, arguments, and replies which each of them, in his department, poured in upon her."

But Juana had early become convinced that she was the destined bride of heaven, and earthly triumphs could not seduce her from her chosen way. To the thought of matrimony her spirit had never even stooped. "The American Phœnix was persuaded that the noose of wedlock could never ensnare any earthly being worthy to be her mate." So she retired to the convent of St. Jerome, as to a pacific sea, where the pearl of her genius might silently gather beauty and greatness. There for twenty-seven years she lived, faithfully discharging her sacred duties, and reaping perpetual harvests of poetry from her cultivated mind.

In the year 1695, a terrible epidemic broke out among the sisters of the convent, and this calamity called out all the kindness and energy of Juana's heart. She devoted herself to the sick day and night. "To tell her that any one was dangerously ill, in order to make her avoid contagion," says Calleja, "was like putting wings on a bee to make him fly away from flowers." Her health, enfeebled by many privations, soon gave way under these extraordinary efforts, and in spite of the prayers and sacrifices of the convent and the city, the disorder soon triumphed over her frail body. Retaining her senses to the last, she yielded up her soul to God on the Sunday of the Good Shepherd, April 17th, 1695. The universal respect of her countrymen followed her to the grave, and the obedient winds and waves bore her precious fame even to the shores of Spain.

Her works were published at Madrid, in 1689, in three volumes, with a most stately array of praises and permissions civil and ecclesiastical. The censor of the Inquisition prefaced them with a learned essay; the court preacher bestowed his approbation on them in a panegyric full of erudite and elaborate gallantry; and the third volume contains no fewer than a hundred and forty pages of sonnets, madrigals, ballads, and elegies, in honor of "the Tenth Muse, the Wonder of the Indies." Felix Ferdinand de Córdova, Cardona, y Aragon, Duke of three dukedoms, Count of three counties, Lord of one viscounty and three baronies, High-Admiral and Captain-General of the Kingdom of Naples, &c., &c., wreathed the first flower of this garland, to which marquises, counts, cavaliers, and archbishops contributed the fragrant offerings of their homage. The forty wise men of Mexico were not behind their Transatlantic brethren in harmonious lamentations, and they have left us the means of fairly estimating the domestic competition which Juana Inez encountered.

---

* This word may be best rendered into English by the phrase "nice men for a tea-party."

The works of this first-born of American fame consist of *autos*, written, not like those of Lope, "against the rules of wit," but reverent of the sovereign majesty of the mystery; — of comedies, whose points have rusted in the dews of time; — of sacred romances, elegies, songs or canticles, and sonnets. Her style is in perverse imitation of the fanciful euphuism of Góngora, and the prevailing character of her productions is mystical and devotional, pervaded by the sensuous fervor always fostered by her faith and mode of life, and which inevitably finds occasional utterance in expressions alike repugnant to piety and to good taste. The danger which even Madame Guyon did not escape could hardly be avoided by a Mexican nun of the seventeenth century, familiar with the passionate and colloquial language of the fathers. She occasionally turned aside from her graver and loftier meditations to speculate on the ordinary feelings of mortals; and she has treated various abstruse questions of "the gentle science" with all the ability, and none of the mediæval *naïveté*, of a Provençale countess. Navarro says, "The verses of Madre Juana are so purely beautiful, that they declare the beauty of the soul which dictated them, and prove that they were written only as the gallantries of her genius, without in the least surprising her will." Through all the disfigurements of her pompous style and her quaint, misdirected thought, the character of Juana Inez does, indeed, display itself in very attractive colors. A letter written by her to a respectable mother of the Mexican Church, in defence of female education, while it shows a familiarity with patristic lore worthy of the Princess

Belgiojoso, is full of fine, womanly, noble sentiments, the outpourings of a nature deserving of a wider development than her nation and her age allowed her to enjoy. Modest in the midst of her successes, but firm in the assertion of her manifest rights, generous, self-sacrificing, enthusiastic, and benevolent, the memory of her faithful life and her truly glorious death shines out with a calm, beautiful light from the mournful annals of her country ; and we gladly turn from the "wild war-drum" of the Aztec priest, and the loud *réveille* of the American conqueror, to listen to the gentle singing of the Mexican nun in her quiet, consecrated cell.

Of the subsequent poets who have adorned the silver-roofed city we know very little. The *Repertorio Americano* notices several of recent date, the most distinguished of whom is Ruiz de Alarcon, a dramatist of some Castilian reputation ; and the names of divers others may be found in the Biblioteca of Nicholas Antonio ; but none of their works have met our eyes.* When Mexico shall be fairly incorporated into our glorious confederacy, we may perhaps feel it to be a patriotic duty to fill up the *lacunæ* of our information ; at present, however, the indefinite boundaries of our country forbid the prosecution of such a purpose, and we therefore pass to Yucatan, which may possibly be electing her representatives at Washington while we are inditing these words.

Don Wenceslao Alpuche and Don Mariano Irujillo are the two favorite bards of this unhappy state. Their works are comprised in two small volumes, very neatly printed. Alpuche, who died in 1841, was a man of some political distinction, and of decided ability. He began his poetical career with a satire upon an unpopular judge, which gained immense applause, and has been compared by his critics to the productions of the Argensolas. Elected a member of the Mexican Congress, Alpuche became intimate with Heredia, Prieto, Pesado, and other *literati* of the capital, with whom he pursued the study of modern French poetry. Not the least striking feature, by the way, of all the South American literature we have seen is the evidence it presents of the influence of France upon the Creole mind. The ideologists have furnished the text-books of South American philosophy and morality, the romanticists have inspired the Spanish American Muse. The names of Lamartine and Victor Hugo are appealed to on all occasions ; translations from and imitations of them are frequent, and they seem to be regarded as the guardians of the true Parnassus. But to return to Señor Alpuche. We are assured by a lady-critic, to whom he addressed a poem, that he rises to an equality with the most famous poets of Mexico, and we desire our readers to accept this verdict with the deference due to such high authority. We had hoped to confirm it by some versions ; but it is impossible to do any justice in English to the thundering periods of his historical poems, or to the fiery ardor of his love-songs, which might have been poured forth from the throbbing heart of Tonga Riro when he struggled with a brother volcano for the affections of a small female mountain.*

---

* Fr. Manuel de Navarrete, styled "the American swan," who was born at Mexico in 1768, and died at Tlalpujahua, July 19th, 1809, is quite famous for his Anacreontics and bucolics. His poems were published at Mexico in 1823. A very curious book, published at Madrid in 1825, and entitled *Lima por dentro y fuera*, we are disposed to attribute to some Mexican bard. It professes to be the plea of a Mexican gentleman in justification of his removal to Lima. With this pretended object, the author really gives us a thoroughgoing satire on the manners and morals of the Peruvian capital. Dr. Tschudi's accounts incline us to put faith in the general justice of his representations, which are remarkably graphic and spirited.

Don Mariano Irujillo, having published one collection of verses with great success, courteously consented to hatch the fame of some of his bashful friends. We have by us his second edition, containing, in addition to his own utterances, some forty or fifty poems by different Yucateco bards. Both Irujillo and his friends perseveringly chant the praises of love and war, very much as they are chanted by more cultivated poets in happier lands ; but we occasionally meet with refreshing strains of true excellence, as in the following stanzas, which are quite elevated and noble in spirit and in diction.

O holy Virtue ! sacred source
Of art, of science, and of force,
With thy benignant light illume
Our spirit's intellectual gloom.

Protecting Holiness ! inspire
Our minds with Faith's celestial fire ;

---

* *Vide* Grote's *Greece*, Vol. I.

On him who loves his God shall shine
The opened gates of Wisdom's shrine.

Sentiments like these, however, are rare in the book, and we think we do the good Yucatecos no great injustice in translating the following Anacreontic, as a sufficiently lengthy specimen of their ordinary style.

MY DESIRE.

Joyful with the lyre!
Careless with the wine!
Around my brows the myrtle, boy,
With mingling roses twine!
For I shun the aims and strife
Of this sad, perplexing life.

Above me, when I die,
Let this inscription shine:
"Here doth Hernando lie;
Joyful with the lyre!
Careless with the wine!"

Passing eastward across the Gulf, our eyes rest on the Queen of the Antilles, on fair and glorious Cuba, that "summer isle of Eden," whose name fills the mind with the most enchanting pictures of tropical beauty, the most delicious dreams of splendor and luxury and magnificent ease, — that garden of the West, gorgeous with perpetual flowers and brilliant with the plumage of innumerable birds, beneath whose glowing sky the teeming earth yields easy and abundant harvest to the toil of man, and whose capacious harbours invite the commerce of the world. In this island, so richly endowed with material gifts, we find the noblest and loftiest poets of Spanish America, men of true and universal sympathies, of high aspiration, and heroic character, whose souls are fired with great ideas and unselfish hopes, whose poems are not of stereotyped sentimentalities, tender or terrible, but manly outpourings of serious feeling, full of a genuine, high-toned enthusiasm for great and generous objects. While the nearness of Cuba to the United States, and the intercourse between them, have fostered in the minds of all the best sons of the island an ardent zeal for the independence and the elevation of their beloved country, the jealous energy with which Spain still clutches the last and fairest jewel of her shattered crown is exerted to repress its utterance and to destroy its growth. All the avenues to the public mind are guarded with unrelaxing watchfulness, and the patriotism of Cuba, denied any enlarged and popular field of action, is compelled to pour itself into the heart of the people through strains of stirring poetry, from the lips of men prepared for the martyrdom as well as for the championship of freedom. And imprisonment, exile, and death have, indeed, been the frequent meeds of these hero bards, who, struggling with such adverse circumstances for the attainment of such sublime ends, speak always earnestly and from their hearts, in the words of brave men who have counted the cost of their devotion to Truth, and are determined to abide by her cause for ever. It is strange, indeed, that so little should be known among us of an intellectual and spiritual life so nearly allied to the best thought and feeling of our own country, and it is surely time for us to extend our free and respectful sympathy to the people from whom such men as Heredia, Milanes, and Placido have sprung.

Jose Maria Heredia stands first among the poets of his country in point of place, and among the first in point of time, — the mournful Zequeira and the gay Desval alone preceding him. The son of a patriot, whose patriotism drove him into exile, Heredia, born in Santiago de Cuba, on the last day of the year 1803, was carried in his childhood to Mexico. There, at the age of sixteen, he lost his father, and with his mother and the rest of his family returned to Havana. Admitted as an advocate in the Supreme Court at Puerto Principe in 1823, his opinions and conduct soon attracted the suspicions of the government, and, in November of the same year, he was obliged to fly to this country. Here he remained for three years, during which time he gained the respect and esteem of many excellent persons, and was induced to publish a collection of his poems at New York, in 1825. In 1826, he was invited to Mexico by offers of advantageous employment, and on his arrival there was at once appointed assistant secretary of state, and soon afterwards became a judge of the Supreme Court, and was elected a member of the Senate. He died at Mexico in the prime of life, May 6th, 1839. Besides the volume published at New York, two other editions of his works have appeared, — one published at Toluca in Mexico, in 1832, and the other posthumously at Barcelona, in 1840.*

As a man, Heredia is held in honorable remembrance for the integrity, generosity, and amiability of his character; as a poet, he is unrivalled among his countrymen; while as a patriot, his sufferings, bravely incurred and calmly borne in her behalf, testify even more loudly than his eloquent words to the depth and strength of affection with which he clung to the best hopes of his country. Thoughts of sorrow or of hope for Cuba underlie almost all his poems. While he stands desolate and alone on the brink of the mighty Niagara, the palm-trees of his native land "wave through his thought," bringing bitter memories of the ignorance and vice which flourish in their shade. The following lines from one of his unpublished poems, "The Exile's Hymn," breathe a genuine aspiring love, such as the noblest country might proudly receive from her noblest son.

Fair land of Cuba! on thy shores are seen
Life's far extremes of noble and of mean,
The world of sense in matchless beauty dressed,
And nameless horrors hid within thy breast.
Ordained of Heaven the fairest flower of earth,
False to thy gifts, and reckless of thy birth!
The tyrant's clamor, and the slave's sad cry,
With the sharp lash in insolent reply, —
Such are the sounds that echo on thy plains,
While virtue faints, and vice unblushing reigns.
Rise, and to power a daring heart oppose!
Confront with death these worse than deathlike woes.
Unfailing valor chains the flying fate;
Who dares to die shall win the conqueror's state.
We, too, can leave a glory and a name
Our children's children shall not blush to claim;
To the far future let us turn our eyes,
And up to God's still unpolluted skies.
Better to bare the breast, and undismayed
Meet the sharp vengeance of the hostile blade,
Than on the couch of helpless grief to lie,
And in one death a thousand deaths to die.

---

* Selections from his writings, with translations, were published at Havana, in 1844, by James Kennedy, Esq., H. B. M.'s Judge in the Mixed Court of that city.

Fearest thou blood ? O, better, in the strife,
From patriot wounds to pour the gushing life,
Than let it creep inglorious through the veins
Benumbed by sin, and agony, and chains !
What hast thou, Cuban ? Life itself resign, —
Thy very grave is insecurely thine !
Thy blood, thy treasure, poured like tropic rain
From tyrant hands to feed the soil of Spain.
If it be truth, that nations still must bear
The crushing yoke, the wasting fetters wear, —
If to the people this be Heaven's decree,
To clasp their shame, nor struggle to be free,
From truth so base my heart indignant turns,
With freedom's frenzy all my spirit burns, —
That rage which ruled the Roman's soul of fire,
And filled thy heart, Columbia's patriot sire !
Cuba ! thou still shalt rise, as pure, as bright,
As thy free air, — as full of living light ;
Free as the waves that foam around thy strands,
Kissing thy shores, and curling o'er thy sands !

We have translated several other poems of Heredia, wholly or in part, which our limits forbid us to insert in this article ; as among the best of these we may mention, " An Address to the Greeks," " Lines to my Father on his Birthday," and some verses inscribed, " To my Horse," which are very spirited, but so intensely Spanish American in feeling and expression, that we dread to submit them in an English dress to American eyes.* " The Season of the Northers," as appealing to more universal experience, and as being an especial favorite with the Creole world, we here present to our readers in such a version as we have been able to make of it, premising that it is very imperfect, and that we have omitted one stanza, as much inferior to the others.

The weary summer's all-consuming heat
Is tempered now ; for from the frozen pole,
The freed north winds come fiercely rushing forth,
Wrapt in their mantles, misty, dim, and frore,
While the foul fever flies from Cuba's shore.

---

* Most of our readers, we trust, are acquainted with his poem, " Niagara," a fine version of which by Bryant is to be found in Mr. Longfellow's " Poets and Poetry of Europe."

Deep roars the ocean, heaving high his breast,
And smites the beach with long resounding blows;
Zephyr his wings in dewy freshness bathes,
And floating vapors veil transparently
The glowing sun and the resplendent sky.

Hail, happy days! whose healing might o'erthrows
The bloody shrine which May, amid her flowers,
Built up to Death, while close beside her stood
Attendant Fever, ghastly pale and fierce,
A gleaming form, clothed on with Nature's curse.

With threatening eyes the kindred spirits saw
The white-browed sons of milder regions move
Beneath the terrors of this tropic sky;
They saw, they touched them with the fatal rod, —
Their frames are dust, their souls are with their God.

But their fell reign is o'er; the northern wind,
Driving the noxious poisons from the air,
Spreads its broad wings above us, moist and cool,
And echoing sweeps upon its blessed way,
Bringing us rest from August's sultry day.

O'er the far fields of Europe's gloomy land
Rushes in wrath untamed the selfsame blast,
Spoiling the earth of verdure and of life,
Whelming the wreck beneath a snowy tomb,
While man lies shivering in his frozen home.

There all is death and grief; but Cuba now
Smiles with new life and joy; the beaming sun,
His glories softened by translucent clouds,
Lends a new lustre to the grove and plain,
And wakes them all to joyous spring again.

My happy land! thou favored land of God,
Where rest his mildest looks, his kindliest smiles,
O, never more from thy beloved soil
May cruel fortune tear me; but be thine
The latest light that on these eyes shall shine!

How sweet, dear love, to listen to the rain
That patters softly on our humble home;
To hear the wild winds whistling o'er the plain,
And the deep booming of the ocean's roar,
Where shattering surges lash the distant shore!

Here, by thy side, on softest couch reclined,
My throbbing lyre shall rest upon thy knees,
And my glad heart shall sing the boundless peace
Of thy fair soul, the light of thy dear face,
My happy lot, and God's surpassing grace.

This poem was written in Mexico, and was addressed to his wife, in whose tender, loving sympathy his troubled heart at last found a beautiful and permanent rest. He died in a foreign land, forbidden to labor for Cuba save in aspiration and hope, without beholding that regeneration of her political and social character for which he had looked with so firm a faith ; but his exile was cheered and his courage kept strong by the holy influence of a noble, womanly spirit in his happy home.

Far sadder is the history of his brother poet, Milanes. An humble clerk in the city of Matanzas, the name of this gifted and unfortunate man first appeared before the literary public of Cuba in the *Aguinaldo Habanero* for 1837, over a few poems of such manifest excellence, that they excited a warm and general interest in their obscure author. This interest was sustained and deepened by his subsequent productions ; and the *Aguinaldo Matanzero* for 1847, now lying before us, concedes to him the place of honor in its pages. Milanes has been styled the poet of reflection, and the whole cast of his mind was indeed very contemplative, even to melancholy. The miseries of his country, and his own apparent impotence to relieve them, excited an intense, sustained, and painful intellectual action, which strengthened the gloomy tendencies of his temperament, and finally overwhelmed his reason. In the grandeur of his plans, the sufferings of his life, and the final darkness of his fate, he reminds us of the kindred, though mightier, genius, and the far more selfish sorrows, of the immortal Tasso, the

"bard and lover,
Whose visions were too thin to cover
The face of a false woman over."

The following notice of his character and his life is extracted from the introduction to a volume of his works recently published by his brother at Havana.

"Living in a country purely commercial and agricultural, without history or monuments, where science and the fine arts were just beginning to appear, where nature is poetic and abounds in scenes of wonder, where the intellectual movement which is unfolding in Europe, and its accompanying incidents, arrive with all the exciting *prestige* of distance, Milanes was inspired with a noble enthusiasm of accomplishing a great social mission, and, possessed of faith and hope, selected for the subject of his songs a moral or philosophical idea, which, unfolded in a style attractive and intelligible to every class of persons, carries with it constantly a direct or indirect purpose of utility or instruction. At other times, filled with a sentiment of melancholy, he abandoned himself to lamentations, sad, though never destitute of religious hope; and wandering with solitary steps along the cool shores of the sea, or leaning over a bridge, he there poured out, in his most harmonious strains, the affluent stream of his sublime sadness. Concerning the incidents of his private life, which have given an interest to his sufferings, we cannot and would not fail to respect the silence which he has imposed upon them. It is sufficient to say, that in his laborious youth and the perfection of his works is seen the constant use he made of his intellect for his country's good; his whole life was a succession of stainless deeds. To men of an enlarged intelligence, of frank soul, and noble heart, to all those who know the worth of a pure intellect and to what extent a generous nature may be wounded, his sufferings will not appear an incomprehensible mystery, although some vulgarly attribute them to physical infirmity, and others name them the diseased susceptibility of sages and poets." *

The following verses, though they must by no means be taken as a fair specimen of the productions of Milanes, are full of the purity, delicacy, and manliness of feeling which distinguished his character. They are extracted from a poem to his wife, which breathes a noble simplicity of reverence for the true greatness and worth of woman. Fairest among the signs of promise that shine out in these tropical skies is the presence of this reverence in the hearts and on the lips of all the hero-poets of Cuba. Rarely do they descend to the weakness of frivolous flattery; rarely do they offer to woman the factitious and insulting compliments of so-called chivalric courtesy; but they address her in the language of brave and aspiring sympathy. They speak to her as to the friend and the equal of man, with strong, heartfelt appeals to her better nature, calling her to break her chains of servile ignorance and indolent luxury, and to labor in her own blessed sphere, with her God-given energies of love and faith, for the redemption of her country and her race.

---

* For this extract we are indebted to a short notice of Heredia, Milanes, and Placido, which appeared in the Harbinger for May 1, 1847, from the pen of an accomplished lady of Massachusetts.

With Milanes especially, a deep sense of the wrongs of woman * and a lofty recognition of her capacities and duties were intimate, active convictions of his soul, which inspired and animated all his efforts in behalf of freedom.

TO MY WIFE.

Not with mere frenzied, self-devouring passion,
  Dost thou, beloved, thy lover bard inspire ;
Love sweet as virtue, and as the skies serene,
  Draws me on to thee with heavenly desire.

Love that is peace, and pleasure, and salvation,
  Leaving brows unfurrowed, and a heart at rest;
Only with sweet cares and amorous complaints
  Stirring the calm rapture of my happy breast.

Rich in priceless memories and in hopes divine,
  With smiles for every cradle, tears for every tomb,
Joyful adorations in the early morn,
  Blessed thoughts when moonbeams break the twilight gloom.

Love that seeks the conquest of the great and true,
  Gazing on the artist, turning from the gold,
Seeing life's true riches by the crowd foregone,
  While they vainly grasp at what the few withhold.

This wondrous love, all sweetness and all patience,
  Sister of pure Shame, twin-child of Modesty,
The cold world, sense-fettered, mocks at and denies,
  As a sick enthusiast's idle fantasy.

But thou knowest, darling, in thy heart serene,
  Holy tears are truer than the scoffing smile ;
Be thy love my glory, my poetry thy truth,
  Let the sneering crowd my lofty faith revile!

---

* A beautiful tribute to this noble trait in the character of Milanes is paid by Leopoldo Turla, in his poem "El Lenocinio." A young girl, deserted by her mother and exposed to the advances of a libertine, yields to the pressure of her misfortunes. Shame and sorrow cloud the prospect of her life, when she chances to find some poems of Milanes. His words penetrate her soul and recall her to herself. In deep contrition, she resolves to regain the heaven she had lost, and, despite the contempt of the unforgiving world, finds substantial peace in a life dedicated anew to virtue and to God.

Well I know how fatal, when the doubting soul
 Leaves Love's Eden home to dwell alone with grief;
For in woman's heart the pure heaven lingers,
 Bearing fruit of Loving, Feeling, and Belief.

We have seen the career of Heredia close in exile, and the intellect of Milanes darken and disappear in madness ;[*] we are now to trace the fortunes of the last of the Cuban triumvirate to a catastrophe more sudden and violent, and therefore more merciful. The child of an oppressed race, perishing in an unsuccessful attempt to vindicate its rights, the publicity of Placido's martyrdom has made his name more familiar to us than that of his compeers. Besides a few translations from his poems, two or three short narratives of his life have appeared in various American periodicals. But the story is not a long one, nor hard to be understood ; and it may well be repeated till it has graven itself deep on the heart of every true man.

Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes (who assumed the name of Placido in his published writings) was a Matanzero, born of humble parents, and himself filling no higher station than that of a journeyman comb-maker. His education was of the rudest kind ; nearly all the learning that he acquired he owed to the impulses of his own mind, followed out with all the energy of an indomitable will. Triumphing over all the obstacles of his position, and all the deficiencies of his cultivation, he had already established a high reputation as a poet, when he was called to assume the higher parts of a hero and a martyr. In 1844, an insurrection broke out in Cuba, whose results to the vanquished negroes were to the full as bloody and terrible as any which their successful vengeance could have entailed on the whites. With the circumstances of this insurrection most of our readers probably are well acquainted ; and few, we think, can have forgotten the accounts of the savage ferocity with which the Spaniards, when their panic had passed, pursued their victims to torture and death. The soldiers of Governor O'Donnell, in particular, inspired by the hope of wringing money from the planters, persevered in accusing and torturing the slaves long after every suspicion of danger was allayed. Slavery has few chapters in its history bloodier and more revolting than this. More than a thousand negroes (the British commissioner, Kennedy, says three thousand) died under the whip, besides hundreds who were shot or starved to death in the mountains. The British consul, Trumbull, was accused of having favored the plans of the insurgents, and Placido was arrested as their organ of communication with him. The charge against Mr. Trumbull was indignantly repelled, and is now generally regarded as wholly false and absurd; but the evidence of Placido's connection with the conspiracy was amply sufficient to satisfy judges who regarded testimony in such a case, and against such a culprit, as an annoying encumbrance on the administration of justice. He was found guilty and condemned to death. Though he contemptuously denied the truth of many extravagant and horrible accusations brought against him, he did not shrink from the glorious duty which this sentence summoned him to perform to his race; but firmly maintaining the justice of the cause in which he suffered, he awaited his fate with entire composure.

---

[*] We are happy to learn by letters recently received from Matanzas, that the clouds which seemed to have settled for ever over the intellect of this gifted man have, at last, passed away. He is now travelling in Europe with his brother, who fully appreciates his genius and gladly devotes himself to the work of restoring to himself and to Cuba one of her very noblest children.

In prison, his demeanour was firm and serene. He welcomed his numerous friends, and the visitors whom curiosity or admiration attracted to his cell, with the calm and dignified courtesy of his ordinary life. He arranged his worldly affairs with conscientious care, and received the consolations of his religion with an unshaken faith. In the intervals of the duties which crowded upon his shortening life, he poured out the emotions and the aspirations of his soul in poetry; and these death-songs, full of undying truth, have written themselves deeply and for ever on the hearts of his countrymen. One of them, especially, his "Prayer to God," composed the day before his execution, was eagerly learned and recited by the young men of Matanzas, and has been universally considered his finest production. It is difficult to convey into English words the fire and force of expression of this noble poem; but we trust that the following version does not wholly misrepresent it.

PRAYER TO GOD.

O God of love unbounded! Lord supreme!
  In overwhelming grief, to thee I fly;

Rending this veil of hateful calumny,
O, let thine arm of might my fame redeem!
Wipe thou this foul disgrace from off my brow,
With which the world hath sought to stamp it now.

Thou King of kings, my fathers' God and mine,
Thou only art my sure and strong defence;
The polar snows, the tropic fires intense,
The shaded sea, the air, the light, are thine;
The life of leaves, the water's changeful tide,
All things are thine, and by thy will abide.

Thou art all power; all life from thee goes forth,
And fails or flows obedient to thy breath;
Without thee, all is naught, in endless death
All nature sinks, forlorn and nothing worth.
Yet even the void obeys thee, and from naught,
By thy dread word, the living man was wrought.

Merciful God! how should I thee deceive?
Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul!
Bowed down to earth by falsehood's base control,
Her stainless wings not now the air may cleave.
Send forth thine hosts of truth, and set her free!
Stay thou, O Lord! the oppressor's victory.

Forbid it, Lord, by that most free outpouring
Of thine own precious blood for every brother
Of our lost race, and by thy Holy Mother,
So full of grief, so loving, so adoring,
Who, clothed in sorrow, followed thee afar,
Weeping thy death like a declining star.

But if this lot thy love ordains to me, —
To yield to foes most cruel and unjust,
To die, and leave my poor and senseless dust
The scoff and sport of their weak enmity, —
Speak, thou! and then thy purposes fulfil;
Lord of my life, work thou thy perfect will!

On the evening of the 27th of June, 1844, Placido received some of his friends for the last time. On the same night, he addressed a farewell letter to his wife, as manly and tender as the more famous one which Juan de Padilla wrote under circumstances very similar. The following lines to his mother bear the same date: —

FAREWELL TO MY MOTHER.

The appointed lot has come upon me, mother,
The mournful ending of my years of strife;
This changing world I leave, and to another,
In blood and terror, goes my spirit's life.
But thou, grief-smitten, cease thy mortal weeping,
And let thy soul her wonted peace regain;
I fall for right, and thoughts of thee are sweeping
Across my lyre, to wake its dying strain, —
A strain of joy and gladness, free, unfailing,
All-glorious and holy, pure, divine,
And innocent, unconscious as the wailing
I uttered at my birth; and I resign,
Even now, my life; even now, descending slowly,
Faith's mantle folds me to my slumbers holy.
Mother, farewell! God keep thee, and for ever!

On the morning of the 28th, he was led out, with nineteen others, to execution. He passed through the streets with the air of a conqueror, walking with a serene face and an unwavering step, and chanting his "Prayer" with a calm, clear voice. When they reached the Plaza, he addressed his companions with words of brave and effectual consolation, and made all his preparations with undisturbed composure. He was to suffer first; and when the signal was given, he stepped into the square, and knelt with unbandaged eyes before the file of soldiers who were to execute the sentence. When the smoke of the first volley rolled away, it was seen that he had merely been wounded in the shoulder, and had fallen forward bleeding and agonized. An irrepressible murmur of pity and indignation ran through the assembled crowd; but Placido, still self-possessed, slowly recovered his knees, and drawing up his form to its greatest height, exclaimed, in a broken voice, "Farewell, world, ever pitiless to me! Fire — here!" raising his hand to his temples. The last tones of his voice were lost in the report of the muskets, this time more mercifully aimed.

The works of Placido were suppressed by a viceregal edict, and his name was covered with official infamy; but by the inhabitants of Cuba the memory of this true son of the people will always be gratefully cherished. Never have the rights of man found a more heroic martyr than in this despised and humble laborer, this Pariah of society, bearing in his natural form and color the badge of disgrace and servitude. Surely his death has not been in vain. It is by the fall of such victims that men's thoughts are turned against tyrants and their tyranny. Hundreds and thousands of human beings droop and die in dumb, vulgar misery, and the world's slumbers are unbroken; but let one hero be led out from among them to sacrifice, and his voice penetrates to the four corners of the earth. Yet a few years, and it will be seen that Placido, like the greater Toussaint, fell not obscurely or alone, but encompassed by the most faithful and unforgetting friends, beheld and remembered by "great allies,"

> "by exultations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

As a poet, Placido possesses great power even over his enemies. The admiration felt for his writings is not confined to the Cuban Creoles. The following passage, from the journal of Sálas y Quiroga, a Spanish traveller in the island, contains a eulogium upon his works, which, as it comes from a Castilian critic, may well be considered as impartial. "This man, in his half-savage songs, rises to the most sublime and generous conceptions. Through the errors of his diction shine flashes of true light; and I know no American poet, Heredia included, who approaches him in genius, in inspiration, in courtesy, and in dignity." The same writer, in the course of an analysis of Placido's poetry, writes as follows: —

"It is truly wonderful to hear a poet, esteemed humble by the society in which he lives, addressing himself to the Queen Regent of Spain in language like this: —

> Some one there is, who, with his golden lyre,
> Worthier thy sovereign ear, shall chant
> To the vibrations of its jewelled strings
> More grateful songs, perchance, but not more free !.

And these lines are equally bold and daring: —

> And beats not thy heart, too? Therefore will I,
> While the pure dawn her snowy canopy
> Hangs on the orient sky,
> Bid my rejoicing hymns to God on high,
> Upborne by gentlest breezes, swiftly fly: —
> Let them who fear be dumb, for not of them am I!
> If thou with pleasure hearest, let thy prayers

Swift seek the Eternal, that my songs may rise
Even to his throne, and then on Cuba fall,
Impearled in blessings from the echoing skies!

"It was important for me to paint the poetic character of Placido, to bring into clearer and clearer relief his astonishing merits. I fear, nevertheless, that my readers will not sufficiently appreciate the true condition of a miserable laborer in the island of Cuba, and only by such an appreciation can they fully estimate the great value of the lines I have quoted. The vigor of Placido's versification corresponds to that of his thought. What poet, however loftily elevated by earthly glory, would not rejoice to be the author of the four following verses, so full and polished, to which our language has few superior?

De gozo enajenados mis sentidos,
Fijé mi vista en las serenas ondas,
Y vi las ninfas revolver gallardas
Las rubias hebras de sus Arenzas blondas.

"Almost all the versification of this poet is of this manly nature; his sonnets to Napoleon, to Christ, and to William Tell, are three jewels of our literature; the conclusion of the last is a noble cry of indignation: —

That even the insensate elements
Fling back the despot's ashes from their breasts.

It is equally surprising to see the facility with which he manages the tenderest themes, and some of his compositions touch the deepest emotions of the soul. My task would be endless, should I attempt to extract all the beauties of these poems; for if there are very few that can be quoted in full, there is not one unrelieved by the light of genius. Their faults arise from the poet's want of instruction, their inspiration is celestial. . . . . .

"The examination of these poems of Placido has shown me one striking anomaly. In a country where the faintest idea of a liberal tendency is sternly repressed, where the singers of the opera were obliged to change the word 'Liberty,' whenever it occurred in an Italian *libretto*, into the word 'Loyalty,' the government permitted the publication of such verses as these: —

Hail, Liberty! a thousand times all hail!
For that, propitious, on thine every path
Thou scatterest, with placid influence,
The seeds beneficent of science,
Of peace, of plenty, and of justice!

These were printed at Matanzas, in 1838; they certainly could not have been printed at Havana, or published *in prose* anywhere in Cuba; they would have cost their author dear. Blessed privilege of enthusiasm, which even the most ungenerous men respect!"

It is only on those of his poems which appeal to universal feelings that a foreign judgment of Placido's poems can be fairly founded. Whenever he treats of local subjects, his thoughts assume forms which to American eyes would seem strangely fantastic. Even his enthusiastic descriptions of the tropical world, deeply and truly as his soul was penetrated with the teachings and the love of nature, are brilliant with gorgeous but barbaric figures, which cannot be transferred to civilized society without such a pruning of their luxuriant splendors as would destroy their individuality. How, for example, should we naturalize some fine lines to the "Moon of Yumuri," in which the sudden passing of the moon from behind the cliffs into the open starlit sky is compared to the advent into a ball-room of a beautiful woman superbly dressed, and wearing a Cashmere shawl? The magnificent empress of the Southern skies might well suggest such an image to a poor laborer, to whom the scaling of her radiant throne were as easy a feat as to gain entrance into the luxurious festivities of Cuban opulence; but it doubtless appears passing quaint to us, who "woo the gleam of Cynthia silver bright" from more temperate heavens.

Our reverence for the simple truthfulness of Placido's emotions is so sincere, that we dare not attempt to display the sallies of his heartfelt, untutored enthusiasm in smooth translations, through which they would gleam as frigidly as the holocaustic flames of Moscow in that famous panorama which has embalmed the memory of the wonderful Maelzel in the perpetual love of childhood. One of Placido's earlier sonnets, however, must be given, as an example of the productions which first raised him to distinction.*

---

* Besides the collections of Placido's poetry referred to at the beginning of this article, we have been permitted to use a large and very complete collection of the pieces published by him in the Matanzas Aurora. This collection was made by Dr. Wurdeman, of Columbia, South Carolina, a gentleman already favorably known to the literary world by his "Notes on Cuba," a review of which appeared in the London Quarterly Review for January, 1848. Having relinquished the idea of publishing the volume, to the compilation of which he was led by his admiration of Placido's genius, he has caused it to be deposited in the library of Harvard College.

SONNET TO GREECE.

Like waves upon the ocean's fitful deep
Is Liberty, rolling her billows o'er
One favored land, while from another shore
Her ebbing waters backward slowly creep.
Greece once held wisdom to her fostering breast;
Her Alexander died; a feebler race
Saw the fierce Turk her arts and laws efface,—
The land of gods by godless men oppressed!
She comes again to fill the historian's page.
But, while from Navarino's sands her eyes
See, eddying round the Othman navies, rise
The flames symbolic of her glorious age,
If Greece renews her old triumphant strains,
Unhappy Poland waits to wear her broken chains.

We selected this sonnet, not only because it is good in itself, but because it shows the keen interest with which Placido, in his obscure and miserable home, watched the progress of the world's history, in its bearings on the cause that lay always nearest to his heart. The despondency which it expresses, the gloomy doubt, whose shadow must have often overcome him so tempted by lonely poverty to desolate despair, only deepens our sympathy with the tried and noble soul which, more devoted to its lofty ends as hope grew fainter, rose, in the last struggle, to the height of serene, unquestioning faith. The sadness of the Sonnet to Greece is all swallowed up in prophetic joy in the following "Hymn to Liberty," written on the very morning of his execution.

O Liberty! I wait for thee
To break this chain and dungeon bar;
I hear thy spirit calling me
Deep in the frozen North, afar,
With voice like God's, and visage like a star.

Long cradled by the mountain wind,
Thy mates the eagle and the storm,
Arise! and from thy brow unbind
The wreath that gives its starry form,
And smite the strength that would thy grace deform!

Yes, Liberty! thy dawning light,
Obscured by dungeon bars, shall cast

Its splendor on the breaking night,
And tyrants, flying pale and fast,
Shall tremble at thy gaze and stand aghast!*

Dying with such a voice upon his lips, Placido surely was not one of those who

> " the inheritance of desolation leave
> To great, expecting hopes."

For if he sought to win the freedom of his race with the weapons of earthly vengeance, he erred in common with many of the world's best and truest friends; and while we rejoice that he was saved from the horrors of a sanguinary triumph, we most earnestly desire that his heroic spirit may animate other more far-seeing friends of liberty to use means as stainless as their ends with courage and constancy like his. May Heaven grant to those wise ones his firmness of resolve, with

> "The penetrative eye, which can perceive
> In this blind world the guiding vein of Hope,
> That like this laborer such may dig their way,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified."

Around the three great names of Cuban poetry are clustered many others of various excellence. So numerous are they, that, with our imperfect means of information, we cannot undertake to make specific mention of each of them. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a notice of the few on whose works we have been enabled to bestow some attention.†

One of the prettiest little volumes we have seen for a long time is a collection of poems by Rafael Maria de Mendive, published at Havana, in 1847, under the title of *Pasionarias.* The name was well chosen, for the verses are full of feeling, and combine much grace of versification with a remarkable simplicity of language and imagery. Some of them are really charming, as, for example, the following, "The Virgin Smile," addressed "To Pepilla, a fair young girl of Havana."

---

* For this spirited translation we are indebted to an anonymous writer in the New York Tribune. Should this meet the eye of the author, to whom our thanks are hereby tendered for the aid he has unconsciously given us, we trust that he will see the propriety of the correction which we have ventured to make in his version.

† A list of the poets of Cuba, drawn up by a Cuban gentleman of education and taste, which is in our possession, should have been inserted here, could we have persuaded ourselves that any human being would derive aid, comfort, or instruction therefrom. It will, perhaps, answer all useful purposes for us to state, that the list enumerates no fewer than fifty-three persons, about twelve of whom have come, by their works, within our circle of observation.

Purer than the early breeze,
Or the faint perfume of flowers,
Maiden ! through thine angel hours
  Pass the thoughts of love ;
Purer than the tender light
On the morning's gentle face,
On thy lips of maiden grace
  Plays thy virgin smile !

Like a bird's thy rapture is,
Angel eyes thine eyes enlighten,
On thy gracious forehead brighten
  Flashes from above ;
Flower-like thy breathings are,
Free thy dreams from sinful strife,
And the sunlight of thy life
  Is thy virgin smile !

Loose thou never, gentle child,
Thy spring garland from thy brow,
Through life's flowery fields, as now,
  Wander careless still ;
Sweetly sing and gaily run,
Drinking in the morning air,
Free and happy everywhere,
  With thy virgin smile !

Love and pleasure are but pains,
Bitter grief and miseries,
Withered leaves, which every breeze
  Tosses at its will ;
Live thou purely with thy joy,
With thy wonder and thy peace,
Blessing life, till life shall cease,
  With thy virgin smile !

Juan Guëll y Rente, whose popularity is attested by the frequent appearance of his name in the periodicals and papers of Havana, having scattered many effusions of his heart abroad upon the world, gathered them together in 1846, and sent them forth again united, under the title of "Hojas del Alma," *Leaves of the Soul*, in a small octavo volume whose *physique* is really remarkable for its beauty. Its rivulet of type flows through a meadow of margin, after the most approved English fashion; and neither in print nor paper would it disgrace the best publishing house in this country. The poems are to be commended chiefly for their versification, which is very melodious and elegant; while some of them, such as the verses to "Ramon de Palmas," to "The Ship Leontina," and a few others, possess still higher merits. A portrait of the author, a gentleman-like, good-looking Creole, affords physiognomical evidence of the genuineness of the productions ascribed to him.*

Spanish phraseology, we need hardly say, is pitched at a key so much higher than our own, that expressions which have a perfectly simple, unaffected meaning, when used by our Southern friends, sound like extravagant absurdities, from English lips. Thus, the righteous contempt which we feel for the impertinent and ridiculous baptismal phrases, now so much in vogue with a certain class of Anglo-Saxon poetasters, would become the extreme of injustice, if we extended it to the titles in which the Cubans delight. Besides the "Leaves of my Soul," we have "Whirlwinds of the Tropics," by Leopoldo Turla, and "Heart-Beats," by Manuel Orgallez, both of which books contain admirable poems. In Turla's volume, we especially notice "El Lenocinio," "The Invalid Soldier of Napoleon," "An Evening Walk," and "A Night Stroll along the Bay." From Orgallez we have translated the following simple and touching lines, on the death of the little daughter of the friend to whom his book is dedicated.

ON THE MOURNFUL AND EARLY DEATH OF ISABEL LEONORA DE MARTIARTA.

She breathes no more, whose stainless glance
Was borrowed from the pure sunshine;

---

* Guëll y Rente is the brother, we believe, of José Guëll y Rente, the modern Troubadour, for whose sake the Infanta Luisa de Bourbon has given up her princely honors and titles, — well content, we doubt not, to enjoy, at the expense of privacy and obscurity, the freedom and the happiness which the stately Escurial refuses to her brother, the wretched husband of a still more wretched queen.

A star of mystic radiance,
Mirrored in innocence divine.

She lives not now, that child of love ;
Brief be the tale of earthly woe, —
God sought one angel more above,
One mourner less below.

The discovery of America, as is well known, has been seized upon by many bards of various lands as the true siege of Troy which should inspire the long-sought modern Iliad. France has Madame du Bocage and her "Columbiade"; England rejoices in "Madoc"; Denmark glories in the "Oceanida" of Baggesen ; Italy, learning too late the worth of her expatriated son, has sought to domesticate his fame on her soil in the "Nuovo Mondo" of Stigliani, and the "Oceano" of Alessandro Tassoni ; and the mighty empire of the Anglo-Americans boasts the immortal, not to say infinite, epic of the illustrious Barlow. Surely, then, Cuba, — so early trod by the adventurous foot of the great Genoese, and in whose fair bosom his remains now lie at rest, — Cuba could not long delay her offering at his shrine. To this pious service many poems were, in fact, consecrated by her first bards ; but in 1846, the Lyceum of Arts and Literature determined to perform a more marked and public homage, and a prize was offered for the best "canto épico" on the discovery of America. Many competitors entered the lists thus opened, and three of the most striking poems then produced now lie before us. One by Guëll y Rente, filling a neat pamphlet of nineteen pages ; another, still shorter, by Miguel Cardenas y Chavez ; and the successful essay of Don Narciso de Foxa, very elegantly printed and ornamented. There are good passages in each of these poems ; but they are, on the whole, decidedly inferior to the less ambitious effusions of their respective authors. "La Rosa Marchita" of Foxa, for instance, is much more excellent, to our mind, than all his crowned and sonorous decasyllabics.

Much agreeable poetry may be found in the Cuban journals. Scattered through the pages of the *Siempre Viva*, an interesting magazine issued at Havana,* are many pleasing verses, among which we notice the earliest publication of Foxa, " Aliatar and Zaida," a Morisco romance, written in 1839, when the author was but sixteen years of age. The *Aguinaldo Habanero* has been already spoken of. The *Aguinaldo Matanzero* for 1847, edited by Don José Victoriano Betancourt, and Don Miguel T. Tolon, is a handsomely printed volume, containing a fine collection of poems by various inhabitants of that city, the favorite home of Cuban genius. Among these, the productions of the accomplished editors hold a distinguished rank. Did our limits permit, we would gladly transfer to these pages the " Mendicant Girl" of Betancourt, which tells a dreadful story of social degradation with no ordinary strength of feeling and expression.

---

* The following cheerful picture of our own social life is taken from the *Siempre Viva*, No. 4, for 1838 : — "The social life of the American woman, the display of her graces and accomplishments, and her happy smiles, all

But we must pass to the conclusion of our article, for we have yet to put the girdle of our criticism about the whole Southern Continent.* This magnificent operation, however,

---

disappear with marriage. The American is ill suited for married life ; occupied in his business, he is a stranger to his wife, to whom he reveals none of his projects ; so that while he toils for wealth, his unhappy spouse resignedly waits for the day when he shall come, with a frowning, austere face, to announce the necessity of removing to some other place, there to begin again the same course of life. So isolated, the wife seeks comfort in her children and her Bible, and learns to regard all earthly things with indifference."

* The student of Spanish will be interested in the following verses, taken from an interminable ballad of the " Adventures of Juan Cabrera," printed on a large sheet of paper, like a carrier's address, and sold for the sum of ninepence. Cabrera is a negro, and uses the negro Spanish of Cuba. The practice of elision, which we meet with even in the best Creole writers, who constantly use *alvear*, *pelear*, and such words, as dissyllables, is carried to a great extent in this song.

Mientra yo canté una glosa
Arrimao a liturmento,
Aprovecho aquei momento
Para requerí la heimosa !
Dejé la causion sabrosa
Y cuatiándome arrogante
Me le paré poi delante
Y le dije: mi suena,
Venga uté á bailá sin pena.
Que ya ha convesao batante :
Ella se taidó en salí,
Como reipetando ei gallo,
Y yo veló como ei rayo
Se la arrebaté de alli.
La dietra mano ledí,
Y voíviéndome ai maená

will occupy but a short time, for it is completed when we have slightly noticed some half-dozen names, — just so many as suffice to show that we are so far in advance of the majority of our readers as to know that poets *are* in the turbulent republics beyond the Isthmus.

From Caraccas, we have the sadly appropriate literature of tragedy. "Virginia," a drama in five acts, published at that place in 1824, was among the earliest productions of the tragic muse in South America. "Guatimoc" and "Atala," the latter of which has been frequently performed at Havana and elsewhere, were soon after issued at the same city by Dr. J. F. Madrid, a man of considerable ability, who filled the presidential chair of New Granada during a very stormy period of her history. In 1825, Dr. Madrid published at Carthagena, in Colombia, a volume of Peruvian National Elegies, which have been highly admired.

But the most eminent poet of Western South America is Don J. J. Olmedo, of Lima, and his most celebrated work is a Triumphal Ode on the Victory of Junin, addressed to General Bolivar, under whom Olmedo had served with honor. Many parts of this poem are evidently "after" Horace. One striking feature is so original as to deserve mention. The hero of the ode is General Bolivar, who is lauded as the deliverer of Peru. But the battle of Junin, at which Bolivar in person commanded the republican troops, important as it was, did not secure the triumph of freedom. This was sealed by the victory of Ayacucho. Thus the poet was put into an unpleasant dilemma. In his extremity, he remembered the ancient deities of Peru, and addressed an humble invocation to the sun, the lord of time, for aid. The sun graciously listens to his prayer, and, more than realizing a pugilistic metaphor of our own times, forthwith knocks the day of Junin into the day of Ayacucho, and sets the whole matter right.

Crossing the Pampas to the La Plata, we find Don Juan C. Varela, chanting the glories of Ituzaingo, and the defeat of the Brazilian host, while as yet the Pincheyras were gath-

---

Le dijé así, camará
Uté precure otio abrigo
Quella va á bailá conmigo
Y no hay poi donde pasá.

ered with their plunder around the standard of Ferdinand VII. in the Chilian Andes. Señor Varela marches magnificently through a somewhat prolix ode to the grand conclusion, that the fame of Greece and Rome, of all republics, kingdoms, and empires, ancient and modern, is destined to disappear under the sands of the ages, leaving the renown of Buenos Ayres the only green thing on the waste of time. "Eso es demasiado,"— *This is too much!* indignantly exclaims a Spanish critic, and our readers will probably assent to the remark.

Much more calm and philosophical are the effusions of Estéban Echeverria, whose poems bear the date of Buenos Ayres, 1837, and wear the unassuming name of *Rimas.* Echeverria is evidently a man of education. He quotes Dante, Petrarch, Manzoni, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Lord Byron, and Frederic Schlegel; and his preface contains many just and sensible observations. The longest poem in the volume is called "La Cautiva," and contains many fine descriptions of Pampa scenery. The military scenes, especially, are less in the 'Ercles vein than is usual among Spanish American writers.

With Echeverria our sketch must be brought to an end. We are aware that we have merely skimmed the surface of our subject; but it was less our purpose to give a complete account of Spanish American poetry, than to call the public attention to the fact, that those revolutionary countries, whose literature we have supposed to consist chiefly of *pronunciamentos* and military harangues, do really contain the germs of a vigorous intellectual life,—germs which promise the development of a purer and more stable society. Like those ancient palaces and temples of their country, which the growth of the wilderness has hidden for centuries from the eyes of man, these best sons of Spanish America are, indeed, surrounded by an overwhelming multitude of the ignorant, the vicious, and the miserable. But while those piles of inanimate grandeur lie helpless and inert at the mercy of their vegetable foes, the divine energy which inspires the patriot and the sage finds a secret ally in the heart of the most depraved; for, in the words of the Lusitanian Cicero, "Tam est in natura hominum insitum divinæ virtutis et sapientiæ similitudinem optare, quam cœlo in orbem verti, quam igni superiorem regionem appetere, quam terræ in medium mundi locum undique conglobari." While, therefore, this faith makes its home in our soul, we will not despair even of degraded and unhappy South America, seeing some flashes of poetic light above the general darkness, and remembering that, "amidst all the evils that the ancients did fabulously report to be in Pandora's box, they wittily placed hope on the utmost lip of it and extremity."

ART. VI. — *Significance of the Alphabet.* By CHARLES KRAITSIR, M. D. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1846. 12mo. pp. 58.

WE hear much of the study of languages, but very little hitherto of the study of language. This most important and interesting branch of knowledge has not, up to this time, even been numbered among the natural sciences. This fact alone sufficiently attests how narrow and incorrect are our ideas on this subject. Nothing, indeed, can be more surprising than our total ignorance upon a matter continually claiming our attention, except, perhaps, the contentment with which we endure it. It would almost seem that, in our eyes, the study of language labored under some divine interdict, and that — actuated by a sentiment akin to that of the pious member of the British Parliament, who feared lest the enactments of that body in favor of the Jews should defeat the designs of Providence — we felt bound, by a religious obligation, to leave the languages of earth for ever under that curse of confusion in which the presumption of the heaven-scaling architects involved them.

The claims of the other sciences are fully recognized among us. Those which are, by distinction, called the Natural, enjoy a peculiar favor. Their manifest utility, the direct influence they have upon the arts of life, recommend them to our practical nation. The researches of chemists and naturalists, and the discoveries to which they lead, excite even a popular interest. But on the subject of language, the public mind is in a state of entire apathy ; this most interesting and truly living science is regarded as a mere dead matter of books and parchments, the province of the pedant and the recluse, and wholly unconnected with the labors and pleasures of the every-day man. At the same time, with a singular inconsistency, a degree of superstitious respect is paid to men supposed to possess great acquirements of this sort ; as if the wearisome and thankless nature of the pursuit conferred a sort of merit upon those who have devoted themselves to so profitless a penance.

But while extended and thorough attainments in the field of language are deemed superfluous, fashion and a certain traditionary *prestige* confer a vague value on some slender and superficial acquirements of this sort. We pass a great part of the most important years of our lives in the laborious acquisition of a few varieties of speech ; induced to this pursuit, too often, merely by compliance with custom and prejudice ; or if a worthier motive sway us, and we seek the keys which shall unlock for us the stores of ancient learning, or open a communication with contemporary genius, we regard the toil we bestow on their acquirement but as the price to be paid for a desired good ; it does not occur to us, that, followed in another spirit, and under different auspices, the pursuit itself would, at every step, yield a vivid pleasure, and conduct into one of the noblest fields of science. We continue to walk blindly through the planless maze, with no better assistance than some unreasoning trick of memory, or such small remains of our instinctive perception of truth as a false education has left to us. It does not occur to us that language also must have its fundamental principles, and that these primal laws must be, as in every other science, simple, easy of comprehension when once disclosed, and universal in their application. Only with regard to language are we thus faithless ; the mind of man is so impressed with the consciousness of design and order reigning through the universe, that he asks of all, even the most mysterious phenomena of nature, the causes and laws of their existence. He compels the subtile, invisible fluid that surrounds him to disclose its elements ; the wandering, shifting vapors that cloud the atmosphere, he questions of the laws that prescribe their form and course ; yet in a world where we feel that the birth and development of all things follow a fixed plan, where even the lilies of the field clothe themselves by a divine appointment, we are content to believe that this beautiful growth of articulate speech has sprung up and unfolded itself by chance, or that it is the capricious and uncertain work of man alone, undirected by the Great Ordering Mind.

It is the unreasonable manner in which the study of language is conducted, that renders this pursuit so unsatisfactory to independent and ingenuous minds ; and which has caused it to be viewed, in this country, with ever increasing disfavor. The practical man asks, with reason, what gain his son is to reap from all those patient years whose sacrifice a learned education demands. The profession of a scholar, as a means of livelihood, is but a precarious dependence. Is it, then, the increased power of brain which mental exertion, however directed, gives ? This end may be answered, and the accomplishment of some object in itself desirable be at the same time attained. He directs his child, then, to some pursuit that promises success in life ; and, for his intellectual recreation, to chemistry, to botany, to natural history of any sort. And he judges rightly ; the years that our youth pass in what are termed, by preëminence, classical studies, are in a great measure spent in vain. The chief advantage gained from them is, perhaps, to know how little others know, and thus to be saved from that uncomfortable dread of inferiority that unlearned or self-taught men are subject to feel in the presence of those who have enjoyed what are called advantages of education. The actual amount of knowledge gained is meagre indeed, in proportion to the toil expended.

Young men pass from the academy into the active business of life, and — except the few in whom the love of study for itself is by nature strong, and the fewer who by the glow of their own genius can quicken the most lifeless things — cease altogether from classical pursuits ; or, if they sometimes devote an hour of leisure to refreshing their college lore, it is rather on the economical principle of not wholly losing what has cost so much labor in the winning, than from any delight in the pursuit itself. It is far otherwise, if they have in early life acquired a love for some branch of natural science ; this affection never quits them ; for science is inexhaustible ; every day opens a glimpse of some fact that to-morrow is to see ascertained. Language, if taught as a science, would have the same unsatiating charm. It is not alone their supposed superior usefulness that gives the other sciences the preference they enjoy over that of language.

Man is not the mere earth-worm the disciples of utility would make of him. He has an instinctive consciousness that he lives not by bread alone. Knowledge, for its own pure sake, is among the things he covets. His soul asks for it, as for that which is as essential to its growth as material food is to that of the body. But while the human mind is never indifferent to true knowledge, it turns with resentment from all that usurps the name without offering the reality. The study of those sciences that are now distinguished as the natural has been disencumbered of the burden of pedantry and prejudice ; the system of nature has replaced the systems of schools ; great principles are appealed to ; truth alone is sought ; no authority is acknowledged but such as is found in the book of nature itself. But with regard to the study of languages, we remain yet in the darkness of the Middle Ages. The books of instruction are composed upon the same principles as then ; or rather, if possible, they have become continually more dead, more pedantic. They lay down no large principles, but are overloaded with disquisitions upon minor points, and with canons, for the most part, the mere dicta of grammarians, whose narrow rules are, at the best, to the primitive laws of language, what petty municipal regulations are to the eternal principles of justice and morality.

Let us not be understood to disparage the study of the grammatical part of language. It is its not least interesting and wonderful side. In this are found the most remarkable proofs that language follows laws inherent in the nature of man. For it is a striking fact, meeting us in the study of languages, that the tongues of uncultivated nations are often more admirable in their construction, and more perfect in their grammatical forms, than the languages of civilized people ; and that written languages are always far more corrupted than those that have depended for their preservation upon the uninstructed reason of a simple people. In what we have said above, then, we intended not to undervalue the study of grammar, properly so called ; we spoke but of those compendiums which purport to be the exponents of the laws of languages. The necessity for arranging these laws in a written code is not commonly felt until the work of deterioration is already far advanced. Grammars, therefore, have usually been first written in the decay of the languages they expound; and though compiled with the laudable intention of arresting that decay, have too commonly, from the narrow scope of their authors, tended to further and confirm it, by stamping abuses with authority, by establishing exceptions as rules, and restricting phenomena which are the just result of euphonic or logical laws to the class of exceptions and anomalies. The old scholars and grammarians, however, in whose steps our compilers of grammars continue to tread, were men of a different sort from their modern followers. Their means of knowledge were few; their range of ideas was limited; but they wrote up to their light; their labors were conscientious; they had a sincere desire to instruct, and their works supplied a need that was felt at the time they were written. We live in an age when all the means of enlightenment are in our power; the whole world is open to us, civilized and savage; all the tongues of earth offer themselves to our investigation, in every stage, — of infancy, of mid-life vigor, and of exhausted age. But we neglect these living subjects, to pore over fossil remains, and give up the use of our own senses, to hear and understand with those of men who lived a thousand years ago. It is as if the botanist should renounce the outer world, and shut himself up with a copy of Linnæus and a few boxes of dried plants; forgetting that Nature yet wakes and blooms, and that the same voices which summoned the votaries of an earlier time to her worship still whisper winningly from every shaded dell and sunny hill-slope.

The book which makes the subject of this article is of a different character from the works on the subject of language that commonly fall under our notice. It is a most unpretending volume, but contains within its modest compass what might well make the fortune of many a quarto. It is no small art to make a small book; and it is an art which will be continually more and more prized in this age of literary exuberance. It is only the man who has a thorough grasp of his subject who knows how to condense; he only can seize on what is great and important, and present it forcibly and clearly; while less informed or less powerful minds grope from detail to detail, heap facts on facts, reasoning on reasoning, leaving the reader at last in a state of stupefied admiration, — sensible, perhaps, that he has been reading something very learned, but with only a dim and shadowy perception of the purpose of the writer, and the deductions he would draw from the materials he has heaped together. This mingling of vagueness with over-minuteness has been, in a peculiar manner, the failing of writers upon language. Even the German philologists, great and valuable as their labors are, are not wholly free from this reproach of overloading and unduly expanding their works. They relate all facts ; they note all phenomena ; what is important is placed side by side with what is trivial. Thus they produce works which well deserve to be called miracles of learning and of patient toil, but which can never, in any sense of the word, become popular. They are repositories most valuable to the scholar, but to the scholar only ; for those already well informed upon the subjects of which they treat can alone know the comparative value of the facts they have amassed, or the inferences to be drawn from them.

The work under review belongs to that rare class of books which, while they are fitted to instruct the scholar, yet awaken and hold the attention of the unlearned. This is a privilege belonging only to works of the highest order. When the learned write for the learned, curious details, subtile reasoning, wire-drawn argument, suffice to interest minds accustomed to elaborate research and microscopic scrutiny ; but the mind of the people, direct and unsophisticated, demands truth upon a larger scale. Genius and learning must meet in the man who would both satisfy the wise and allure the simple. It is this union of the poet and the man of science which has made the name of Liebig as a household word among us ; it is this which has drawn delighted crowds of every order to hear Agassiz expound the wonders of creation, even when the theme from which he taught was that part of the animal world which, in itself, makes the smallest claim upon our interest.

The object of the work before us is to direct the attention of the public to the superficial manner in which the study of languages is conducted among us, and to point out the importance of the pursuit itself, whether regarded as a branch of science, or considered only in reference to its practical utility. With this intention, the author wisely brings before his readers extended and general views of the subject ; for men must first be made to perceive that there is really something to be known, before they will enter on the task of investigation. He deals but little in the technicalities of philology, but states, in simple terms, striking facts, calculated to awaken the interest of all intelligent minds, even of those whose attention has previously been little directed to the subject of language. The style of this work is in itself well worthy of remark, composed, as it is, in a language foreign to the writer. It is written in pure, idiomatic English, wholly free from the faults incident to writers in a late acquired tongue, of unnecessary exactness, on the one hand, and an undue display of facility, leading to verbosity and commonplace, on the other. The style is throughout nervous and lucid, and rises at times into a strain of unpremeditated eloquence, revealing that enthusiasm for his subject which distinguishes the real disciple of science from the mere book-maker.

From the opening passages of Dr. Kraitsir's work we quote the following: —

> "Language is the image of the human mind, the net result of human culture; if it is Babel, it is because men have abandoned themselves to chance, and lost sight of the principles by which language was constructed. But these principles are inherent in their nature, and men cannot lose their nature. All men, however diverse they may become by conflicting passions and interests, have yet the same reason, and the same organs of speech. All men, however distant in place, are yet plunged in a material universe, which makes impressions of an analogous character upon great masses. Languages therefore have a certain unity. Differing superficially, more or less, they begin to resemble each other, as soon as the observer goes beneath the surface."

The farther researches into language are extended, the more this wonderful resemblance among the languages of earth discloses itself. The advances which have been made in philology, during the last fifty years, have established affinities between languages which were formerly regarded as totally dissimilar. It is not long since the Celtic tongues were supposed to be foreign to the other languages of Europe. Sir William Jones pronounced the Semitic family of languages to be wholly unconnected with the Sanscrit, and with the tongues of Europe; yet it is now fully established that there is as close an affinity between the Hebrew and Arabic, and the languages belonging to what is termed the Indo-European family, as between many of the different members of this family itself. Nor are these resemblances to be traced only in the languages of those nations of Asia and Europe descended from a common origin ; they meet us also in the various dialects of North and South America, in the rude tongues of the Negro land, and of the country of the Hottentots. The names by which natural objects are distinguished are found to have a close affinity in all languages. The impression made by the qualities of these objects on the brain, conveyed by the same senses, is the same in universal man. Yet as each of these objects may be viewed under various aspects, as its qualities are manifold, so the names by which it is distinguished may be various. The sun may be equally recognized as the light-giver, the dispenser of heat, the quickener of life ; from each of these attributes may spring an epithet. In the childhood of man, when Nature mirrored herself in his thought, and thought passed unconsciously into instinctive speech, what is now called metaphor was the natural language. Nor, in the youthful time, were these poetic images expressed, as now, by awkward compounding of words already doubly and trebly compounded. A single impulse of the breath, a single motion of throat, tongue, or lips, conveyed an idea. A complex idea was expressed by the union of another simple element with the first. These single syllables are the roots from which all languages have sprung. For the same law of economy reigns through the realm of language, that governs throughout the rest of the system of nature ; this wide and various development of speech springs from the most simple elements.

At the basis of language lie great organic principles ; to these succeed generic and specific laws, guiding the development of families, of classes, of individual tongues. It is the investigation and expounding of these laws which is the province of the philologist.

The grammatical formations of languages — subject to certain laws general to the human mind — will vary with each different nation, according to the greater development of one or another mental faculty ; as, among individuals speaking the same language, each has a style of expression peculiar to himself, which distinguishes him as much as the lineaments of his face or the tones of his voice.

It follows, then, that it is to the roots of words we must apply ourselves, if we would find a system which shall be applicable to all languages. In handling modern tongues, we must first decompose the words, — made up, as they commonly are, of as many roots as there are syllables, — and then analyze the elements of the roots themselves, in order to discern the idea inherent in them, or that which they were originally employed to convey. To learn the acceptation of a word in some language from which we may have received it into our own is not to know its etymology; this is but to trace a portion of its history. To ascertain its etymology, in the true sense of the word, we must arrive at its natural and primary signification. Having established this, we may then trace the growth of the original idea, as it divides itself first into a few large limbs, then into minor branches, whence spring innumerable twigs and sprays, that clothe themselves with a luxuriance of leaf and flower, bearing no likeness to the parent germ, and yet its just and natural development.

But in order to tread this path of inquiry with security, it is necessary first to know accurately the affinities of articulate sounds and their legitimate mutations. An ignorance of these has led, on the one hand, to an obstinate skepticism as to the possibility of reducing to a system a pursuit apparently so vague as the genealogy of words; and on the other has given birth to extravagant theories and fantastic etymologies, which have brought discredit on the study of language itself, though these wild speculations have no more to do with philology, properly so called, than astrology with astronomy, or the black art with the labors of the chemist.

The use of writing, from the habit which cultivated nations thence acquire of judging of words by the eye rather than the ear, has caused us to lose in a great measure that natural perception of the affinities of sounds which is possessed by less artificial people. Dialectic differences made far less hindrance to the intercourse of kindred nations in ancient times, and in the present day obstruct it less among cognate unlettered tribes, than among the cultivated nations from a common stock. The very refinements which have from time to time been made in the notation of sounds, by distinguishing with a separate character slight varieties of sound and different powers of the same articulation, have had a tendency to disconnect them in men's minds, and to destroy the sense of their radical identity in signification. To such an extent is this dependence upon the written word carried in our time, that the substitution of a surd for a sonant, or *vice versâ*, the doubling of a root or the transposition of its elements, the introduction or omission of a casual liquid, is sufficient to obscure the most familiar word. Thus, many persons translating Greek and Latin into English fail to perceive the identity of the supposed foreign terms with words of similar meaning in English, — perhaps, indeed, the very words by which they render them, — unless where these last are direct derivatives from the former, and have been borrowed in times too recent to permit the relationship to be forgotten. The more ancient, but not less intimate, affinity that exists between the Teutonic and Celtic parts of our language and the tongues of the ancient world is too commonly overlooked.

For example, the Latin-derived word *fracture* is readily referred to *frangere*, while, perhaps, the affinity between FR*an*G*ere* and our English word BR*ea*K is overlooked; though these words are coincident in their elements, as in their meaning. We recognize V*i*G*ilo* in *vigil;* but not less nearly connected with this Latin word are our plain English W*a*KE and W*at*CH.* *Doctor* is easily traced to D*ocere*, yet it perhaps escapes us that our common English T*eacher* † is of the very same root with its more dignified Latin synonyme. *Nocturnal* comes to us from the Latin, but is not more closely connected with N*ocs* (*nox*) than the Teutonic N*i*G*ht* and N*acht* are; nor is *lucid* more nearly related to L*ucere*, though directly derived from it, than are the English L*i*G*ht* and GL*ow*. We might multiply examples, almost indefinitely, of common English and German words found in Latin and Greek, with the same or closely related meaning, which are yet commonly learned anew as wholly strange words, instead of being recognized as familiar acquaintance. The only remedy for this obtuseness would be to teach the alphabet in such a manner as shall give an early, familiar acquaintance with the nature and the legitimate interchange of articulate sounds. The best method of effecting this would be to classify the letters of the alphabet according to the method of the Sanscrit grammarians. Dr. Kraitsir gives a table of the Sanscrit or Dēva-nāgari alphabet,[*] the most admirable scheme of writing yet invented. The Indian student is taught to repeat his alphabet according to the following arrangement. First, the simple vowels, which, in Sanscrit, are five, — for they have two vowel sounds which are unknown to us; those which they have in common with us are *a*, *i*, and *u*;[†] these have each its long and short sound. Then follow the compound vowels, which are *e* and *o*; and *ai* and *au*, the longer sounds of these compounds, in which the elements composing them are more distinctly pronounced. The consonants are taught by classing together letters representing articulations formed by the same organ; and these classes are arranged according to the order of the organs of speech, beginning with the most inward, and passing to the most outward: as, first, the gutturals; then the palatals; next, a class of sounds we have not in our language, denominated cerebrals; to these succeed the dentals, and to these the labials.[‡]

---

* *Wake* and *watch* are the same word, derived from the Anglo-Saxon *waecan*. The Anglo-Saxon *c* has in *watch* undergone the same change of sound that the Roman *c* has suffered in Italian. The *t* in this word is redundant, since *ch* denotes this palatal sound in English, as in *teach*.

† From Ang.-Sax. *taecan*, to teach.

---

[*] See *Significance of the Alphabet*, p. 11. The Dēva-nāgari alphabet is there represented in English characters. We believe that the writing of the Sanscrit character would be a very useful exercise for children; and that an accurate knowledge of the powers and relations of letters can in no other way be so readily acquired. An acquaintance with the Sanscrit language itself, as the oldest of that family of languages to which our own belongs, for whose study we have sufficient materials, ought to be far more cultivated than it is. The intercourse of England with India, and the labors of English scholars, who have prepared admirable grammars and dictionaries of the Sanscrit, afford great facilities for this study; yet even in England it is pursued only by a few, and in this country it is almost wholly neglected.

[†] The original sound of the vowels is here to be understood; not that now given to them in the English alphabet. Whenever, in the present article, the sounds of the vowels are referred to, that of *a* as in *father*, of *i* as in *mien*, of *u* as in *rude*, is intended. We give, in the English alphabet, to *a* the sound of *e*, and to *i* a diphthongal sound composed of *a* and *i*, and properly represented by *ai*, as in the Greek *καί*

[‡] *L* and *r* are regarded by the Sanscrit grammarians as semivowels; as are also the letters which correspond to our *y* and *w* before a vowel. Each of these letters, however, belongs to one of the foregoing classes; the *l* is regarded as a lingua-dental; the *r* as a cerebral; the *y* as a palatal; the *w* as a labial. To each of the classes belongs a nasal; the sounds which *n* has before a guttural, as in our word *sing*, and before a dental, as in *send*, being each denoted by a special character. We distinguish by a different sign only the sound it takes before labials, as in *imperfect* (*in-perfectus*).

The alphabet is likewise divided into *surds* and *sonants*. The term

By this method of teaching the alphabet, sounds belonging to the same class are associated together in the mind ; they are regarded as they really are, but as different modes of the same articulation. If we were accustomed to the observation of the relations of letters, the interchange of sounds of the same class, so frequent in different dialects of the same language and different languages of the same family, would no longer perplex us. In illustration of the interchange of cognate letters, we give a few examples of these mutations in each of the several classes.

First, of the gutturals : we have in English C*old*, in Latin G*elidus* ;* in English *acre*, in Latin *a*G*er* ; in Latin C*utis*, in English H*ide*. We have in Sanscrit G*au*, in Old High German CH*ua*, in English C*ow*. In Greek we find Γυνή, in Icelandic K*ona*, in Old High German CH*ona*, in Swedish Q*uinna*, (*a woman*).

Of the dentals : Eng. T*ame*, Gr. Δαμάω ; Lat. T*raho*, Eng. D*rag*; Germ. D*ursten*, Eng. TH*irst* ; Eng. T*en*, Latin D*eni*, Germ. Z*ehn*.

Of the liquids : L and N ; Lat. *a*L*ter*, Germ. *a*N*der*; Eng. *te*N*t*, Dan. *te*L*t* ; Lat. *a*N*ima*, It. *a*L*ma* ; — L and R ; Lat. *aposto*L*us*, Fr. *apôt*R*e* ; Lat. *pe*R*egrinus*, Eng. *pi*L*grim* ; — N and R ; Gr. διάκοΝος, Fr. *diac*R*e* ; Gr. γΡάω, Eng. *g*N*aw*. The lingua-dentals T and D are, as linguals, interchangeable with the liquids. Thus, in Latin, we have D*ingua* and L*ingua*; with one of which is connected our word T*ongue* ; from the other is derived the French L*angue*. We have, in Latin, *me*R*idies* for *me*D*idies* ; we find also *se*L*la*, *a seat*, and *se*D*ere*, *to sit*; *au*R*is*, *the ear*, and *au*D*ire*, *to hear*. The Greek Θώραξ is the Latin L*orica*. *Caste*LL*o* is, in the Sardinian dialect, *caste*DD*o*. We find, in Gascon, *be*T for *be*L, *pe*T for *pea*N (*pellis*).

Of the labials : Lat. P*ando*, Eng. B*end* ; Eng. P*ress*, Gr. Βρύττω ; Eng. P*ull*, Lat. V*ello* ; Eng. B*ear*, Lat. F*ero* ; Lat. *ne*B*ula*, Gr. νεΦέλη.

---

surd is applied to such letters as, in the first attempt to form them, admit of no vocal sound ; the term *sonant*, to such as are accompanied by an audible murmuring of the voice. Thus, of the gutturals, *c* (*k*) is surd ; *g* is sonant. Of the dentals, *t* is surd ; *d* is sonant. The Dēva-nāgari alphabet has, however, no surd corresponding to the sonant *v*, and no sonant corresponding to *s*; the sounds of *f* and *z* being wanting in the Sanscrit language.

There is yet another distinction between the first and second letter of the classes. The first letter of each class is a stronger articulation than the second. Thus *c* (*k*), *t*, and *p* are more forcibly uttered than *g*, *d*, and *b*.

* Pronounce the *g* in this word as in *get*.

We sometimes find the same word in each variety of form; that is, in one language, with the surd, — in another, with the sonant,— in a third, with the aspirate, of the same class. As, Eng. caRRy, Lat. GeRo, Gr. ʽAIPέω, Sc. HaRRy;[*] Gr. ΠῦΡ, Old High Germ. viuRi, Germ. FeueR (Eng. *fire*); Swed. and Dan. Ting, Germ. and Dutch Ding, Eng. THing; Eng. ToKen, Dan. TeGn, Lat. siGnum, Germ. zeicHen, Pol. znaK. In the same language are sometimes found different forms of the same word, either with the same or closely related meaning. Thus we have, in English, coT and HuT; couRT and GaRDen; cuP and its diminutive, GoBlet. We have, connected with the Latin *rapere*, —in English roB, rive, and riP; in German, rauBen, raFfen, and ruPfen; in Danish, *röve* and raPpe; in Swedish, *rofwa* and roFfa.

It may be seen, even from these few examples, of how great utility would be an accurate knowledge of the alphabet, whether in the acquisition of foreign tongues, or in tracing the etymologies of our own. If children were, from their first learning of the alphabet, made familiar with the affinities of letters, and were accustomed to observe the interchange of cognate sounds in their own language, they would afterwards acquire foreign tongues with a facility now undreamed of. These mutations, in a great measure, constitute the differences between languages of the same family; the observation of them restores these languages to their ancient unity, and, even between tongues now widely divided, brings out the half-forgotten affinity. Thus the Anglo-Saxon HeaFod — in modern English contracted into *head* — is the same with the German HauPt, the Dutch HooFd, the Swedish Hufwud, and with the Latin caPut. Eng. BeaKer, Germ. Becher, Dan. BaeGer, is the same with the Polish PoHar, and with the Latin Poculum. We find Eng. HeeD, Germ. AchT, in Greek Kῆ∆os. French and Eng. BRave, Germ. BRav, in Lat. PROBus.

These changes sometimes take place very regularly. Thus *c* in Latin is often *h* in the German form of words common to both languages. As Lat. *canis*, Germ. Hund; Lat. *collis*, Germ. Halde; Lat. *collum*, Germ, Hals; Lat. *cutis*, Germ. Haut; Lat. *celare*,[†] Germ. Hehlen; Lat. *acerbus*,[†] Germ. Herbe.

---

[*] *To carry away* and thence *to plunder*, as Gr. αἱρέω.

[†] Pronounce the *c* in these words as *k*.

D in German corresponds to *t* in Latin. Lat. T*orquere*, Germ. D*rehen;* Lat. T*onare*, Germ. D*onnern*. Corresponding to the surd in Latin and the sonant in German, we find often the aspirated dental in English ; the Dutch in these words commonly agrees with the German, and has *d*, while the Swedish and Danish more often take *t*, like the Latin ; as,

Latin.	*Germ.*	*Dutch.*	*Danish.*	*Swed.*	*English.*
Tectum,	Dach,	Dak,	Tag,	Tak,	Thatch.*
Tenuis,	Dünn,	Dun,	Tynd,	Tunn,	Thin.
Tolerare,	Dulden,	Dulden,	Taale,	Tåla,	Thole.

On the other hand, where the German has *t*, the other principal Teutonic languages have *d* ; as,

German.	*Dutch.*	*Swedish.*	*Danish.*	*English.*
Trinken,	Drinken,	Dricka,	Drikke,	Drink.
Tod,	Dood,	Död,	Död,	Death.
Teig,	Deeg,	Deg,	Deig,	Dough.

The German *z* answers to *t* in English, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish ; as,

German.	*Dutch.*	*Danish.*	*Swedish.*	*English.*
Zinn,	Tin,	Tin,	Tenn,	Tin.
Zunge,	Tong,	Tunge,	Tunga,	Tongue.
Zähre,†		Taare,	Tår,	Tear.

The Latin has often *d* corresponding to German *z* and Eng. *t ;* as,

Latin.	*German.*	*English.*
Ducere,	Ziehen,	Tug.
Duo,	Zwei,	Two.
Domare,	Zähmen,	Tame.

The Germ. *f* answers to *p* in Dutch, Swedish, and English, and to *b* in Danish ; as,

German.	*Dutch.*	*Swedish.*	*Danish.*	*English.*
Tief,	Diep,	Djup,	Dyb,	Deep.
Taufen,	Doopen,	Dopa,	Döbe,	Dip.
Laufen (*to run*),	Loopen,	Löpa,	Löbe,	Leap.

---

* The *t* in *thatch* is redundant. This word is the old Eng. *thack*, Ang.-Sax. *thac*, *a roof*, from *thac-can* or *dec-an*, *to cover ;* as *tectum* from *teg-ere*, *Dach* from *deck-en*, &c.

† Gothic *tagr ;* Old High Germ. *zahar ;* Welsh *daigr* ; Greek *δάκρυ* ; old Latin *dacrima*. The guttural is a radical in all these words ; but has been lost from the English, Danish, and Swedish forms.

B at the end of a word in German is often *f* in Dutch, English, and Swedish, and *v* in Danish ; as,

German.	*Dutch.*	*Swedish.*	*English.*	*Danish.*
Dieb,	Dief,	Tjuf,	Thief,	Tyv.
Laub,	Loof,	Löf,	Leaf,	Löv.
Taub,	Doof,	Döf,	Deaf,	Döv.

B in German, when it stands between two vowels, is commonly *v* in corresponding English words ; as, Germ. *geben*, Eng. *give ;* Germ. *taube*, Eng. *dove ;* Germ. *treiben*, Eng. *drive*, &c.

The reader will already have made for himself the observation, that a change in the vowel does not affect the radical signification of a word. We sometimes find the same word written with almost every variety of vowel sign. As, Eng. *great*, Germ. *gross*, Norm. *gres*, Span. *grueso*, Lat. *crassus*. In words of the same language, these vocal changes convey modifications of meaning ; and, by permitting the expression of nice distinctions, introduce continual refinements into language. For example, we have, in English, words formerly the same, but now applied to slightly different uses, distinguished from each other by the vowel tone ; as, *stick* and *stake ; herd* and *horde ; pole*, *pale*, and *pile*. Distinctions of time are often expressed by a change in the vowel ; as, *take*, *took ; nehmen*, *nahm ; capio*, *cepi*. The transitive form of many verbs is distinguished from the intransitive by a variation of the vowel ; as, *to lie* and *to lay ; to pine* and *to pain ; to fall* and *to fell*. Similar to this last distinction is that between *cadere* and *cædere*. Some misapprehension has arisen on the subject of the vowel sounds, from overlooking the distinction between the radical and the accidental meaning of words. The observation of the vowel changes is extremely important in learning any particular language, since one radical idea may branch out into an infinity of subordinate ones. But, in tracing these derived meanings to their source, the articulate sounds are alone to be considered.

It is to be observed, also, that the order in which the letters of a word are arranged does not affect its radical signification. This order may be varied as that of words in a sentence may be. Thus the Greek ΛέΠ*ος* is our English word P*ee*L ; the German L*o*CH is in English H*o*L*e ;* Germ. L*o*C*ken* is Eng. C*a*L*l ;* Pol. G*a*D*ać* is Lat. D*i*C*ere ;* Eng.

C*u*P is Lat. P*oculum* ; Welsh CL*o* (*a lock*) is Eng. L*o*C*k* ; Bohem. KORD (*a sword*) is Eng. D*i*RK, and both are related to Heb. דקר, D*a*K*a*R (*to pierce*).* These variations are often employed, as varieties of vowel sound are, to express fine distinctions of meaning, and thus give a greater richness and variety to language. We not unfrequently find a root forming, by a varied arrangement of its elements, in the same language, different words. Thus we find, in Latin, T*i*M*eo* and M*e*T*uo* ; C*a*V*us* and V*a*C*uus* ; C*e*RV*us* and F*u*RC*a*. We have, in English, B*ea*K*er* and P*itcher*,† from the inverted root of C*u*P. We have, to P*a*T and to T*a*P, a T*u*B and a B*u*T*t*. Again, to T*a*K*e* is to G*e*T ; a *sack* is a *case* ; B*a*G and B*o*CS (*box*) are but inversions of C*u*P and C*o*F*fer*,— all being things which contain and K*ee*P. B*as*K*et* is another variety of the same word ; the intensive *s* being placed before the *c*, instead of after it as in *box*.

When we pass from the range of nearly related languages, to which we have hitherto confined our attention, to the consideration of tongues widely divided from those of Europe, we shall still find the same roots with the same fundamental meaning as in our own family of tongues ; and sometimes meet with the most exact coincidences ; familiar words being disguised from us by transposition of their elements, or by the change from the stronger to the weaker sound of the same letter, or *vice versâ*. We will present some examples of this from the Magyar, a language of Tataric origin, which, lying in the midst of the languages of Europe, yet retains the peculiarities of its family unchanged, and differs from the European tongues in its whole structure and genius. When, however, we examine the elements of its words, and trace out their radical meaning, we no longer find it so estranged from our own family of languages. For example, the Magyar *é*N*e*K (*a song*) is of the same elements with the Icelandic

---

* The Zigeuner or Gypsy language affords very entertaining instances of these transpositions. This people, gathering up words in all the countries they pass through, offer in their language admirable examples of the changes words undergo. As, for example, *chapescar*, from Fr. *échapper (eschapper)* ; *coblér*, *the elbow*, from Germ. *Elbogen*. We also find in the Tchudish languages examples of these inversions and transpositions in words which have strayed into them from the neighbouring tongues. For example, the proper name *Eric* is, with the Laps, *Keira*.

† The *c* in this word has undergone the same change it suffers in Italian. The *t* is redundant ; since *ch* represents this palatal sound in English writing, as in *teach*, &c.

GALA, *to sing*, and but an inversion of the Latin CANERE. HELY (*a place*) is, in like manner, coincident with LOCUS. MADAR (*a bird*) is of the same elements with BIRD. KOMOR (*dark*) is MURK. HOMALY (*darkness*) is GLOOM. TÖR (*to break*) is English TEAR. KÖPU (*a bee-hive*) is HIVE. GAT (*a dike*) is the English word DIKE inverted, with the surd dental in the place of the sonant, and the sonant guttural in the place of the surd. PÓK (*a spider*) is an inversion of the obsolete English COB or KOP (*a spider*), which we have still in use in *cob-web*.

We have here chosen, as examples, words in which both the elements and the signification coincide exactly. But we must not expect to find, even in nearly related languages, the same word always in precisely the same meaning.

In every language, the meaning of words, as well as their form, undergoes a gradual change; and when languages have been separated from each other for ages, the progress of this change sometimes carries them widely apart. Yet, through all these variations, the original idea is, by a practised observer, distinctly to be traced. It is, indeed, not unfrequently the case, that a word, having wandered far from its first use, retraces its steps and takes up again its first office. It sometimes happens that, where a word has died out in one language, or has undergone such transformation that its identity can no longer be certified, it still survives in another; while in the first are still to be found other words from the same root, and conveying the same fundamental idea. Thus, as names of the sun, we find in Welsh, *hâil*, in Greek, ἥλιος, in Sanscrit, *haili*; and we have in German *hell*, *bright*. Corresponding to the English *look*, the German *lugen*,* we have Welsh *llygad*, *the eye*. In Greek we find κλύειν, *to hear*, and in Irish, *kluas*, *the ear*. Related to Polish *ręka*, Bohemian *ruka*, *the hand*, are Greek ὀρέγω and English *reach*. The Greek χείρ (*a hand*) is the same root inverted; and corresponding to the Latin *manus*, as ὀρέγω to χείρ, is the Anglo-Saxon *nima*, *to take*. In Welsh we find *traed*, *the foot*, and in English, a verb *to tread*; while, answering to Irish *troeg*, *the foot*, we have *track*. To extend these comparisons beyond the Indo-European family, — we find in Magyar, *lab*, *the foot*, and, corresponding to it, in German, *laufen* (*to run*), and in English, *leap*; while, on the other hand, the Magyar *futni*, *to run*, answers to our word *foot*. Corresponding to English *go*, Greek *κίω*, we find, with the Caribari of Middle Africa, *akka*, with the Iboes, *akkau*, *the foot*; and *kuh*, *the foot*, with the Chippeways of North America. Answering to the Basque *gan*, *to walk*, we have *gann*, *the foot*, with the Wawas of Middle Africa; and we find the same word inverted in the Polish *noga* (*the foot*), and in *nuchii* (*the foot*), with the Maipurs of South America. Corresponding to Hebrew *caph*, Persian *kef*, Zigeuner *chova* (*the hand*), we have the Latin *capere* (*to take*), and English *give*; as, to our word *hand*, answer German *halten*, and English *hold*. To the Latin *digitus*, answer, in like manner, English *touch* and *take*, and Greek *δέχομαι*. From the same root, with a casual liquid inserted, is the Madagascar *tangh* (*the hand*), corresponding to the Latin *tangere*.

---

* Obsolete in the written language.

We sometimes find a word, in one language, with a more restricted, in another, with a more general meaning. Thus, the Welsh *llawf*,* *the hand*, is still found in English, as the *claw* of a bird. *Deck* is, in English, restricted to the covering of a ship, while, in German, *dach* is a roof generally; *toig*, the Irish form of this word, means *a house*; while the Gaelic *teach* or *tigh* signifies, as the Latin *tectum*, both a roof and a house. It sometimes happens that the accidental application of a word survives its original meaning. Thus, though the Celtic name for a hand (*llawf*) is no longer known, in this meaning, in English, we have it in *glove*, a covering for the hand, and related to it as *boot* to *foot*. Related in the same manner to Hebrew *caph* (*the hand*), is *cuff*, the part of the sleeve coming over the hand, and *cuff*, a blow given with the hand.

In offering these examples of the affinities of languages, we have sought for those that should be obvious to the general reader, and have avoided such as would be appreciated only by those familiar with these comparisons. One accustomed to such observations perceives instantly the identity of words where the elements and the idea agree, though, to the careless eye, there may be not a letter in common. For example, the Icelandic *katr* (*glad*) has, at first sight, but little resemblance to our English *glad;* yet it is identical with this word, both in its meaning and in the elements of which it is composed. We have also confined ourselves, in these examples, to the illustration of the interchange of letters of the same class. When to an acquaintance with this is added a knowledge of the changes which sounds commonly undergo in the progress of a language, the interchange which takes place between certain classes of letters, and, further, the accidental changes and displacements to which these are liable, the study of languages is greatly simplified. All the Indo-European languages might be learned as one. The roots of the general language being once acquired, we should then need to learn, of each individual dialect, only that which is peculiar to itself in their inflection and combination. Yet we must guard ourselves against entertaining unreasonable expectations of the facilities which a scientific treatment of languages will afford ; this could but result in disappointment. There is nothing in itself greatly worth, that does not demand a certain amount of toil as the price of its acquisition. But nature, in imposing this stipulation, has framed the mind of man in conformity to it. Labor is not irksome, if its end be clear and attainable, and if the manner in which it is pursued be natural and rational. But no labor is healthful that taxes the powers unequally ; our present method of learning languages strains the memory alone, without calling on the aid of the judgment, or admitting the imagination as partaker, at once, and lightener of the toil; though, in the construction of language, this has borne more than its equal part with the other faculties.

---

* The *ll* in Welsh is pronounced with a deep guttural aspiration, as if written *hl*.

Many of the cultivated modern nations of Europe labor under a disadvantage in the pursuit of comparative philology, arising from the inaccuracy of the alphabets of their own languages. With many of these nations, a discrepancy exists between the written and the spoken tongue ; the character which denotes the ancient sound having been, in many cases, retained, where the pronunciation has undergone a change. This is particularly the case with those nations that draw the material of their language from the Latin. The guttural sounds which, in Latin, were represented by the characters *c* and *g*,* having

---

* In order to perceive the force of the following remarks, it will be

ing, in the languages derived from it, undergone a change before the higher vowels, these characters continued to denote their original sounds only before *a*, *o*, and *u*, and became the representatives of palatals or dentals as often as they preceded *e* and *i*. In that part of the English language which is derived from the French and the corrupted Latin, the same irregularity prevails.

It has unfortunately happened, that the accidental sounds have usurped the place of the original sounds in our alphabet; so that a great part of the advantage which should have resulted from the preservation of the ancient character has been lost. This, by preserving the memory of the former sound, should have afforded great assistance in the tracing of etymologies, and should have kept alive to the intelligence affinities that were lost to the ear. As it is, the sibilant sound which we give to the letter *c* before *e* and *i* appears to have a claim to be regarded as the radical element in words written with that character. The letters of an alphabet should represent the elements of which the words of a language are composed; each sound having its own proper sign. In our alphabet, as at present pronounced, the hard sibilant is twice represented, by *c* and by *s*; while, to supply the deficiency made by this transfer of the guttural character to a different sound, the Greek *k* has been adopted into our alphabet to denote the hard guttural before *e* and *i*, in words derived from the Anglo-Saxon.* The guttural sound *g*, as we hear it in *get*, *give*, *go*, &c., is absolutely unrecognized in our alphabet, while to represent the palatal *j* we have two characters, *j* and *g*. Thus, while the same character is made to represent two sounds, and while one of the most important sounds in the language is in the alphabet not represented at all, another and an inferior sound has two characters appropriated to its use. To this confusion among the characters which represent consonants, we add, in the English alphabet, an equal confusion among the vowel signs. The sound of *e* has displaced that of *a*, at the head of the alphabet,† and the *a*, which, as the simplest and most beautiful of

---

necessary for the reader to call these letters by the names they had in the Roman alphabet: that is, pronounce the *c* as the *k* of our alphabet; the *g* as the first syllable of *ga-ble*.

* The Anglo-Saxons adapted the Roman alphabet to their language, and *c* had with them the power of *k* before all the vowels.

† See second note on p. 170.

vowel sounds, has always been allowed precedence of the other vowels, is absolutely not named among them by us. The proper sound of *i*, again, is transferred to *e*, while on the *i* itself, which properly represents the thinnest of the vowels, we bestow a diphthongal sound compounded of *a* and *i*. To the *u*, when we pronounce it in the alphabet, we prefix always the sound of *i* consonant (*y*). Of the three simple vowels, then, one (*a*) has no place in the alphabet; another (*i*) is represented there by a character which belongs to a different sound, and which in composition often represents that sound; and the third (*u*) is made into what Mr. Walker calls a *semi-consonant diphthong*.

This confusion among the names of the vowels in the alphabet has introduced a corresponding confusion into their use in composition; a letter being sometimes used to denote its original sound, sometimes that attributed to it in the alphabet. Thus, the short sound of *i*, as in *win*, is represented by its proper character, while its long sound is denoted by *e*, *ee*, and a variety of compounds, as in *ween*, *wean*, &c. The consonants, likewise, have invaded one the province of another. The *c*, being regarded as identical with *s* in the alphabet, has not unfrequently displaced it in words where the sibilant had a just claim; as, for example, in *patience*, *presence*, *vice*, *pace*, &c., words whose derivation required them to be written with a dental.

This disordered state of our alphabet, and careless use of the characters, have led to a habit of considering the orthography of a word as a matter merely dependent upon fashion; so that we regard it as wholly immaterial of what elements our words are composed, so long as the words themselves do but perform the present service we require of them. It is undoubtedly to be ascribed, in a great measure, to the condition of our alphabet, and the indifference this has occasioned to corruptions in our language, as well as to the derivation and affinities of our words, that the science of language is so much less generally cultivated in England and this country than with the Germans and Scandinavians. It is certainly owing to no inaptitude for this study in the English branch of the Teutonic family; for, whenever the disadvantages of early education and habit have been overcome by an extensive acquaintance with languages, the scholars of England and America have here, as elsewhere, maintained their equality.

There are in England, at the present day, men highly esteemed on the continent of Europe for their philological attainments ; and in our own country there have not been wanting those who have attained great eminence in this department. But these men have stood in a manner isolated ; the nature and value of their labors have been but imperfectly appreciated.

Of the importance of the study of language, when conducted upon philosophical principles, Dr. Kraitsir thus speaks : —

> "To inquire into the laws which regulate the combinations of sounds, and the laws for the appropriation of these combinations to the expression of thought, is the first and best discipline of the senses and mind ; and this is the only learning of languages which is worthy of the name. By a more superficial method, the use of a language, as it is current at some particular era, may be attained ; but not that philological science which is conservative of its life, and furnishes a key to all languages." — p. 5.

> "Ideas, of course, must go before words ; but thought, which is the analysis and demonstration of ideas, needs words in order to fix these demonstrations, as they are successively made in the mind, for stepping-stones of its own further progress. In what period of life do minds make comparatively so great progress as in those years when the child learns to speak, although it only learns by rote ? Does not nature indicate that this is the period for language-learning, by the facility of verbal memory which it gives to early years ? Is it not obvious that, could nature's own method be seized, and applied to the acquisition of other languages, this enlivening effect might be prolonged through all the years of life, preserving that rapidity of perception, that disponibility of mind, which gives to the acquisitions of childhood the characteristic which is expressed by the word *intuition* ? It is not necessary to have minds stereotyped while in their nonage, to effect any end whatever, even that of getting money. A general presence of mind to every thing is the desideratum for all men everywhere, pursuing whatever ends. Nothing can be gained by that stupidity which treats words as counters, making them shackles and dead weights upon thought, instead of a living furtherance of it." — pp. 6, 7.

> "In spite of all apparent objections which may be made by those who have never dived below the surface of English or French, it is true, that significant words are not made up of insignificant, but of significant sounds ; that there is such unity in man, that the organic formation and the significance of elemen-

tary sounds is *one;* and that on a deep consideration of the development of human thought and feeling, under various circumstances, we shall see a reason for the development of these sounds into all the various languages spoken on the globe, and be enabled to follow out this development.

"A mere statement of this method of studying languages shows its vast importance; and places it in the fore-front of the objects which should engage the attention of men. For as universal language, in the light of ideas, is seen to be the image of man, particular languages become images of the special culture of the several nations." — pp. 19, 20.

"The history of a nation, which a profound analysis of its language discovers, is not merely, or chiefly, the history of its origin and institutions; it is a history of its internal life, its peculiar passions, the peculiar external nature which environed it, and the various changes of its circumstances and feelings; — in short, languages betray all that those which speak them are, for they are the very expression of the speakers. . . . . . There is no subject connected with the mind or destiny of man, upon which a profound insight into philology will not throw a broad light. It is a science for the mother who teaches her infant to speak its native tongue; for the man of the world, who wishes the convenience of speaking with the natives of other countries; and for the philosopher who would name the yet-to-be-discovered objects of nature, unfold the history of the past, or make manifest the laws of human progress and decay in intelligence and morals." — pp. 20, 21.

"In short, a treatment of languages, with direct reference to organic sounds, sharpens the senses, and reveals the original poetry of the unworn human mind; while the following out of the various national appropriations of these original pictures and this wild music, to the infinite variety of human thought and affection, is a real study of the mind, enabling us to obey the great Doric precept, engraved on the temple of Apollo's oracle: KNOW THYSELF." — p. 33.

It was our intention to advert to several other important topics connected with the study of language which are treated of in Dr. Kraitsir's book; but our limits compel us to reserve the consideration of these for a future occasion.

ART. VII. — 1. *Melibœus-Hipponax. The Biglow Papers, edited, with an Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Copious Index.* By HOMER WILBUR, A. M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam, and (Prospective) Member of many Literary, Learned, and Scientific Societies. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 163.

2. *A Fable for Critics, or a Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies, from the Tub of Diogenes. By a Wonderful Quiz.* G. P. Putnam, Broadway.* 1848. 12mo. pp. 78.

3. *Poems.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. New and Enlarged Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 272.

THERE are not many wits or humorists in the list of American poets. Life in this country, as our Transatlantic friends would be apt to say, is a very serious thing; or at any rate, we take terribly serious views of it. A quick perception of the ludicrous, and a broad and genial appreciation of humor and fun, are qualities in which not only our writers, whether in prose or verse, but the much greater multitude of our readers, are held to be very deficient. Trumbull's "McFingal," which is a tolerably successful imitation of Hudibras, — Joel Barlow's "Hasty Pudding," an admirable mock-heroic in blank verse, — poor Fessenden's "Terrible Tractoration," a sufficiently pungent political satire,— and Halleck's "Fanny," which has more ease and sprightliness than Lord Byron's "Beppo," but not so much wit,— are the only poems of any length, that we can remember, in which our countrymen have fairly attempted to get the laughers on their side. Their reception was not very encouraging; they had their day, but are now rapidly passing, with other trifles, into oblivion. Satire, in fact, is almost necessarily short-lived; its proper objects are men and manners that have acquired temporary and undue popularity. As taste and fashion change, whether from the potent influence of ridicule or other causes, these sink back into their original nothingness, and the laughter which they had provoked dies along with them. The parody is no longer a parody, when the original is forgotten. Sometimes, indeed, wit embalms the victims that it has slain; those whose very names would otherwise have perished at the close of their generation obtain in well-spiced lampoons a dubious *post-mortem* existence. Their ghosts flit about in a sort of limbo which lies between the gulf of oblivion and the poet's immortality. Thus, the Dunciad is a splendid monument erected to the memory of all the dunces of good Queen Anne's time, all of whom probably considered themselves as "done to death by slanderous tongues." Enshrined in Pope's wit, they look like flies and spiders preserved in amber. But the poet himself suffers some inconvenience in rescuing these putrescent bodies from the dunghill; Pope's satire cannot now be read without a cartload of commentary to tell us who the objects of it were.

---

* At the risk of spoiling the writer's ancient and humorous conceit, we have copied above only that portion of his title-page which appears in honest black ink, as we have not room and red ochre enough to set forth a facsimile of it, with all its quaint devices. Meaning to be fair, however, we subjoin a full copy of it, *minus* the red ink and the division into lines; the reader may carve it into slices to suit himself, placing the words that rhyme with each other at the beginning, middle, or end of a line, just as he sees fit.

"Reader! walk up at once (it will soon be too late) and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate A Fable for Critics; or Better — I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike, an old-fashioned title-page, such as presents a tabular view of the volume's contents — A Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies (Mrs. Malaprop's word) from the Tub of Diogenes; that is, a Series of Jokes by a Wonderful Quiz, who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and grace, on the top of the tub. Set forth in October, the 21st day, in the year '48. G. P. Putnam, Broadway."

In our own country, the satirist finds an open field and abundance of game. Our national tendency to exaggeration is continually making such ludicrous exhibitions of itself, that even a faithful portraiture of it looks like mockery, and well-meant likenesses are viewed as caricatures. Dr. Franklin was right in counselling us to take the cock turkey, rather than the eagle, as our national emblem; and we proved the justice of his advice by refusing to follow it. Our military heroes, who make their only campaigns in a training-field, our Fourth-of-July orators and political debaters, strut and gobble to perfection. We exaggerate every thing; our reformers aim at nothing less than improving the affairs of the universe, and our philanthropists carry the spirit of love so far that they end by hating all mankind for refusing to join them. Here is a crowd of them, who have so heated themselves by preaching against "the peculiar domestic institution," that they will not be satisfied with pitching slavery into the bottomless gulf, unless they can throw in the State and the Church, the Constitution and Christianity, along with it. Even the Rev. Homer Wilbur, editor of "The Biglow Papers," though in the main a good-natured parson, and something of a bore, as country parsons are apt to be, quite loses patience and forgets his character when he comes to speak of this exciting subject; he drops his cassock, catches up a knotted club or a broad-axe, and lays about him like a Yankee Hercules who has just put the shirt of Nessus on.

The only sort of wit in which Americans are admitted to excel consists chiefly in quaint and monstrous exaggerations, such as a Kentuckian, who is noted for them, would call "almighty lies." An eminent English critic observes, that "lying is a species of wit and humor; for to lay any thing to a person's charge from which he is perfectly free shows spirit and invention; and the more incredible the effrontery, the greater is the joke." According to this definition, a certain personage who shall be nameless, but whose principal appellation is derived from his propensity to slander, must be considered as a very witty fellow, and even as the father of wits. Now a Yankee is noted for his inventive talent, and in expedients for money-getting most persons would consider him a match for the respectable character just alluded to. "Put him on Juan Fernandez," says the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, "and he would make a spelling-book first, and a salt-pan afterwards." His imagination is naturally fired by his own success, and by the wonders of which his darling New World has been and is the theatre. It is not strange, then, that he should riot in anticipations of what the future is to bring forth, that his hopes and fancies should be to him as realities, and his exposition of them appear as grotesque and humorous mendacity. Why should he not be boastful, and magnificent in his figures of speech? What was only one of his quaint exaggerations ten years ago, that a report should be carried two thousand miles "in less than no time," is now realized by the magnetic telegraph, which, with a speed that outstrips the sun, enables the good people of St. Louis to read a speech by their Congressman at Washington before it is delivered. At present, Jonathan is occupied in "annexing" all territory conterminous with his own, and in building railroads to the Pacific; it is natural that his head should be a little turned by the grandeur and facility of these mighty proceedings. If he is not a wit, it is because the progress of events turns the brightest fancies of his brain, as soon as they are coined, into sober verities.

As for humor, the Yankee variety of it is very quiet and saturnine. It peeps out, now and then, when the spirit of mirthfulness is a little excited by the sight of the odd jumbles and contrasts that are presented in a newly formed society. Jonathan laughs at the heterogeneous combinations that are effected by his own makeshift talent, and not infrequently by the results of his own political elections. A president's cabinet is often a more curious piece of mosaic than that which the genius of Burke has immortalized ; and Congress, made up of representatives and delegates from twenty degrees of latitude, and about fifty of longitude, is a still more *bizarre* assemblage. They scout all adherence to routine, all formal modes of action, and a political movement which was commenced in earnest soon comes, through its very extravagance, to end in a joke. The orator laughs at his own magniloquence and bathos, and therefore is never disconcerted by the merriment of his audience. If we have but few clever caricaturists, such as those who have made the fortune of Punch, it is because the original absurdity cannot be amplified, or made to appear more grotesque than it is by nature. The foreign element in our population still affords the richest materials for humor ; Irving had to go back to the days of the Dutch dynasty in New York, before he could find those broad contrasts and farcical pictures of society with which he has delighted the readers of Knickerbocker. The more delicate touches of his mirthfulness appear in the sketches that he has given of English manners ; his own countrymen were not good subjects for so fine a pencil.

We are not quite sure that "The Biglow Papers" will be added to the list of successful humorous publications. All the persons concerned in them have a political object in view, and are so earnest in the pursuit of it, that they sometimes quite forget that their only vocation is to laugh at the follies of others. The writer evidently belongs to the "Free-soil party," so called, a humorous combination of odds and ends from the two great parties that divide the country, which has made more noise than either of them during the recent elections, and ended, as one might have supposed from the heterogeneous elements that it brought together, in failing to carry a single electoral vote. Hosea Biglow's verses first appeared in the newspapers of the day, to herald the cause of this strange coalition, and are now collected and republished, to serve apparently as its epitaph. They were received with merited favor, from their droll and felicitous portraiture of the Yankee character and dialect, and their successful hits at our national passion for military glory. Political opponents as well as friends laughed loud and long at Birdofredom Sawin's letters, describing his experience in the wars, and the mishaps that he encountered before he could make his way home again. We must quote a portion of his first letter from Mexico, though the phraseology may appear abstruse to some of our readers, who are not familiar with New England forms of speech. We can vouch for it, however, that it is classical Yankee, though the spelling of many words is needlessly altered to indicate minute peculiarities of pronunciation.

> " This 'ere 's about the meanest place a skunk could wal diskiver
> (Saltillo 's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut we call Salt-river).
> The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat doos beat all nater,
> I 'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one good bluenose tater;
> The country here thet Mister Bolles declared to be so charmin'
> Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin'.
> He talked about delishis froots, but then it wuz a wopper all,
> The holl on't 's mud an' prickly pears, with here an' there a chapparal;
> You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust you know, a lariat
> Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore you can say, ' Wut air ye at ? ' *
> You never see such darned gret bugs (it may not be irrelevant
> To say I 've seen a *scarabæus pilularius* † big ez a year old elephant) ;
> The rigiment come up one day in time to stop a red bug
> From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright, — 't wuz jest a common *cimex lectularius*.
> One night I started up on eend an' thought I wuz to hum agin,
> I heern a horn, thinks I it 's Sol the fisherman hez come agin,

---

* " these fellers are verry proppilly called Rank Heroes, and the more tha kill the ranker and more Herowick tha bekum. — H. B."

† " it wuz ' tumblebug ' as he Writ it, but the parson put the Latten instid. i sed tother maid better meeter, but he said tha was eddykated peepl to Boston and tha would n't stan' it no how. idnow as tha *wood* and idnow *as* tha wood. — H. B."

His bellowses is sound enough, — ez I 'm a livin' creeter,
I felt a thing go thru my leg, — 't wuz nothin' more 'n a skeeter!
Then there 's the yaller fever, tu, they call it here el vomito, —
(Come, thet wun't du, you landcrab there, I tell ye to le' *go* my toe!
My gracious! it 's a scorpion thet 's took a shine to play with 't,
I dars n't skeer the tarnal thing fer fear he 'd run away with 't.)
Afore I come away from hum I hed a strong persuasion
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans,* — an ourang outang nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on 't arter,
No more 'n a feller 'd dream o' pigs thet he hed hed to slarter;
I 'd an idee thet they were built arter the darkie fashion all,
An' kickin' colored folks about, you know, 's a kind o' national;
But wen I jined I worn't so wise ez thet air queen o' Sheby,
Fer, come to look at 'em, they aint much diff'rent from wut we be,
An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir own dominions,
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions,
Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowsis
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes an' houses;
Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer Jackson!
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it 's reg'lar Anglo-saxon."
— pp. 21 – 25.

This is very fair fun. The rhymes are as startling and felicitous as any in Hudibras, and the quaint drollery of the illustrations is in admirable keeping with the whole character of the forlorn recruit from Massachusetts. Of the almost numberless imitations of the Yankee dialect, this is decidedly the best that we have seen. Sam Slick is a mere pretender in comparison; the jargon which he uses is a hodgepodge of provincialisms from every State in the Union, with a slight mixture of odd phrases from Nova Scotia. We have found but one phrase in the Biglow Papers, which has only a doubtful claim to New England paternity. To "let on," meaning to *confess*, or *make known*, is frequently used in the Western States; but it is a flower of speech that never appears in Yankee land, to our knowledge, except as an exotic.

---

* "he means human beins, that 's wut he means. i spose he kinder thought tha wuz human beans ware the Xisle Poles comes from. — H. B."

To show our friend Biglow's almost marvellous facility in versification, we quote a portion of what he calls a debate in the Senate, set to a nursery rhyme. The laughable manner in which the names of honorable Senators are hitched into jingle will remind the reader of some of Sheridan's lampoons in the same key, against the chiefs of the party who were opposed to him, as quoted in Moore's life of the great wit and dramatist.

"'It 'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,
An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make head,
An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,
'll go to work raisin' promiscoous Ned,'
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
'Yes, the North,' sez Colquitt,
'Ef we Southerners all quit,
Would go down like a busted balloon,' sez he.

"'Jest look wut is doin', wut annyky 's brewin'
In the beautiful clime o' the olive an' vine,
All the wise aristoxy is tumblin' to ruin,
An' the sankylots drorin' an' drinkin' their wine,'
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
'Yes,' sez Johnson, 'in France
They 're beginnin' to dance
Beelzebub's own rigadoon,' sez he.

"'The South 's safe enough, it don't feel a mite skeery,
Our slaves in their darkness an' dut air tu blest
Not to welcome with proud hallylugers the ery
Wen our eagle kicks yourn from the naytional nest,'
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
'O,' sez Westcott o' Florida,
'Wut treason is horrider
Then our priv'leges tryin' to proon?' sez he.

"'It 's 'coz they 're so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints
Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled;
We think it 's our dooty to give pooty sharp hints,
Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth shan't be spiled,'
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he; —
'Ah,' sez Dixon H. Lewis,
'It perfectly true is
Thet slavery 's airth's grettest boon,' sez he."

— pp. 69, 70.

Hosea Biglow and his friends, it is evident, are hot opponents of slavery, and the irascible temperament, which he shares with every member of his party, appears oddly enough under the broad burlesque of his rhymes. If other "abolitionists" had a tenth part of his humor, their fierce denunciations and self-glorifying spirit would exercise the patience of reasonable people in a much smaller degree than they do at present.

We cannot say much for the copious prose commentary, the prefatory and illustrative matter, in which the Biglow rhymes, in this edition, are imbedded. Most of Parson Wilbur's *lengthy* annotations are as heavy as his own sermons, from which, indeed, a large part of them profess to have been borrowed. Hosea Biglow, with his father 'Zekiel, and Birdofredom Sawin, are true and lifelike creations, admirably sustained throughout, and made up of materials with which the writer is evidently familiar. But the Parson is a quaint jumble of half a dozen characters whom we know only in books, and is a tedious old fellow to boot. There is not a bit of the Yankee in him, and his elaborate pedantry is far-fetched and wearisome to the last degree. He is a compound of Jedediah Cleishbotham, Thomas Carlyle, and an American antislavery haranguer,—the attempt to fuse together these discordant elements being quite a failure. The following, for instance, is wholly after the manner of the worthy pedagogue of Gandercleugh.

"Mr. B. does not employ his pen, I can safely say, for any lucre of worldly gain, or to be exalted by the carnal plaudits of men, *digito monstrari*, &c. He does not wait upon Providence for mercies, and in his heart mean *merces*. But I should esteem myself as verily deficient in my duty (who am his friend and in some unworthy sort his spiritual *fidus Achates*, &c.), if I did not step forward to claim for him whatever measure of applause might be assigned to him by the judicious.

"If this were a fitting occasion, I might venture here a brief dissertation touching the manner and kind of my young friend's poetry. But I dubitate whether this abstruser sort of speculation (though enlivened by some apposite instances from Aristophanes) would sufficiently interest your oppidan readers. As regards their satirical tone, and their plainness of speech, I will only say, that, in my pastoral experience, I have found that the Arch-Enemy loves nothing better than to be treated as a religious, moral, and intellectual being, and that there is no *apage Sathanas!* so potent as ridicule. But it is a kind of weapon that must have a button of good-nature on the point of it." — p. 39.

And this, again, is in studied imitation of Mr. Carlyle, the most unsafe of all models, owing to his fondness for broad caricature.

"I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that the clerk bore to the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, as for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are *going* to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid, — in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chappelow on Job. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals." — pp. 73, 74.

We pass to the next book on our list, A Fable for Critics. Common rumor attributes it to the same pen which wrote The Biglow Papers; and if there was no other reason for this conjecture but the author's extraordinary command of Hudibrastic rhymes, and the easy flow of his versification, we should think it must be well founded. The Fable, which, by the way, is no fable at all, is really a very pleasant and sparkling poem, abounding in flashes of brilliant satire, edged with wit enough to delight even its victims. It is far more spirited and entertaining than one would expect from the labored conceits of its title-page and preface, which, with their forced and concealed jingle, are but melancholy introductions for the lively and half-grotesque rhymes that follow. The framework of the poem is too slight to merit notice; the writer evidently began with some idea of a plot or an apologue, but soon tired of it, and throwing the reins upon the neck of his Pegasus, allowed the verse to "wander at its own sweet will." Goldsmith's Retaliation was certainly his model, and though he comes far short of that exquisite mixture of playful satire and discriminating portraiture of character, under which the good-nature of the kind-hearted poet appears so constantly that not one of his glittering shafts leaves a painful wound, he quite equals it in the easy flow of his rhymes, and surpasses it in wit and sauciness. We are doubtful about his puns, though most of them are very good, and they sometimes fall as rapidly as drops in a shower; but at best, they are only wit's bastard offspring, and become tedious enough in print, though they enliven small-talk. Condensation is the quality in which the writer is most deficient; if his poem were pruned down to the length of the Retaliation, we venture to predict that it would become almost as universal a favorite.

A Fable for Critics begins, of course, with a full-length likeness of one of the luckless tribe of reviewers, on which the poet has expended all his stores of merry sarcasm. It is but fair that the verse-makers, now and then, should have their revenge, as each one of them has grievances enough to complain of, for he invariably ascribes all his ill luck with the public to that rascally article in the last Quarterly. We have some doubts about the truth of their favorite notion, that the Review was established for no other purpose than that of flaying unlucky but meritorious bards; but as they evidently find comfort in this belief, it would be a pity to deprive them of it. We cannot say much for the consistency of the poet now before us, who has no sooner done with roasting the critics than he forthwith turns critic himself, thinking, apparently, that the world could not get along without the services of at least one of the fraternity. His Fable is simply a very witty review article, done into rhyme. Most American writers of the present day who have any claim to notice, and some who have not, are summoned before him to have their portraits taken, and then dismissed, usually with a sharp rap or two on the knuckles. The sketches are drawn in a very free and bold manner, though they have the usual defect of caricatures, that the most prominent and peculiar feature is brought out in high relief, and maliciously magnified, so that the likeness is instantly recognized, though the remainder of the face is left out altogether, or so drawn as to bear no resemblance to the original. Lord Brougham is immediately known in Punch merely by the unhappy outline of his nose. The following witty sketch of the elder Dana has the same fault; a playful exaggeration of one point in his literary character is made to stand for a portrait of the whole man.

> "Here comes Dana, abstractedly loitering along,
> Involved in a paulo-post-future of song,
> Who 'll be going to write what 'll never be written
> Till the Muse, ere he thinks of it, gives him the mitten, —
> Who is so well aware of how things should be done,
> That his own works displease him before they 're begun, —
> Who so well all that makes up good poetry knows,
> That the best of his poems is written in prose;
> All saddled and bridled stood Pegasus waiting,
> He was booted and spurred, but he loitered debating,
> In a very grave question his soul was immersed, —
> Which foot in the stirrup he ought to put first;
> And while this point and that he judicially dwelt on,
> He, somehow or other, had written Paul Felton,
> Whose beauties or faults, whichsoever you see there,
> You 'll allow only genius could hit upon either.
> That he once was the Idle Man none will deplore,
> But I fear he will never be any thing more;
> The ocean of song heaves and glitters before him,
> The depth and the vastness and longing sweep o'er him,
> He knows every breaker and shoal on the chart,
> He has the Coast Pilot and so on by heart,
> Yet he spends his whole life, like the man in the fable,
> In learning to swim on his library-table."

We should not notice an imperfection of this sort in a trifle thrown off merely for the amusement of the hour, if we did not gather from a hint in the preface, that the writer intended to be faithful, and rather plumes himself on the correctness of his portraits. He says, —

> "All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*,
> Though, it may be, they seem, here and there, rather free,
> And drawn from a Mephistophelian stand-point,
> Are *meant* to be faithful, and that is the grand point."

When our bard has had a little more experience as a reviewer (Heaven forefend that he should have it, however!), he will learn that a well-drawn nose is not a good full-length portrait. But to show that he can sketch with more completeness, we copy the following lines devoted to Irving, which are nearly as good as any thing in Goldsmith: —

"What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching, —
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
Go to setting you up besides matchless Cervantes;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel; —
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee, — just Irving." — p. 63.

Another and frequent fault of our bard as a critic is, that he often gives us the features of the man in place of a character of the author, and, as a natural consequence, mixes up so much of personal liking or aversion with his drawings, that they lose all claim to fidelity. This fault is seen even in his choice of subjects. One or two of the most flattering portraitures in the book are of persons whom nobody ever heard of beyond the corner of the next street from that in which they live; and to make the matter worse, these are mixed up with sarcastic and depreciating sketches of bards whom, with all their faults, the whole civilized world has long since learned to admire. Judging solely from this little poem, one would get the impression that Harry Franco was somebody, and that the author of the Thanatopsis was nobody. Why, the unlucky atom himself, if he has any brains at all, would deprecate such an attempt to bring his claims into comparison with those of a world-renowned poet. We do not mean that our bard-critic is intentionally unfair to any one; but he evidently has no liking for Bryant's style of poetry, which is too calm and equable, which belongs too much to the old school, and has too much of the majesty of repose, to suit the admirers of the intense and fervid manner which is now most in vogue. The *gravamen* of the charge against him is, that he is more fond of depicting the various aspects of external nature, in their stillness and sublimity, than the passions of men and the woes engendered by them. It may be so; but we are quite willing to take Bryant's excuse for it in his own magnificent lines: —

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
> Into his darker musings with a mild
> And healing sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

It would be idle to quote further, for every person of taste in the country has the whole piece by heart, and in this *universal* popularity is the real test and seal of the poet's greatness. But in reference to the critical accusation now brought against Bryant, read the following short extract from his "Evening Reverie": —

> "O thou great Movement of the universe,
> Or Change, or Flight of Time, — for ye are one! —
> That bearest, silently, this visible scene
> Into Night's shadow and the streaming rays
> Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
> I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
> Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
> The courses of the stars; the very hour
> He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
> Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
> Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
> Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
> From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
> With friends, or shame, and general scorn of men, —
> Which who can bear? — or the fierce rack of pain,
> Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
> Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
> Into the stilly twilight of my age?
> Or do the portals of another life,
> Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
> Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne,
> In the vast cycle of being, which begins
> At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
> Shall the great law of change and progress clothe

Its workings? Gently, — so have good men taught, —
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new, the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace."

We are now ready to hear the criticism of our poet-reviewer, without allowing his wit to dazzle our perception of the truth.

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified,
Save when by reflection 't is kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation,
(There 's no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation,)
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on, —
He 's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on:
Unqualified merits, I 'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

"He is very nice reading in summer, but *inter*
Nos, we don't want *extra* freezing in winter;
Take him up in the depth of July, my advice is,
When you feel an Egyptian devotion to ices.
But, deduct all you can, there 's enough that 's right good in him;
He has a true soul for field, river, and wood in him;
And his heart, in the midst of brick walls, or where'er it is,
Glows, softens, and thrills with the tenderest charities, —
To you mortals that delve in this trade-ridden planet?
No, to old Berkshire's hills, with their limestone and granite.
If you 're one who *in loco* (add *foco* here) *desipis*,
You will get of his outermost heart (as I guess) a piece;
But you 'd get deeper down, if you came as a precipice,
And would break the last seal of its inwardest fountain,
If you only could palm yourself off for a mountain."
— pp. 37 - 39.

Are there two people in the world, who can read the preceding extracts in connection, and yet acknowledge the justice of the latter? We have not room to give the whole passage relating to Bryant, but as we have extracted the severer portion of it, we add in candor all that is said in his praise.

"He 's a Cowper condensed, with no craziness bitten,
And the advantage that Wordsworth before him has written.

"But, my dear little bardlings, don't prick up your ears,
Nor suppose I would rank you and Bryant as peers;
If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean to say
There is nothing in that which is grand, in its way;
He is almost the one of your poets that knows
How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in Repose;
If he sometimes fall short, he is too wise to mar
His thought's modest fulness by going too far." — pp. 39, 40.

But enough of fault-finding, which has been forced upon us only by our author's claim to be considered as a faithful critic; his pretensions as a poet and a wit we admit without question. As a general rule, we believe that poets make very poor critics; they are too apt to look at their brother bards through the medium of their own verses. To give our author his revenge, we will very gladly allow that reviewers would write shocking bad poetry; only we never heard of one who was insane enough to make the trial.

To give our readers a favorable idea of the lighter portions of this Fable, we quote the following proposition, merely leaving out of the middle of it some poor gibes against clergymen who are in favor of capital punishment.

"I 've thought very often 't would be a good thing
In all public collections of books, if a wing
Were set off by itself, like the seas from the dry lands,
Marked *Literature suited to desolate islands*,
And filled with such books as could never be read
Save by readers of proofs, forced to do it for bread, —
Such books as one 's wrecked on in small country-taverns,
Such as hermits might mortify over in caverns,
Such as Satan, if printing had then been invented,
As the climax of woe, would to Job have presented,
Such as Crusoe might dip in, although there are few so
Outrageously cornered by fate as poor Crusoe.

. . . . .

"Now, instead of all this, I think I can direct you all
To a criminal code both humane and effectual; —
I propose to shut up every doer of wrong
With these desperate books, for such term, short or long,

As by statute in such cases made and provided,
Shall be by your wise legislators decided
Thus: — Let murderers be shut, to grow wiser and cooler,
At hard labor for life on the works of Miss ——;
Petty thieves, kept from flagranter crimes by their fears,
Shall peruse Yankee Doodle a blank term of years, —
That American Punch, like the English, no doubt, —
Just the sugar and lemons and spirit left out.

"But stay, here comes Tityrus Griswold, and leads on
The flocks whom he first plucks alive, and then feeds on, —
A loud cackling swarm, in whose feathers warm-drest,
He goes for as perfect a — swan, as the rest." — pp. 24 - 26.

And here is a portion of the merry caricature of a born reviewer.

"Through his babyhood no kind of pleasure he took
In any amusement but tearing a book;
For him there was no intermediate stage,
From babyhood up to strait-laced middle age;
There were years when he didn't wear coat-tails behind,
But a boy he could never be rightly defined;
Like the Irish Good Folk, though in length scarce a span,
From the womb he came gravely, a little old man;
While other boys' trowsers demanded the toil
Of the motherly fingers on all kinds of soil,
Red, yellow, brown, black, clayey, gravelly, loamy,
He sat in a corner and read Viri Romæ.
He never was known to unbend or to revel once
In base, marbles, hockey, or kick up the devil once;
He was just one of those who excite the benevolence
Of old prigs who sound the soul's depths with a ledger,
And are on the look-out for some young men to 'edger-
-cate,' as they call it, who won't be too costly,
And who 'll afterward take to the ministry mostly;
Who always wear spectacles, always look bilious,
Always keep on good terms with each *mater-familias*
Throughout the whole parish, and manage to rear
Ten boys like themselves, on four hundred a year;
Who, fulfilling in turn the same fearful conditions,
Either preach through their noses, or go upon missions."
— pp. 10, 11.

Our next quotation shall be a sketch of one of the Transcendental blue-stockings, who unfortunately are so numerous in our great cities, where they infest lecture-rooms and get up æsthetical tea-parties, that no one of them has a right to say the cap was specially intended to fit *her* head.

" ' But there comes Miranda, Zeus! where shall I flee to?
She has such a penchant for bothering me too!
She always keeps asking if I don't observe a
Particular likeness 'twixt her and Minerva;
She tells me my efforts in verse are quite clever; —
She 's been travelling now, and will be worse than ever;
One would think, though, a sharp-sighted noter she 'd be
Of all that 's worth mentioning over the sea,
For a woman must surely see well, if she try,
The whole of whose being 's a capital **I**:
She will take an old notion, and make it her own,
By saying it o'er in her Sybilline tone,
Or persuade you 't is something tremendously deep,
By repeating it so as to put you to sleep;
And she well may defy any mortal to see through it,
When once she has mixed up her infinite *me* through it.
There is one thing she owns in her own single right, —
It is native and genuine, — namely, her spite;
Though, when acting as Censor, she privately blows
A censer of vanity 'neath her own nose.'

" Here Miranda came up, and said, ' Phœbus! you know
That the Infinite Soul has its infinite woe,
As I ought to know, having lived cheek by jowl,
Since the day I was born, with the Infinite Soul;
I myself introduced, I myself, I alone,
To my Land's better life authors solely my own,
Who the sad heart of earth on their shoulders have taken,
Whose works sound a depth by Life's quiet unshaken,
Such as Shakspeare, for instance, the Bible, and Bacon,
Not to mention my own works; Time's nadir is fleet,
And, as for myself, I'm quite out of conceit ' ——

" ' Quite out of conceit! I 'm enchanted to hear it,'
Cried Apollo aside, ' Who 'd have thought she was near it?

. . . . .

" (Miranda meanwhile has succeeded in driving
Up into a corner, in spite of their striving,
A small flock of terrified victims, and there,
With an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-Universe air
And a tone which, at least to *my* fancy, appears
Not so much to be entering as boxing your ears,

Is unfolding a tale (of herself, I surmise,
For 't is dotted as thick as a peacock's with I's.)" — pp. 51 – 54.

To show what our author is capable of doing when in a more serious mood, we copy a portion of his beautiful and well-merited tribute to Mrs. Child.

" There comes Philothea, her face all aglow,
She has just been dividing some poor creature's woe,
And can't tell which pleases her most, to relieve
His want, or his story to hear and believe;
No doubt against many deep griefs she prevails,
For her ear is the refuge of destitute tales;
She knows well that silence is sorrow's best food,
And that talking draws off from the heart its black blood.

. . . . .

" The pole, science tells us, the magnet controls,
But she is a magnet to emigrant Poles,
And folks with a mission that nobody knows
Throng thickly about her as bees round a rose;
She can fill up the *carets* in such, make their scope
Converge to some focus of rational hope,
And, with sympathies fresh as the morning, their gall
Can transmute into honey, — but this is not all;
Not only for these she has solace, oh, say,
Vice's desperate nursling adrift in Broadway,
Who clingest, with all that is left of thee human,
To the last slender spar from the wreck of the woman,
Hast thou not found one shore where those tired drooping feet
Could reach firm mother-earth, one full heart on whose beat
The soothed head in silence reposing could hear
The chimes of far childhood throb thick on the ear?
Ah, there 's many a beam from the fountain of day
That, to reach us unclouded, must pass, on its way,
Through the soul of a woman, and hers is wide ope
To the influence of Heaven as the blue eyes of Hope;
Yes, a great soul is hers, one that dares to go in
To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
And to bring into each, or to find there, some line
Of the never completely out-trampled divine;
If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
'T is but richer for that when the tide ebbs again,
As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain
Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain;
What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour,
Could they be as a Child but for one little hour!" — pp. 59 – 63.

We have hardly left ourselves room to say a word about our old favorite, Holmes; but as he is also everybody's favorite, there is no occasion for critics to meddle with him, either to censure or to praise. He can afford to laugh at the whole reviewing fraternity. His wit is all his own, so sly and tingling, but without a drop of ill-nature in it, and never leaving a sting behind. His humor is so grotesque and queer, that it reminds one of the frolics of Puck; and deep pathos mingles with it so naturally, that when the reader's eyes are brimming with tears, he knows not whether they have their source in sorrow or in laughter. The great merits of his English style we noticed on a former occasion; for point, idiomatic propriety, and terseness, it is absolutely without a rival. Even our caustic rhyming reviewer gives him his full meed of praise in this respect.

"You went crazy last year over Bulwer's New Timon; —
Why, if B., to the day of his dying, should rhyme on,
Heaping verses on verses and tomes upon tomes,
He could ne'er reach the best point and vigor of Holmes.
His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satyric
In so kindly a measure, that nobody knows
What to do but e'en join in the laugh, friends and foes."
— p. 68.

This "enlarged edition" of Holmes's poetry is not so much larger than the former collection as we had hoped; and as most of the additional pieces have appeared in print, though not in the former volume, the public are already familiar with them. We find it difficult, therefore, to purloin any thing from it for the benefit of our readers; but the lines *On Lending a Punch-Bowl* are so characteristic, that we must borrow the greater part of them, though we have not room for the whole, and it is a shame to mutilate so fine a piece.

"This ancient silver bowl of mine, — it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

"A Spanish galleon brought the bar,— so runs the ancient tale,—
'T was hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;

And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

. . . . .

"'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim,
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

"He poured the fiery hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers, the men that fought and prayed,
All drank as 't were their mother's milk, and not a man afraid!

"That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
'Run from the white man when you find he smells of hollands gin!'

"A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose;
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'T was mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"'Drink, John,' she said, ''t will do you good,—poor child, you 'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air,
And if—God bless me—you were hurt, 't would keep away the chill';
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

"I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 't was a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here;
'T is but the fool that loves excess,—hast thou a drunken soul,
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

"I love the memory of the past, — its pressed, yet fragrant flowers, —
The moss that clothes its broken walls, — the ivy on its towers, —
Nay, this poor bawble it bequeathed, — my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

"Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words, — "My dear, where *have* you been?" — pp. 253 - 257.

Art. VIII. — *Merry-Mount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony.* Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

The early history of Plymouth and Massachusetts, though it is a record of adventures, perils, and hardships, and many strongly marked characters appear in it, certainly presents few materials for romance. The whole foreground of the canvas is occupied by the grim figures of the Puritans, and in the distance appear only a few Indians flitting about like shadows in the interminable forests. It is a wild and stern scene, but its features are not pliable enough for the imagination to work upon. It does not offer those striking contrasts of situation and character, that variety of costume and scenery, or those rapid alternations of fortune, of light and gloom, in which the writer of fiction delights. The story is even a monotonous recital of exile, labor, and suffering, bravely endured from the holiest of all motives. It claims attention and study from the moralist, the philosophical observer of human nature, and even from the statesman; but it hardly arrests the notice of those who crave only a pleasurable excitement of the fancy and the intellect. The earliest settlers were all men of the same stamp, or they differed from each other only in shades and degrees of what we now call religious fanaticism. Their mode of life, during the infancy of the Colony, was prosaic enough; they fished, and tilled the ground, and studied the Bible, and occasionally had a short but sharp fight with the savages. The necessities of their situation made them rugged, patient, and parsimonious; they had enthusiasm enough, but it was all turned one way, toward that least poetical of all subjects, theological metaphysics. Their language and demeanour, their opinions and conduct, often seem extravagant and even grotesque to our modern notions; but their extravagance was not of that sort which affords a fair opening for ridicule, for it seemed in union with the nature of the enterprise in which they were engaged, and it was redeemed by the noblest and most dignified traits of character. Though the epithet may seem to be ill chosen, we must say that the Puritan pioneer always seemed to us eminently respectable in his motives and behaviour; we may censure his conduct, but we cannot ridicule or despise it.

Set the same characters on a different stage, contrast them with brave and jovial cavaliers, place over against them the splendor and luxury of a court, surround them with the pomp and circumstance of war waged on a large scale, and they at once become picturesque and striking objects, and afford great scope for imaginative or humorous delineation. This was the way in which Scott treated his Covenanters, certainly not the least impressive portraits in the grand Waverley gallery. But while, in the Old World, the peculiarities of the Puritan were everywhere set off and magnified by contrast, the forbidding aspect of the yet untenanted shores, the cheerless climate, and pathless forests of New England were all in harmony with them. The picture has acquired a solemn and pathetic interest, but it is now monotonous in tone. The situation of the early settlers required rather fortitude than courage. The red men, after all, were a contemptible enemy, at least during the first generation of the white settlers, who treated them more as menials than as friends or foes; whenever they did rebel, doughty Captains Standish, Mason, and Underhill, with only a handful of English followers, mowed them down by hundreds. Afterwards, when they were fully supplied with English arms and ammunition, and had learned something of the white man's art of war, or perhaps when they had ceased to regard the white men as superior, if not as supernatural beings, they became more formidable opponents. But at first, the great enemies that the Pilgrims had to contend with were cold, fever, and starvation ; and the record of this warfare, though a pitiable one, will not serve the purposes of romance. The most touching chapter of their history is that which records the number of burials that took place during the first winter after the arrival of the colonists at Plymouth and at Salem.

The first settlement of New England, then, is not a good field for the writer of fiction. The great interest which now attaches to the history of it is not altogether intrinsic, but is to a considerable degree the fruit of subsequent events. A glory is reflected back upon those small beginnings from the magnificent consequences to which they have led. It is not wholly because the Pilgrims founded a small colony in the wilderness, but because they unconsciously laid the seeds of a mighty empire there, that we now study their brief and rapidly fading records with so much curiosity and respect. Had all the Plymouth colonists perished the first winter, as half of them did, their story would have been only an appendix to that more copious one of the failure of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonies in Virginia. The writer of romance must seek a theme which has attraction enough in itself, which bears a braver show and a more thrilling interest at the moment, though its splendors may be very short-lived. The event which is momentous in regard chiefly to its distant consequences is a study for the historian and the philosopher, but not for the poet.

Though a multitude of attempts have been made, the only really successful novel that we remember, founded on the early history of Massachusetts, is Miss Sedgwick's Hope Leslie. Even here, however, the writer has judiciously kept the historical element quite in the background, nearly all the incidents and characters being imaginary. The most interesting personage, Magawisca, though a charming conception, is an Indian maiden only in name. She is the poetical, but not the historical, child of the forest ; she is Pocahontas transplanted to the North, and not having a drop of kindred blood with the copper-colored savage of our own primitive woods. In truth, the North American Indian is but a sorry subject for poetry and romance ; art has tried in vain to idealize his features, and make a hero of him. His taciturnity, arising from indolence and lack of thought, has been mistaken for dignity ; his apathy, for Stoicism ; the acuteness of his senses, cultivated by long practice in hunting, for sagacity and forethought ; and the meagreness of his language, which can express abstract ideas only by names borrowed from sensible objects, for the affluence of his imagination. He is equally cowardly, cruel, and obstinate, and affords on the whole not so good a subject for civilization as the native African. The only reason, we suspect, for his fancied superiority to the negro, is the finer proportions and greater vigor and beauty of his animal frame. When not debased by instruction in the vices of the whites, he is, indeed, a noble specimen of the man-animal. Benjamin West's *naïve* exclamation when he first saw the Apollo Belvedere, "My God, how like a young Mohawk Indian!" showed an artist's quick perception of form, and did no more than justice to the savage. But the heart and intellect are wholly unworthy of their lodging-place ; Christian philanthropists have labored with untiring energy and patience to improve both, but they have labored in vain. A full-blooded Indian never was wholly tamed yet, and we believe he never will be.

From the general tenor of these remarks, our readers will readily perceive that we did not expect much from the announcement of a new romance, founded on the early history of Massachusetts. But we have been to some extent agreeably disappointed. Merry-Mount contains more of the materials of romance than it seemed possible to gather from our barren shores in the olden time, and they are worked up with considerable freshness and vigor. The book is powerfully, though unequally, written, and some of the characters and scenes are thrown off with so much spirit and effect, that we should have anticipated marked success for the writer, if he had chosen a more tractable subject. As it is, we cannot flatter him with the prospect of a widely extended popularity. As a work of art, his book has some glaring faults, which we may point out hereafter, when our readers have got some idea of the story, and of the personages who figure in it. By his choice of materials, the writer has, in fact, confirmed our theory as to the unfitness of the events and characters which belong to the times of the Pilgrims to serve as the groundwork of fiction. He has not left out the Puritans and the Indians altogether, but has confined them to a quite subordinate part in the action, and directed his attention chiefly to a few mysterious persons whom history connects, indeed, with the first settlement of Massachusetts, though very little is known of them, and they seem singularly out of place when contrasted with the great majority of the actors on the scene. In this contrast, our author has found a peg on which to hang his whole romance. He has adhered quite closely — too much so, we think — to the truth of history. For what seems most extravagant and fantastic in his conceptions, he can quote chapter and verse from our early annalists. But the historical notice of these persons is very brief and fragmentary, and they appear as names or shadows, rather than as living beings. The historical antiquary has with difficulty hunted up some obscure hints, from which we derive a faint notion of their characters and business. These hints our author has expanded, as he had a right to do, into full portraitures and narrations, and on them has raised the whole structure of his romance.

It is well known that the founders of the Massachusetts Colony proper, when they arrived here under Winthrop, bringing the charter with them, found that the shores of the Bay were not wholly untenanted by white men. A few "Old Planters," as they were called, had already established themselves here, several of whom had so little in common with the bulk of the Colonists who came after them, that it is difficult to imagine what motives they had for thus creating to themselves a home in the wilderness. Some of them may have remained after the failure of the several unsuccessful attempts at colonization, which were made before 1625. Their position was a singularly lonely one; they probably subsisted by hunting and fishing, and drove a little traffic in peltry and dried fish. Conant's and Thompson's islands derived their names from these old settlers, and Boston, Salem, and Charlestown each claims one of them as its earliest white inhabitant. If they had not been in love with solitude and fearless of danger, we should suppose that they would have built their huts nearer together. Most of them were objects of suspicion and dislike to the Puritan Colonists, and soon after the arrival of the latter their predecessors vanish from the scene. These half-spectral beings, of whom we know so little, are the chief actors in the romance of Merry-Mount. Our author has filled out the faint outlines of history with such colors and drapery as suited his imagination, and the purposes of his fiction.

Foremost among these personages was the notorious Thomas Morton, of Mount Wollaston, or, as he called it, Merry-Mount, a name appropriate enough for the life of boisterous revelry which he is reported to have led there. Who his associates were, and what means he had of keeping up his noisy carousals in that wild place, does not appear. He was a thorn in the side of our Puritan forefathers, who certainly strained their legal authority in order to punish and drive him out of the Colony. Twice they sent him off as a prisoner to England, where, however, he soon obtained his liberty, as there does not appear to have been any charge against him which any code of laws, but that of Moses, took notice of; and twice did he return to vex the sober men of Massachusetts with his insolence, his madcap pranks, and his dealings with the natives. Deputy-Governor Dudley, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, speaks of him as follows: —

> "In the end of this December [1630] departed from us the ship Handmaid, of London, by which we sent away one Thomas Morton, a proud, insolent man, who has lived here divers years, and had been an attorney in the west countries while he lived in England. Multitude of complaints were received against him for injuries done by him both to the English and Indians; and amongst others, for shooting hailshot at a troop of Indians for not bringing a canoe unto him to cross a river withal; whereby he hurt one, and shot through the garments of another. For the satisfaction of the Indians wherein, and that it might appear to them and to the English that we meant to do justice impartially, we caused his hands to be bound behind him, and set his feet in the bilboes, and burned his house to the ground, all in the sight of the Indians, and so kept him prisoner till we sent him for England; whither we sent him, for that my Lord Chief Justice there so required, that he might punish him capitally for fouler misdemeanours there perpetrated, *as we were informed.*"

This looks a little as if the worthy Deputy was half conscious that Morton had not openly violated the laws of England, and was desirous of strengthening the charges against him on no better authority than that of common rumor. The insinuation of a capital offence committed in the mother country was downright calumny; for it does not appear that he was even tried in England, but was immediately set at liberty, and after publishing an abusive book against the Colony, he returned thither in 1643. The men of Plymouth seem to have disliked his presence as much as those of Massachusetts, for they had caused Captain Standish to arrest him as early as 1628, and had sent him home under the custody of John Oldham. He tarried there hardly a year, and then came back to "his old nest at Merry-Mount." His real offence unquestionably was, that he sold fire-arms and ammunition to the savages, a traffic which was of course full of peril to the Colonists, though not directly forbidden by English law. Probably he sold them liquor also, receiving furs in exchange, at great profit, which he sent to Europe. Stimulated by the fire-water, the Indians were very likely to hold their nightly drunken riots near his house ; and Morton with his associates may have participated in them, partly for the frolic's sake, and partly to cheat the intoxicated savages out of their peltry to greater advantage. Thus his proceedings were in every way grievous to the stern Puritans, though the law could get no good hold of him. He was a dangerous neighbour, and deserved to be sent out of the Colony. Considering how resolutely on many occasions our forefathers took the authority of life and death, which their charter did not give them, the only wonder is that they did not hang him.

A still more mysterious person was Sir Christopher Gardiner, as he called himself, though Dudley informs us that he "was no knight, but instead thereof had two wives now living in a house at London, one of which came about September last [1630] from Paris in France (where her husband had left her years before) to London, where she had heard her husband had married a second wife, and whom, by inquiring, she found out." Both his wives wrote to Governor Winthrop, desiring that he might be apprehended and sent home. The former one was willing to receive him again, if he showed repentance, and would in future lead an orderly life. But the one last married, and therefore the more cruelly wronged, was impatient to obtain revenge for what she had suffered, and restitution of the property he had deprived her of, of which she sent out an inventory, "comprising therein many rich jewels, much plate and costly linen." Gardiner had lived in Massachusetts before Winthrop arrived there, and was suspected of being an agent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who maintained a claim to the greater part of the land which the Colony occupied. A woman lived with him who pretended to be his near relation ; but one of his wives, in her letter, declared that the true name of this person was Mary Grove, "affirming her to be a known harlot, whose sending back into Old England she also desired, together with her husband." Governor Winthrop, eagerly embracing the opportunity of getting rid of a bad man and a dangerous neighbour, sent out a party to seize Gardiner ; but he obtained a hint of their approach, and escaped into the woods, where he wandered about for a long time, and was thought to have perished of hunger and cold. He was finally captured, however, through the aid of the Indians, and brought to Boston, whence he was sent a prisoner to England. But it would seem that bigamy was not severely punished in those days, for we hear of him afterwards as acting in concert with Morton and Gorges, striving to injure the Colonists and take away their patent. The party first sent in pursuit of him apprehended only his paramour, who appears to have been examined before the Council.

> "His woman was brought unto us," writes Dudley, "and confessed her name, and that her mother dwells eight miles from Boirdly, in Salopshire, and that Gardiner's father dwells in or near Gloucester, and was (as she said) brother to Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, [who had been dead seventy-five years,] and did disinherit his son for his twenty-six years' absence in his travels in France, Italy, Germany, and Turkey ; that he had (as he told her) married a wife in his travels, from whom he was divorced, and the woman long since dead ; that both herself and Gardiner were Catholics till of late, but were now Protestants ; that she takes him to be a knight, but never heard when he was knighted. The woman was impenitent and close, confessing no more than was wrested from her by her own contradictions. So we have taken order to send her to the two wives in Old England, to search her further."

The third strange character among the "Old Planters" was William Blackstone, or Blaxton, whose name is well known as that of the earliest white inhabitant of Boston, though very little else is known of him. He was a graduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge, became a clergyman, and for some inexplicable reason came to this country as early as 1625, and settled himself in entire seclusion on the peninsula then called by the Indian name of Shawmut. He held the land either by a grant from Gorges, with whom he certainly had some connection, or on the plea that he was the first white man who ever slept there. The new-comers did not quarrel with him, but in several successive bargains purchased the land of him; and as he, like Leatherstocking, could not bear the near vicinity of a crowd, he moved off, in 1635, to Rhode Island, where he died about forty years afterwards. He was a gentle sort of hermit, and passed his time mostly in his garden and his library, where he had a good collection of books. His nearest neighbour, while he dwelt at Shawmut, before the Massachusetts Company came thither, was Thomas Walford, the blacksmith, who lived alone on the peninsula then called Mishawum, but now known as Charlestown. Of him we read only that, "for his contempt of authority and confronting officers," he was twice fined and ordered to depart out of the limits of this Patent; once he paid his fine "by killing a wolf." He was probably a stalwart and reckless fellow, who stood on his rights as prior occupant of the land, and disliked having any neighbours, especially the stern Puritans.

These particulars about the Old Planters we have mostly gleaned from Mr. Young's excellent Chronicles of Massachusetts. Our readers may think we have dwelt upon them too long, to the exclusion of the romance, or novel, which forms our professed subject. But the truth is, they constitute the novel, with such embellishments, descriptions, conversations, and introduction of minor and wholly fictitious personages, as may be readily imagined. We have unfolded its whole plot, with the exception of a short love-story, not very skilfully managed, between a Puritan maiden and her betrothed, who was once a gay man of the world, but is converted to Puritanism mostly by her gentle influence. Of course, she gets into various difficulties and dangers, and he rescues her from them. Gardiner, who is the villain of the piece, endeavours to get her into his power, probably intending to make her his third wife or second leman; but his schemes are rendered abortive by the discovery, just at the right moment, of the multiplied crimes of which he had been guilty at home. He is driven into the woods; Morton, who had been to some extent his coadjutor, though not in the betrayal of women, is set in the stocks; and the fair Edith marries her faithful and now converted Henry Maudsley.

We think the writer's descriptive power wholly exceeds his conception of character and invention of circumstances.

He dwells, perhaps, too long and fondly upon his imagination of the landscape as it was, before the stillness of the forest had been broken by the axe of the settler ; but the picture is so finely drawn, with so much beauty of language and purity of sentiment, that we cannot blame him for lingering upon the scene. The charm consists, of course, in the strong contrast of nature with art, which is thus vividly brought to mind. We still look upon the same expanse of earth, but the arts of civilized man have altered all its features, and given a totally different expression to the view. Our extracts must be too short to present any fair idea of our author's scene-painting on a large scale ; but they may afford a hint of his power in this respect, and induce our readers to obtain the book, and judge for themselves. The following is taken from an elaborate picture of the peninsula of Boston as it was, when William Blackstone was its sole inhabitant.

> " A solitary figure sat upon the summit of Shawmut. He was a man of about thirty years of age, somewhat above the middle height, slender in form, with a pale, thoughtful face. He wore a confused, dark-colored, half canonical dress, with a gray, broad-leaved hat strung with shells, like an ancient palmer's, and slouched back from his pensive brow, around which his prematurely gray hair fell in heavy curls, far down upon his neck. He had a wallet at his side, a hammer in his girdle, and a long staff in his hand. The hermit of Shawmut looked out upon a scene of winning beauty. The promontory resembled rather two islands than a peninsula, although it was anchored to the continent by a long, slender thread of land, which seemed hardly to restrain it from floating out to join its sister islands, which were thickly strewn about the bay. The peak upon which the hermit sat was the highest of the three cliffs of the peninsula; upon the southeast, and very near him, rose another hill of lesser height and more rounded form, and upon the other side, and towards the north, a third craggy peak presented its bold and elevated front to the ocean. Thus the whole peninsula was made up of three lofty crags. It was from this triple conformation of the promontory of Shawmut, that was derived the appellation of Trimountain, or Tremont, which it soon afterwards received.
>
> " The vast conical shadows were projected eastwardly, as the hermit, with his back to the declining sun, looked out upon the sea.
>
> " The bay was spread out at his feet in a broad semicircle, with its extreme headlands vanishing in the hazy distance, while

beyond rolled the vast expanse of ocean, with no spot of habitable earth beyond those outermost barriers, and that far distant fatherland which the exile had left for ever. Not a solitary sail whitened those purple waves, and saving the wing of the sea-gull, which now and then flashed in the sunshine, or gleamed across the dimness of the eastern horizon, the solitude was at the moment unbroken by a single movement of animated nature. An intense and breathless silence enwrapped the scene with a vast and mystic veil. The bay presented a spectacle of great beauty. It was not that the outlines of the coast around it were broken into those jagged and cloud-like masses, that picturesque and startling scenery where precipitous crag, infinite abyss, and roaring surge unite to awaken stern and sublime emotions; on the contrary, the gentle loveliness of this transatlantic scene inspired a soothing melancholy, more congenial to the contemplative character of its solitary occupant. The bay, secluded within its forest-crowned hills, decorated with its necklace of emerald islands, with its dark blue waters gilded with the rays of the western sun, and its shadowy forests of unknown antiquity, expanding into infinite depths around, was an image of fresh and virgin beauty, a fitting type of a new world, unadorned by art, unploughed by industry, unscathed by war, wearing none of the thousand priceless jewels of civilization, and unpolluted by its thousand crimes, — springing, as it were, from the bosom of the ocean, cool, dripping, sparkling, and fresh from the hand of its Creator.

"On the left, as the pilgrim sat with his face to the east, the outlines of the coast were comparatively low, but broken into gentle and pleasing forms. Immediately at his feet lay a larger island, in extent nearly equal to the peninsula of Shawmut, covered with mighty forest-trees, and, at that day, untenanted by a human being, — although but a short time afterwards it became the residence of a distinguished pioneer. Outside this bulwark, a chain of thickly wooded islets stretched across from shore to shore, with but one or two narrow channels between, presenting a picturesque and effectual barrier to the boisterous storms of ocean. They seemed like naiads, those islets lifting above the billows their gentle heads, crowned with the budding garlands of the spring, and circling hand in hand, like protective deities, about the scene." — Vol. I. pp. 77 – 79.

There is another sketch, nearly as good, of the river Charles on a fine summer's day, as the solitary of Shawmut was paddling his canoe along its tranquil waters. But we prefer to borrow a description of the scene from which the novel takes its name.

"Merry-Mount — for by that cheerful title, most grating to the ears of the Plymouth people, was the place now designated — was as agreeable a place for an exile's residence as could have been found in the Bay. In the centre of a half moon, the two horns of which curved outward to the sea, forming a broad and sheltered basin, was a singularly shaped, long, elevated mound, rising some fifty feet above the level of the tide. It was a natural knoll of gravel, resembling in its uniformity an artificial embankment; and although fringed about its base and its sides by white pines and red cedars, it was in its centre entirely bare of wood, and presented a bold front to the sea, which was separated from it only by a narrow strip of marsh. Beyond this cliff, upon the right, as you looked from the hill towards the ocean, was the broad mouth of Wessaguscus river; upon the left, a slender creek wound its tortuous way, through a considerable extent of salt marsh, to the sea. Beyond the creek and the marsh, was a line of prettily indented coast, with the picturesque promontory of Squantum bending sharply towards the ocean, near which, on the landward side, was a large, wooded, island-like hammock, called Massachusetts, or the Arrow Head, the residence, previously to the plague, of Chickatabot, sagamore of the adjacent territory called the Massachusetts Fields. Many gently swelling hills rose, one upon the other, beyond, thickly crowned with white oak, hickory, and ash, whose gigantic, but still leafless, tracery was clearly defined upon the sombre background of the shadowy pine forests, which closed the view towards Shawmut, and completely shut out that peninsula.

"On the inland side, the eye was delighted with a soft and beautiful panorama. As the region had long been inhabited, at previous epochs, by the Indians, there were many open clearings; and the underbrush and thicket having been, according to their custom, constantly burned, the tall oaks and chestnuts grew everywhere in unencumbered magnificence, and decorated a sylvan scene, of rolling hills, wide expanses, and woody dells, more tranquil and less savage than could have been looked for in the wilderness. Seaward, from the Mount, the view was enchanting. Round islands, tufted with ancient trees, and looking like broken links from the chain of hills around, seemed to float far out upon the waves, till they were one beyond another lost in the blue distance; while a low, but beautifully broken, line of coast fringed the purple expanse of the surrounding ocean, and completed the wilderness picture, fresh from the hand of Nature.

"In a sheltered nook, at the base of the cliff, with the river on the right, an inlet from the Atlantic in front, and embowered with ancient oaks, stood a very large, rambling, picturesque house, built of the unbarked trunks of colossal trees, squared, and cemented together with clay. Adjacent was a large plot of garden ground, and scattered around, in pretty close proximity, were some twenty smaller log-huts, interspersed occasionally with rude Indian wigwams. A space of a dozen acres, including the Mount, was inclosed by a strong palisade, and upon the summit of the hill was a small fort, provided with a couple of murtherers, or demi-culverins.

"Such was Merry-Mount, and such the domain of Thomas Morton, suzerain of Merry-Mount, as he styled himself, and Master of Misrule as he was designated by the Plymouth people, to whom he was an abomination.

"It was late in the afternoon of a foggy and ungenial day. A noise of merriment within the 'Palace,' as Morton denominated his log-house, caused the ancient forest to ring again. In the principal apartment was spread a long and ample table. Upon the rude but capacious hearth blazed a mighty pile of hickory logs, crackling defiance to the rain and wind that were beating and howling without; while, for additional illumination, were huge torches of pitch-pine, stuck in pewter sconces, and emitting a shifting but brilliant flare, which lighted up the gathering twilight of the perverse April evening.

"At the head of his rude table, with pipe in mouth, and a vast tankard at his elbow, was seated the Lord of Merry-Mount." — Vol. I. pp. 40-42.

The story, as we have hinted, is not managed with much skill; but it has variety enough of incident and character, and is told with so much liveliness, that few will be inclined to lay it down before reaching the conclusion. The author has done well to denominate it a romance, for many of the scenes in it appear exaggerated and improbable, and most of the actors are wild and fantastic in their aspect and demeanour. The excuse, that most of these extravagances have the warrant of history in their favor, is not quite sufficient; the writer should have softened the improbabilities of the tale, instead of exaggerating them, as he has done. The annals of the first settlement of Massachusetts are a patchwork, and occasionally have something of a legendary character. Our forefathers were credulous, and they often heard mysterious sounds and saw strange sights. They believed in the immediate agency of the adversary who goeth about like a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour; and they honestly thought that all their worst foes, and most of those whom they regarded as pagans or unbelievers, were true children of the Devil. They lived in the skirts of vast and silent forests, in which lurked the hideously painted savages, now engaged in a frantic revel, and now performing abominable rites to false gods. Their situation and their religious faith alike tended to increase their feelings of wonder and awe, and to develope their imaginations. The history of the witchcraft delusion alone affords painful evidence of their liability to be grossly deceived ; the most incredible stories were then solemnly attested on oath by individuals who, under ordinary circumstances, would have shrunk with horror from the idea of perjury. The letters and journals of the Pilgrims were all deeply imbued with their peculiar feelings and modes of thought ; and these documents, collected and edited with pious care, give us all the knowledge that we have of the history of their times. For all public occurrences and general facts, they are entirely trustworthy. But the accounts given in them of certain individuals, — the Old Planters especially, — who were viewed with distrust or open hostility by the body of the Colonists, should be received with caution ; and the private narrations, marvellous stories, and other gossip of the day, which are chronicled in some of these papers, should be rejected without hesitation, if the balance of internal evidence is against them.

The character of Morton is evidently a favorite with our author, and is well brought out, though he seems out of place, considering the time and the scene, and the circle of grotesque personages by whom he is surrounded. He is represented as a scholar and a wit, a man of taste and a sportsman, a gay and reckless adventurer and reveller. His lively talk and incessant quotations from Horace smack more strongly of the dandy-scholar of the nineteenth century than of the boisterous and dissipated fortune-hunter on the wild shores of New England two hundred years ago. His vagabond retainers, Bootefish, Peter Cakebread, Rednape, and the Canary Bird are a disgusting set of brutes, such as never existed in any region on the earth, or in any limbo of a true poet's fantasy. To introduce such Trinculos and Calibans as the constant inmates of Morton, whom our author strives hard to make a gentleman of, though they may serve his purpose as foils to set off the forbidding aspect and resolute fanaticism of the Puritans, throws an air of outrageous improbability over the whole story. The Mayday revels at Merry-Mount, in which they are the chief performers, and which are described at considerable length and with some show of antiquarian learning, are altogether wearisome and improbable. The incongruities of the scene and the actors are so conspicuous, that they become positively offensive, and the illusion is entirely destroyed.

Among his numerous accomplishments, Morton is represented as an adept in the noble art of falconry. Training hawks and hunting with them in Massachusetts, in the year of our Lord 1630, was certainly a strange amusement; and we do not wonder that the party of grim-visaged Puritans, who came up before the sport was finished, and made prisoner of Morton, were much scandalized by it as a gross violation of the proprieties of time and place. Still, the hawking scene is described with much spirit, and if we could forget the circumstances that render it so improbable, it would present a favorable specimen of the writer's ability. We can afford room only for a portion of it; but this is a case in which Hesiod's rule applies, — that the half is often better than the whole.

> " They were standing at this moment upon that long, elevated knoll to which the name of Merry-Mount peculiarly belonged, and upon which the hands of its sovereign had erected, and the hands of Endicott demolished, the first May-pole ever elevated in Massachusetts. The scene around was still unchanged. The barren cliff, destitute of trees, was covered with a scanty herbage, and adorned with a few stunted golden-rods, a goodly store of mullens, and a profusion of the aromatic weed called everlasting, which loves the most gravelly and barren soil. From this elevated summit the eye wandered with delight, on that magnificent September morning, over the panorama of land and ocean, which glowed and sparkled in the bright sunshine and the invigorating breeze.
>
> " Morton, who had been caressing the beautiful falcon, which sat upon his fist, during his rambling conversation with Sir Christopher, now advanced a few yards into the wind. He then stopped, turned about, and suddenly unstriking her hood, tossed her into the air with an encouraging shout. The falcon expanded her strong wings with an impulse of delight, and rose directly over head, mounting in airy circles higher and still higher, till, diminished to a hardly perceptible point, she hung stationary for a moment in the blue depths above. Then, as if reconnoi-

tring the world below, and searching for a quarry, she sailed slowly along with gently flapping wings, until, apparently disappointed in her observations, she commenced again her spiral ascent till she was lost to view. Morton now whistled. The piercing note seemed to penetrate the arch above. There was a moment of suspense, during which nothing was visible in the sky, and Sir Christopher, who had been watching the falcon's motions with eager interest, shook his head suspiciously at Morton, as if to intimate that the haggard had borne away her bells, after all, and was not likely to obey her master's whistle. Morton answered the look with a confident smile, pointing upwards as he did so. At that moment the black point was again visible, at the next there was a rushing sound, and the hawk, falling through the air with closed wings, and with the speed of lightning, suddenly settled, as if by enchantment, upon her master's fist.

"'Bravely done, sweetheart!' said Morton, patting and fondling the obedient bird. 'I 'd trust thee with a thousand golden guineas, had I so much filthy lucre; and now to look for something to strike at. If a gaggle of geese would come by now, — for it is time they should begin to congregate hither on their journey southwards.

. . . . .

"Bootefish now advanced carefully, at a considerable distance in front of the others, holding a long pole in his hand. Gardiner held the goshawk's jesses loosely in his fingers, and held himself ready to unstrike her hood, as Morton designed that Ajax should fly at the game which was first started, in order to afford a lesson to the haggard.

"As had been rightly conjectured, Bootefish had not advanced very far, before he came suddenly upon a stray black duck, who happened to be feeding by himself in the plashy ground near the creek. The fowl rose screaming into the air, to the height of some dozen yards, and then flew in a straight line, and with great rapidity, almost directly over the heads of Morton and Gardiner. The knight, as quick as thought, jerked off the hood from the goshawk, and tossed her after her prey. The well-trained creature, her eyes flashing upon the quarry with unerring instinct, flew like lightning at her victim. Straight as an arrow flew the duck, with the velocity of the wind. With incredible swiftness the falcon pierced the air in his pursuit. Five minutes elapsed, and the pursuer and the pursued, flying in a perfectly straight line at the rate of a mile to the minute, had entirely disappeared from view. The sportsmen, using their long poles to assist them in leaping continually across the winding creek, in which exercise none was more adroit than Jaspar, followed as nearly as possible in the direction first taken by the duck, which was obliquely across the marshes, towards the sea. Morton paused at last, and shook his head. The duck had flown so low, so straight, and with such wonderful rapidity, that he deemed it almost impossible far the hawk to have overtaken him. As the party stood, however, breathless with their violent exercise, very near the margin of the sea, a black speck in the air became suddenly visible to the eagle eye of Gardiner, who pointed it out to his companions.

" 'You are right, by Jupiter, Sir Christo!' cried Morton, 'the quarry has doubled upon her pursuer, and has lost the advantage of his straight flight. Ten thousand pounds to a guinea, he is a dead duck in five minutes.'

As Morton spoke, the quarry flew again over their heads, at about double the height at which he had started upon his course, and with somewhat diminished rapidity. He had evidently become disconcerted and confused by his fears, and now flew wildly and with frequent windings. The falcon, steady and unrelenting as destiny, followed close upon him, gaining at every turn. It was now that the chase became keenly interesting. The quarry, flying swiftly still, but in irregular circlings, and hotly pursued by her enemy, was easily kept in sight by the active sportsmen, who dashed hither and thither, running and leaping in every direction taken by the game. The airy chase rapidly approached its termination. The unfortunate victim, distracted and despairing, flew with diminished vigor. Already the wings of her enemy seemed to overshadow him, when suddenly the falcon rose high into the air above his head, mounting in short and rapid circles.

" 'Mark now, Sir Christopher,' said Morton, looking with delight at the motions of his favorite, 'mark now how beautifully she is going to stoop.'

" The words had scarcely left his lips, when the peculiar, hurtling noise was heard, and the goshawk, falling through the air like a meteor, struck the quarry with her pounces, and despite its struggles, flew upwards, holding it aloft in triumph.

" 'Beautifully trussed, by Jupiter!' cried Morton, whistling loudly as he spoke.

" The obedient hawk descended to her master's call, and laid the palpitating body of her victim, whom she had beaten to death with her muscular pinions, directly at her master's feet. That done, she settled upon his fist again, shaking her silver bells, and turning her lustrous eye upon his, as if to read his approbation there." — Vol. II. pp. 159 - 163.

Our author's regard for the truth of history obliges him to bring this lively scene to a most lame and impotent conclusion, as far as the dignity of the chief sportsman is concerned. His captors lead him before Winthrop and the Council, by whom he is formally sentenced to be set in the stocks, and their decree is carried into effect.

There are other incidents and characters in the romance, which are described with equal spirit, and do not give so rude a shock to the reader's credulity. The valiant Captain Standish, small in stature, but peppery in temper, is hit off with considerable humor, though the portrait does scant justice to the nobler qualities of the man. A skirmish between the whites and Indians, in which Walford, the blacksmith of Mishawum, plays the chief part, is well described; though this personage has little or nothing to do with the main thread of the story, he is the most natural and probable character in the work. The others are either somewhat exaggerated and fantastic, or they are so feebly drawn as to leave no distinct impression on the mind. The writer certainly needs practice in elaborating the details of a consistent and interesting novel; but in many respects he is well qualified for the task, and we shall be glad to meet him again on the half-historical ground that he has chosen. His present work, certainly, is not a fair specimen of what he is able to accomplish, and its failure, or partial success, ought only to inspirit him for further effort.

ART. IX. — 1. *Handbuch der Staatswirthschaftlichen Statistik und Verwaltungskunde der Preussischen Monarchie.* Von DR. FRIEDRICH BENEDICT WEBER, Professor zu Breslau. Breslau. 1840. 8vo. pp. 835.

2. *Versuch einer Statistik des Preussischen Staates.* Von DR. TRAUGOTT GOTTHILF VOIGTEL, Oberbibliothekare und Professor der Geschichte an der Universität zu Halle. Halle. 1837. 8vo. pp. 274.

3. *Preussen's Staatsmänner.* Vier Lieferungen. Leipzig. 1841-42.

4. *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung.* März, April, Mai, 1848.

AMIDST the events that have agitated Europe during the past year, the revolution which occurred in Berlin on the

18th of March deserves particular notice. The commanding position which Prussia occupies as the great Protestant power of Continental Europe, the past history of that country to which Frederic the Great imparted so bright a lustre by his military genius, and, more than all, the rapid growth of a kingdom which, humble and recent as is its origin, has for the last half-century ranked among the most powerful states of Europe, all serve to give to the political commotions which agitate it an unusual degree of interest. There is, indeed, something so impressive in the sight of a great and powerful nation like the Prussian rising up against its rulers, and overthrowing in a few hours the whole political organization of the state, that it must engage our attention and awaken our sympathies, even at a time when revolutions, shaking and overturning mighty thrones, convulsing society to its centre, and arming brother against brother within the walls of a common city, have become every-day occurrences. And when we consider the peculiar characteristics of a nation, perhaps better educated than any other in Europe, a nation which has ever enjoyed the reputation of being sincerely attached to its sovereigns, and which was certainly never suspected of being animated by that daring and restless spirit which causes a people to embrace, for the sake of change, any schemes of reform, however wild or absurd they may be, we feel that our interest is not misplaced, for we know that such a nation would not raise the standard of rebellion, unless it were actuated by some powerful and just motive. The lamentable events which in February last changed the form of government in France — the only effect of which has been, as far as we are able to see, to discredit republicanism in Europe — may have given the signal for the outbreak in Berlin. When the news of another French revolution reached the capital of Prussia, it was not unnatural that the people should think the moment was favorable for them also to take up arms, and endeavour to obtain from the king some political guaranties. But it would be rating the Prussian nation far too low, to suppose that this foolish desire of imitating that revolution, the importance of which, owing to the poetical halo which Lamartine had succeeded in casting around it, was greatly magnified in the eye of the distant observer, alone actuated them. Nor would it be more just to attribute their glorious struggle to the machinations of those who profess the fantastic and absurd doctrines of communism or socialism, which we should view but with contempt, if they were not liable to produce so much mischief and crime. Such a party undoubtedly exists in Prussia, and has long wished to revolutionize the state, and to profit by disorder and anarchy in order to build up their own shattered fortunes. But this party alone did not make the Revolution of Berlin, and we must seek elsewhere for the cause of that mighty struggle, which, for a time, seemed to endanger the existence of royalty in Prussia.

In the history of all the monarchies of Europe, there are two great and inevitable contests which have already taken place, or are yet to come. The first is the struggle of royalty against the feudal system; the second is the struggle of the people against the unlimited power of the sovereign. It was the peculiar good fortune of France to experience, earlier than any other European state, the first of these revolutions. Louis XI. and Cardinal Richelieu — much as the duplicity of their conduct is repugnant to our moral feelings — did a great work for France. They labored to destroy the many sovereignties which divided the country, and to form one united nation under the yoke of a despot. The Revolution of 1789 accomplished the second change. The absolute power of the crown was broken down, and its authority limited.

It was not so in Germany. The first of these two crises is not to be found in her history till a much later period. The feudal system existed in that country down to the present century. The second struggle, upon which the German nations have but just entered, must also be accomplished. The recent revolutions at Berlin and Vienna have been but progressive steps in this inevitable course. This view of these events explains the difference in the feelings excited within us by the Revolutions of Paris and of Berlin. We cannot but consider the first as useless and criminal, — not so much a revolt against despotism, or a generous movement in favor of liberty, as one against order and in favor of the wildest anarchy. The second we regard as legitimate and just. Prussia has emerged from childhood. Prosperous in her commerce and industry, in science and literature at the head of all German nations, and alive to a sense of the importance of the part which she might be called upon to play in the future destinies of Germany, she could no longer bear to be held in the leading-strings of paternal despotism. She had been long enough deceived by her rulers; she no longer trusted in their promises, but relied on her own strength to assert her long-denied rights. This is not the place to prove that the Revolution of Paris was needless and wrong. Every impartial mind, even though at first seduced by the high-sounding promises of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and by the pompous eloquence of Lamartine, must by this time be convinced of the truth of this assertion. As to the second of our propositions, that the revolution which has transformed the military despotism of Prussia into a constitutional monarchy was legitimate, we think that a brief sketch of the history of that kingdom since the French Revolution of '89 will sufficiently prove it.

Frederic William III., the father of the present king of Prussia, ascended the throne in 1797, at a time when it required more than ordinary talents to wield the sceptre. The treasury was nearly bankrupt, owing to the folly and extravagance of the preceding king. The army, which under Frederic the Great had excited the admiration of Europe, had been completely disgraced by the profligacy of that monarch. Prussia had been dishonored by the humiliating treaty concluded with France, and, added to these causes of difficulty within the kingdom itself, the principles of the French Revolution were beginning to be disseminated throughout Europe. It was evident that the new king would be obliged either to resist the growing spirit of innovation, or to favor those reforms which the progress of the age demanded. Fortunately for Prussia, Frederic William, without being a man of superior talents, had the welfare of his subjects at heart, and was willing to surround himself with able and faithful counsellors. The first acts of his reign were calculated to render him popular. He abrogated the edicts which his father had promulgated on religious matters and the press. He sought, as much from taste as principle, to maintain the strictest neutrality in European politics, but became finally involved in the coalition of 1805 against France, a coalition which was dissolved by the battle of Austerlitz. He was obliged again to take up arms when Napoleon formed the Confederacy of the Rhine. It was his desire to establish a confederacy of the states of Northern Germany, as a counterpoise to the ambitious schemes of the French emperor in the

Southern states; but he could not accomplish this object. Without a single ally, then, Prussia was obliged to encounter France in 1806. The battle of Jena decided her fate.

It has been said by a German writer, that it was Frederic the Great who was defeated at Jena. There is much of philosophic truth in this remark. It was he who had given to Prussia a new system of laws, and opened in the kingdom innumerable sources of wealth and prosperity. It was he who, by humbling the pride of the house of Austria, had given her that ascendency which she has since enjoyed. But from the time of his death in 1786, every thing had remained unchanged. Not one step in advance had been taken during the reign of his imbecile successor, Frederic William II., and in 1806 the Prussian monarchy was almost exactly in the same condition as when Frederic the Great expired. The feudal system of privileged and distinct classes had been maintained. The greater part of the soil was in the hands of the aristocracy, who could neither divide nor sell their estates, nor leave them by will to a commoner. Neither could the noble become the owner of the landed property of a commoner, or of the farm of a peasant, nor could he exercise the trade of a commoner. At a time when the French Revolution was beginning to bear its fruits, and to inspire the rest of Europe with a desire for the reorganization of society on a more liberal and equitable basis, this antiquated system — in which the accident of birth exerted so fatal an influence on the whole life of a man — was still in force in Prussia. And it was these two powers, Prussia and France, — the one but a lifeless corpse, which had retained only the semblance of a form after the spirit of Frederic had abandoned it; the other full of youthful vigor, and inspired by those principles of independence and equality which had grown out of the Revolution — it was these two powers which met in the field of Jena.

Could the result of the contest be doubtful? Brought into contact with these new-creating principles, the old system crumbled into dust. Prussia fell, as many thought, never more to rise. The peace of Tilsit (1807) deprived her of all her provinces between the Elbe and the Rhine, as well as of her possessions in Poland, including in all about five millions of subjects. She was, moreover, obliged to pay 120,000,000 francs to the French government, and to support 11,000 French troops in the very heart of the kingdom. Might it not well have seemed, even to the wisest, that Prussia was for ever crushed ? It was not so, however ; and it is not a paradox to affirm, that nothing but so heavy a blow could have saved her from utter ruin. The defeat at Jena brought to light the defectiveness of the old organization of the Prussian monarchy. Until then, king and nobility had alike opposed all plans of reform. Experience taught them wisdom. Not quite a year had elapsed after that memorable battle, when the king called Baron Von Stein to preside over his ministry, and a new era was opened in Prussian history.

This distinguished man, to whom Prussia owes more than to any other individual, if we except Frederic the Great, had been, it is said, recommended to the king by Napoleon, who called him "*un homme d'esprit.*" Stein was something more, and Napoleon himself soon discovered it. He determined to reform his country, to raise her from her humbled condition, and to enable her, when the moment should arrive, to free herself from the yoke of foreign dominion. The principles on which he proposed to found his reforms may thus be summed up : — " What the state loses in extent must be regained in intensity of power. That which is old has perished ; every thing must be created anew, if Prussia is ever to resume her importance among the nations of Europe. In what remains of the former larger state there are hostile elements. These must be got rid of, in order to make room for a united whole. The different classes are at variance with each other, on account of the favor which the one has always enjoyed, and of which the others did not partake. Union gives strength. Equal rights to all members of the state, no order being more favored than another, must be introduced, if union is desired. Each citizen must have the same duties towards the state. Each must be personally free, and obey only one master, the king, with his code of laws in his hand. And in order that duties and rights may be equal, and that the former be not oppressive for any one, there must be a national representation, by means of which better laws may be made. Every man must be allowed to exercise freely his powers, and to follow his own tastes and judgment, so long as he does not pass the limits prescribed by religion, morality, and the laws of the land. All landed property must be accessible to every one wishing to acquire it; acquisition and possession must be facilitated by suitable laws. The administration of communities by government officers, or by single privileged individuals, is a dangerous practice, which precludes all unity of feeling, and which must be remedied. No one in the state, whether a corporation or an individual, should be judge in his own cause. The judiciary must therefore be separated from the executive. All must be governed by the same laws; consequently, there must be but one judicial authority, whose verdicts shall reach alike the highest and the lowest. Every one, except the criminal who tramples religion, morality, and the law under foot, must enjoy his liberty. The servant, too, must be free; the contract which binds him to his chosen master must not deprive him of his civil liberty. Master and servant must be protected by the same law. Mental cultivation elevates a people, and the higher it is carried, the higher will be their place in the confederacy of civilized nations. Education is the condition of all progress in order, power, and prosperity. The state must demand this education."

No sooner had Stein accepted the difficult post which had been intrusted to him, than he devoted all the energies of his superior intellect to the execution of the reforms of which we have given the outline. He remained, however, but one year in the cabinet, and could not, of course, carry out all his plans in that time. What he did, however, was enough to entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his country. By the edict of October 9th, 1807, all Prussian subjects were allowed to acquire and hold property of any description whatsoever. By this measure, the hereditary subjection of the peasantry to the proprietors of the estates on which they were born was suspended. Another edict removed the absurd restrictions which had until then fettered the proprietor, not only in the disposal, but even in the cultivation, of his land. These two edicts paved the way for the entire emancipation of the Prussian people.

Another most important measure of Von Stein's administration was the edict reforming the municipal organization of the cities. This edict, known under the name of the *Städte Ordnung*, was intended to give the citizens a more direct influence on all affairs relating to their community. Frederic William I. had taken from the cities almost all their privileges. It was the object of his narrow and despotic policy to bring every thing, as much as possible, under the direct influence of the central government. All municipal magistracies were therefore confided to government officers. It was to do away with the evils resulting from such a system that the edict just mentioned was promulgated. Its object was to awaken a public spirit. The citizen was not only to take care of his own property, but to have a share in the interests of his community. The wisdom of such a measure will be readily understood. By granting to the middle classes a share in the local administration of the cities in which they resided, a stronger attachment was awakened in them for their common country. Patriotism is always developed in proportion as a nation is admitted to take a part in the administration of its own affairs. Loyalty may exist under the sway of a despotic ruler ; but we cannot conceive of patriotism without liberty.

In thus breaking down the old feudal system, and granting to the cities a more liberal organization, as indeed in all the other reforms of the minister, his object was twofold. He wished, in the first place, to prepare the nation for that struggle with France which he felt must sooner or later decide the destinies of Prussia and Germany. He understood that a nation in which the larger proportion of the inhabitants have no interest at stake, but follow blindly the dictates of a privileged class, was incapable of resisting the invasion of a nation like the French, in which the most perfect equality reigned, notwithstanding the despotism of its chief. It was not by mere brute force that a French army could be opposed. To conquer it, it became necessary to borrow somewhat from the principles by which it was animated. It was in consequence of this conviction, that Von Stein, notwithstanding his patriotic hatred for every thing French, followed the French Revolution as his model in many of his proposed reforms. But he had another object in view. He desired to increase the power and influence of Prussia in the conduct of the affairs of Germany. He himself has said, — " My desire to see Prussia prosper did not proceed from a blind attachment to that country, but also from the conviction, that the divisions of Germany weaken her, destroy her national honor and feeling, and render her incapable of any good government. German princes should remember that the independence of Germany depends on the moral and physical force of Prussia." It was his hope, that, by giving liberal institutions to Prussia, she might become the central point round which would be collected the different nationalities of Germany.

The measures of which we have spoken were but the first of the long series of reforms which Von Stein proposed to make in the institutions of his country. Unfortunately for Prussia, he was not permitted to accomplish the work which he had so nobly commenced. In November, 1808, Napoleon, having learned that Von Stein had formed schemes for the deliverance of Germany from his dominion, forced the king of Prussia to dismiss him from the public service. Previously to leaving the cabinet, he communicated to the administration a paper in which his views as to the government of the state were boldly and clearly set forth. Although he signed this document, he did not himself draw it up. To Schön, another Prussian statesman and patriot, belongs the honor of composing this valuable scheme, known as the political testament of Von Stein. Had the views set forth in this document, which maintained that a general national representation was indispensable in order that the sovereign might become acquainted with the wants of the people, been carried out, it is difficult to say how much bloodshed and how many storms Prussia might have escaped.

On Hardenberg fell the difficult task of succeeding to Von Stein. Three departments of the administration were intrusted at once to this statesman, — that of Foreign Affairs, of the Interior, and of Finance. The work to be done in each was immense, and would have intimidated a less consummate statesman than Hardenberg. His first care, on taking the reins of government into his hands, was to provide for the payment of the sum stipulated by the treaty of Tilsit. Prussia had suffered so much, and had been so impoverished by the war, that it was a subject of serious discussion, whether the province of Silesia should not be ceded to France in payment of the debt. Hardenberg was not the man to accede to so humiliating a proposition. He effected a loan in Holland, which enabled him to avert the danger with which the non-payment of the French claim would have threatened his country; and he then devoted himself to the continuation of the reform commenced by his predecessor. In his external policy, he sought for an alliance with England. In his internal reforms, France was his model, as it had been that of Von Stein. It was his wish to attain in Prussia, by peaceful means, that which in France had been the result of a stormy and bloody revolution. In the following words he has himself well expressed his intentions: — "My system rests on this basis, that each member of the state shall be free to develope and exercise his powers without hindrance from the arbitrary will of another; that justice shall be administered with impartiality; that merit, in whatever rank it is found, shall be rewarded; and that education, true piety, and appropriate institutions shall create in our country *one* interest and *one* spirit, upon which to found our prosperity and our security."

The several edicts published during Hardenberg's administration were of the utmost importance. The exemption of the aristocracy from taxation was suspended. All the old corporations of trades were abolished, and the trades opened alike to all Prussian subjects. This measure, which was one of the most effectual means of breaking up the old forms of society, met with considerable opposition, not only on the part of those privileged families which had belonged to these corporations, but also of those philanthropists and political economists who censured it on account of the increase of misery and vice which it was, in their estimation, likely to produce amongst the working classes. The number of unskilful master-workmen, said they, would augment, whilst that of the subordinate workmen would be proportionally diminished, owing to the desire which every artisan would experience to exercise his trade on his own account. Moreover, the increase of workmen and tradesmen would be entirely out of proportion to the general increase of the population. Experience has proved these views to have been erroneous. Statistical returns show that, with the exception of a few trades, as those of butcher, tailor, shoemaker, baker, book-binder, carpenter, &c., the number of tradesmen, although considerably increased, has not been so disproportionably to the increase of the general population; and that the number of persons engaged in such trades as those of the furrier, leatherdresser, tanner, glazier, &c., has diminished. It is also shown, that the number of workmen compared with that of masters has not diminished, but in many cases increased; and also that, far from being less skilfully trained than under the old organization of the trades, the improvement in labor and workmanship, as a general thing, has been quite marked. To every impartial judge, it must, we think, appear that the measure of Hardenberg was wise and politic. By opening trade indiscriminately to all Prussian subjects, competition, without which trade must always languish, was excited, and industry was gradually brought to its present flourishing condition.

What had been done for trade was also accomplished for agriculture. It was freed from the shackles which had, until then, prevented its development. By the law of September 14, 1811, the peasantry first acquired the right of becoming hereditary possessors of the soil. Their labor was no longer to profit their masters only; they could now work for themselves and their families. The good effects of this measure were soon felt. In the hands of a peasantry enjoying the right of possession and transmission, agriculture improved immensely. Not only was more land cultivated than had previously been the case, but now that it was cultivated by those who were to reap the harvests, every means was taken to make it yield all that nature had intended it should. There was much opposition to the promulgation of this edict. In the then ruined condition of the country, when the larger portion of the estates of the aristocracy were burdened with debts, to deprive the owners of the rents which they received from their peasant-tenants was in fact to deprive them of their estates. Many of these estates were sold, and frequently purchased by rich capitalists, whose wealth had been acquired in trade.

Such sweeping measures, causing so much of the landed property to pass into new hands, might seem unjust, if we did not consider the peculiar circumstances under which they had been adopted. Hardenberg felt the absolute necessity of improving the condition of the finances, and he saw no other means but those which he used to attain his object. In viewing the law which thus deprived so many of the old proprietors of their estates in order to create a new class of landholders, we should also bear in mind, that all Hardenberg's measures were taken with a view of preparing his country for that constitution which he, as well as Von Stein, desired to give to Prussia, and which she has only just acquired by means of a bloody conflict. The new class of proprietors formed by the legislation of September, 1811, was destined to gain every day in wealth, influence, and power; and Hardenberg could not but have seen, that it would soon be ready to claim its share in the government of the country. Had it not been the intention of the minister ultimately to grant a national representation, he surely would not have created so powerful a force in the very heart of the state. He was too profound a statesman not to foresee, that the day was not far distant, when not even a military power could resist the progress of the middle classes, and maintain a despotic form of government in Prussia.

While Hardenberg was carrying out his reforms in the civil organization of the state, Dohna, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Grolman were, as one may say, creating a new army. The army which had been defeated at Jena was constituted according to the principles of the old system, which Stein and Hardenberg so strenuously labored to break down. A nobleman alone could attain the rank of an officer, — doubtless in virtue of the remark of Frederic the Great, that a nobleman alone can know what honor is. The common soldier, excluded from all prospect of advancement, was a degraded being, over whom his superiors exercised the most cruel tyranny, whilst the peasant and the citizen feared him as one to whom life and honor were alike indifferent. Many foreigners were enlisted in the army. Flogging was used as a means of retaining them in the service, and of urging them on to battle. All this the distinguished military men whom we have named determined to reform. The barriers which prevented the common soldier from rising by his valor and his industry to the highest rank in the army were taken down. In a word, the army was thoroughly reorganized. The energy which was displayed in this work laid the foundations of that military system which was recently admired throughout Europe for its superior arrangement.

Not too soon had Prussia's statesmen commenced the difficult work of reform. Before they could complete their task as they desired, they were obliged to prepare for war. Napoleon had been defeated in Russia, and the French army was fast approaching the Prussian frontier. The government sought to gain as much time as possible ; but when war could no longer be avoided, the king — although reluctantly, such was his desire for peace — retired to Breslau, where he signed the treaty of alliance with Russia, and issued the famous proclamation, calling upon his people to struggle against the dominion of France, and to free Germany for ever from Napoleon's despotic sway. The long expected war broke out. Prussia, new-created since the battle of Jena, displayed in this war an energy surprising indeed, when we reflect on the short time which had been allowed her for preparation. The army, no longer resting its strength on slavish discipline alone, but animated by patriotism, and the desire not only of freeing Prussia from foreign dominion, but of securing liberal institutions, proved itself invincible. The French were expelled from the country. History has seldom recorded a more remarkable struggle, or a more glorious victory.

But neither has history often recorded so cruel a deception as that which awaited those who had not hesitated to risk their lives for their king and country. The people had hoped to obtain their liberty by this war, which, in their enthusiasm, they called "the holy war." Holy, indeed, would it have been, had Prussia's monarch not deceived his subjects in order to induce them to take up arms. When we look back to the period of Prussia's struggle for her liberties, and then call to mind the long series of disappointments which followed, only closed by the bloody revolution which has, let us hope, insured to her for ever the precious blessing of liberty, we are forcibly reminded of the mournful and prophetic words written by the patriot Arndt in 1813: — "All will have been in vain, — so much blood, so much labor, will have been expended in vain, — if our rulers, in whose hands are our destinies, do not rise to a pure faith in God and the people. If they still continue to seek only the gratification of their petty ambition, the age will be convulsed by the most dreadful revolutions, and not until long after the earth has closed over our remains will a new world arise."

When the war was over, the government, instead of fulfilling promises already made, continued to flatter the nation by holding out to them the most cheering hopes. On the 22d of May, 1815, the celebrated decree promising a constitutional form of government to Prussia was issued. This decree has been of such great importance in the subsequent history of Prussia, that we give it entire.

"The history of Prussia shows, indeed, that the beneficial condition of civil liberty, and the continuance of a just government founded on order, have hitherto found as much security in the qualities of the rulers, and in the harmony which exists between them and the people, as is compatible with the imperfection of human institutions. But wishing to consolidate them still more, and to give the Prussian nation a pledge of our confidence, and to posterity those principles upon which our predecessors and ourselves have carried on the government of our kingdom with true solicitude for the welfare of our people, in the form of a written document, as a Constitution for the Prussian state, we have decided as follows: —

"1. The people shall be represented.

"2. For this purpose, the provincial assemblies, wherever they still exist, shall be constituted anew, and conformed to the necessities of the times; and where none at present exist, they shall be introduced.

"3. The representatives of the country shall be chosen from the provincial assemblies, and shall sit in Berlin.

"4. The authority of the representative body is limited to giving counsel on all subjects of legislation which regard the personal rights of the subjects and their rights of property, including taxation.

"5. A committee shall be appointed, to meet in the capital without loss of time, consisting of inhabitants of the provinces and enlightened officers of the state.

"6. This committee shall occupy itself with the organization of the provincial assemblies and of the representation, as well as with the drawing up of the constitution upon the principles now established.

"7. The committee shall meet on the 1st of September of this year."

The expectations which this decree raised in the public mind may easily be imagined. In the Rhenish provinces, especially, the excitement produced by its promulgation was intense. It is difficult to say whether the government had not counted on so strong a display of feeling in connection with this subject, or whether it was from a sincere desire to forward the real interests of the nation, that two years were suffered to pass without this decree being acted upon. It was not until 1817 that a committee for the formation of the constitution was appointed. For a few months, this committee worked hard at the task confided to them; but the king having undertaken a journey in the Rhenish provinces, their labors were suddenly interrupted. During the king's sojourn in the western portion of his dominions, a number of petitions and addresses were presented to him, in which he was reminded in the most direct manner of his promises. He hastily quitted the provinces, and returned to Berlin, fully convinced by what he had seen, that the nation considered a constitution as a thing of far too much importance to make it safe for the government to grant one. Had his subjects, like good and docile children, patiently waited until it should please their royal father to fulfil his promises, they would no doubt sooner have obtained their wished-for constitution.

By returning to Berlin, the king had hoped to escape the complaints and reproaches of his subjects. He was mistaken, however; for he had hardly reached his capital, when an address, drawn up at Coblentz on the 12th of January, 1818, by Görres, the celebrated leader of the radical party in the Rhenish provinces, was transmitted to him. It served but to confirm the unfavorable impression which his tour on the Rhine had made on his mind; and a cabinet order was immediately published, declaring, "that neither in the edict of May 22d, 1815, nor in Article 13 of the Act of the Confederation, is there any time fixed for carrying the constitution into execution; that all times were not alike favorable for the introduction of change in the state; that whoever reminds the sovereign of the land of a promise given on his own free decision evinces criminal doubts as to the inviolability of his word, and forestalls his opinion as to the proper time for the introduction of the constitution, which opinion must be as free as the first decision was; and finally, that the king would fix the time when the promise of a constitution should be fulfilled, and would not suffer himself to be hurried by untimely representations."

How the hopes and expectations of the nation must have fallen, on perusing this singular document! This was, however, but the first step in that series of retrograde measures which signalized the latter part of Frederic William's reign. The constitution was no longer thought of, and only at distant intervals was it alluded to by some ardent and patriotic spirit, who was soon silenced. The only act which seemed at all in harmony with the liberal promises of the government was the establishment of provincial diets, which, however, never proved very dangerous to the general government.

But if the king did nothing towards giving his subjects a larger share in the management of public affairs, he continued to rule them with moderation and justice, and to develope such of the institutions of the country as he thought admitted of reform without endangering the royal prerogative. To the subject of education he gave much attention. As early as 1809, in the midst of the dangers which then menaced Prussia, he had founded the University of Berlin. In 1818, he established that of Bonn, and gave to those which already existed a new importance, by organizing them on a broader and more liberal basis. There now exist in Prussia six universities, those of Greifswalde, Königsberg, Halle, Berlin, Breslau, and Bonn. The condition of the public schools was also greatly improved. We need not dwell upon the important changes effected in them ; the Prussian school system has now for many years been a model for imitation both in Europe and America. Other improvements were undertaken during the reign of Frederic William III. ; roads were constructed, canals opened, public buildings erected. Even during the calamitous period which followed the defeat of Jena, a million and a half of thalers were expended on public works.

But of all the events of this important reign, none, perhaps, is of greater interest than the formation of the German Customs-Union (*Zoll-Verein*). It had been agreed at the Congress of Vienna, that the commercial intercourse between the different states of the German Confederation should become the subject of debate at the first meeting of the Diet at Frankfort. But fourteen annual meetings of the Diet at that place had been held without any decisive step being taken in regard to this important subject ; and the Prussian government finally determined to open direct negotiations with the other states of the Confederation, in order to regulate their commercial intercourse. It is not strange that Prussia should have felt a deep interest in this matter. As arranged by the treaties of 1815, it is well known that the Prussian monarchy presents in its geographical configuration two great masses of territory, of unequal extent, and entirely separated from each other. The shortest distance between these two distinct portions of the kingdom is seven and three fourths German geographical miles.* The number of petty states which intervene, each of which possessed its own custom-house barriers, was a serious obstacle to the development of Prussian commerce. A treaty was therefore concluded, in 1828, by the Prussian government with Hesse-Cassel and Hesse-Darmstadt, by which the custom-house barriers between these states were broken down. In 1833, other treaties were concluded, by which Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony united with the league. Since then, some other states have joined, and the Zoll-Verein now comprises more than 29,000,000 of people.* We cannot, without transgressing our limits, enter into any details on this interesting subject. The objects for which the league was formed, moreover, — the securing of a free commercial intercourse between its several members, the establishment of uniform duties, the division of the net produce of the duties among the different members in proportion to their population, — are well known. It was, as we have said, of the greatest importance to Prussia, not only in a commercial point of view, but as a means of acquiring a political ascendency over the smaller states of the league. It might be supposed that to Prussian custom-house regulations, which had already been adopted, would succeed the Prussian monetary system, Prussian post-offices, roads, weights, and measures. Austria has steadfastly refused to join the league ; and it has, we believe, been generally understood, that she would not have viewed with so tranquil an eye the peaceful aggrandizement of her rival, if she had not received assurances from the Prussian government, that she would be allowed to assert an undisputed supremacy in Italy. Of course, in the present condition of Europe, when nations seem to have taken their affairs into their own hands, these assurances have but little value ; and we merely allude to them as accounting for Austria's apparent apathy in presence of Prussia's increasing power and influence.

---

* 21.72 German geographical miles are equivalent to 100 English miles.

By such enlightened measures for the internal and external improvement of the kingdom, the government of Frederic William III. earned the well-deserved reputation of having zealously espoused the interests of the nation. In the midst of the prosperity which reigned around them, the people for a time forgot that their legitimate demands for a larger share in the government of the country had not been granted. The effects of the Paris Revolution of 1830 were, it is true, felt in Germany; but the partial insurrections to which the excitement of the popular mind gave rise were soon put down by the governments against which they were directed, and Germany once more subsided into that quiescent state for which she has become proverbial, and from which she has but just been aroused.

---

* In 1847, the number of persons included in the Customs-Union was 29,393,372. The gross receipts for that year were 26,927,727 thalers.

The latter years of the reign of Frederic William glided away tranquilly. The intellectual activity which the people could not bestow on political questions found ample room for development in matters purely literary and scientific. Prussia was gradually absorbing within herself most of the literature and science of Germany. The press, fettered as it was with regard to political discussion, continued to be the medium through which the results of the deep research and learning of her literary men were disseminated throughout the country. Ages and countries in which political liberty has been most fully attained are not always those in which intellectual culture has reached its highest development; and we would even ask whether to the want of that liberty in Germany may not be ascribed that extraordinary development of her literature and science to which there is no parallel in any other country in the same space of time. Her whole modern literature may be comprised in a period of about one hundred years; yet what treasures of learning, thought, and imagination are there to be found! Far be it from us to wish to justify the sovereigns of Germany in denying to their subjects a due share in the management of the affairs of the state. We merely question whether, if her young men had been all engaged in dabbling in politics, in forming parties, or in the pursuit of empty political honors, her literature would have flourished as it has. We doubt it.

After a long and agitated reign, Frederic William III. died at Berlin, on the 7th of June, 1840. A few days after his death, his political testament, which he had drawn up in 1827, was published. The conclusion of this document is so characteristic of his policy, that we give a translation of it.

"On you, my dear Fritz, will repose all the burden of the affairs of government, with the whole weight of their responsibility. For the discharge of them, you will be better prepared than most hereditary princes are by the position in which I have placed you. It remains now for you to fulfil my just hopes, and the expectations of the country; at least, for you to strive to do so. Your principles and sentiments are a security to me that you will be a father to your subjects. Guard, nevertheless, against the desire for innovation so generally spread around you. Guard also against impracticable theories, but at the same time against too exaggerated a taste for old usages; the one is as pernicious as the other, and beneficial improvements can be attained only by avoiding these two evils. The army is in a flourishing condition. It has fulfilled my expectations, both in peace and in war, since its reorganization. May it continually bear in view its important duties! Do not neglect, so far as in your power, to promote unity among the European powers; but above all, may Prussia, Russia, and Austria never separate from each other. Their union may be regarded as the key-stone of the European alliance."

We shall not pause to say much of the character of Frederic William's government. We trust that it is sufficiently illustrated by the brief outline of his reign which we have endeavoured to present to our readers. That, under his administration, much was done for the Prussian monarchy, no one will deny. But the impartial historian, whilst he praises the monarch who encouraged the reforms of a Von Stein and a Hardenberg, will not forget that the same monarch was unmindful of the promises made to his people at a period of the utmost danger to Prussia. Naturally humane and just, his bigotry and his blind attachment to that absolute authority which he had inherited with the throne of his fathers often led him to the most arbitrary and even despotic acts, and to give his consent to the measures adopted by his powerful allies, Russia and Austria, to crush all attempts at reform. To resist the power of Napoleon, he did not, as we have seen, scruple to allure his subjects by the most seductive promises, and thus to induce them to leave their tranquil homes and to struggle for the freedom of their country; and yet, but a few years after the French had been expelled from Germany, a preacher at Berlin, and under his very eye, could assert from the pulpit, without fear of being contradicted, that the war of 1813-15 had been erroneously called a war of liberation, for the object of that war had not been to insure liberty to Germany, but merely to restore to her rulers the unlimited sovereignty of which Napoleon had for a time deprived them. Well might Byron say, —

> "Gaul may champ the bit
> And foam in fetters! But is earth more free?
> Did nations combat to make one submit,
> Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?"

Thus faithless in politics, Frederic William III. asserted in religious matters the most complete despotism over his people. The will of the sovereign became the rule of conduct for the subject. That which should be the sacred tie between man and his Maker degenerated into a mere official relation between the king and the nation. In 1817, he had by a royal decree expressed the desire, that the Evangelical Lutherans and the Evangelical Reformers should unite in one church, of which he should be the head, and which should bear the name of Christian Evangelical Church (*Christliche Evangelische Kirche*). The people quietly submitted, and although, since 1830, there have been frequent attempts on the part of the old Lutheran party to reconquer their former independence, and to form separate churches, these efforts have for the most part proved ineffectual, in consequence of the many and vexatious obstacles thrown in their way by the government. The king, however, in pursuance of his plan of bringing all his subjects to his own narrow views of religion, persecuted not only those of his people who, although Protestants, professed a different creed from his own, but also those Catholics who form so large a proportion of the population in some of the provinces of the kingdom. The long and heated debates between the government and the Archbishop of Cologne in 1837, during which that prelate was imprisoned in the fortress of Minden, place the king in the not very enviable light of being probably the first sovereign in Europe, since Louis XIV., who persecuted alike his subjects of both the great Christian sects.

Notwithstanding these faults, which will leave an indelible stain on his reign, Frederic William III. had done much to entitle him to the gratitude of his people, and when he died, the kingdom was in a far better condition than when he ascended the throne. Never before, indeed, had Prussia been so flourishing. The finances, although the receipts were not very great, — the whole amount in 1840 being 52,680,000 thalers, of which upwards of 24,000,000 were expended for the army, — were in perfect order, and amply sufficed for the expenses of the government. The sources of revenue in Prussia are taxation, government monopolies, and some particular establishments, such as the state lottery, the bank, &c. The most important of the indirect taxes are those on imports, exports, and the transit of goods, and the stamp tax. Previous to the formation of the Zoll-Verein, the first mentioned of these taxes was levied yearly, according to a tariff which was revised by the government every three years. Of course, since the commercial union between Prussia and many of the German states has been established, the common tariff adopted by them can be modified only with the consent of all the parties concerned. The only government monopolies now existing in Prussia are the salt tax and the monopoly of playing-cards.

The happy condition of the finances, the improvements which had taken place in the kingdom, the situation of Europe, which had enjoyed so long a peace, but, more than all, the high estimation in which the character of the new king was held, gave rise to the liveliest hopes on his accession to the throne. As prince royal, Frederic William IV. had the reputation of being one of the most intelligent and highly educated princes in Europe. From an early age, he had been surrounded by the most distinguished men in literature, science, and art. Ancillon, Niebuhr, Schinkel, Ranke, and many others hardly less distinguished, had contributed to the education of the young prince. Full of wit and humor, as well as of imagination and fancy, — attached to the past, and yet ever dreaming of some bright future, this prince, by his kindly bearing to all who were deserving, and by his equitable character, had acquired an unusual share of popularity. Had he lived and died as prince royal, his memory would have been cherished like that of the Duke of Orléans in France. It was his misfortune to be called to a throne. As prince royal, all the amiable traits of his character, all the qualities of his mind, had full scope for development. He could charm a circle of friends by his brilliant and eloquent conversation, he could give full scope to his vivid imagination, and strike out new and daring schemes of reform and improvement. He could do so without danger either to himself or to the people ; but as king, and with the power to will every whim or caprice which his head had conceived, the case was widely different, and since his accession to the throne, he has fully exemplified the line of the French poet : —

> " Tel brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier."

We do not question his honesty or sincerity. During the eight years which have elapsed since he came to the throne, he has sought to promote the welfare and happiness of his people. He has devoted himself with uncommon energy to the study of their wants. He has labored hard, and passed nights in earnest discussion with his friends and counsellors. Whatever he has been able to do himself he has not left to others to do. And yet, notwithstanding all this, his power has been broken down and his pride humbled, like that of the most miserable despot. It has only been by means of a bloody revolution that his subjects have obtained from him those political institutions which they have so long desired, and which they so confidently anticipated that he would grant them on his accession to the throne. If we seek, however, to account for this apparent contradiction, the explanation will be simple. In his views on the subject of the government of Prussia, the king has been altogether mistaken. Instead of entering into the spirit of his age, and favoring the development of democracy, — and by this word we mean nothing more than what it really implies, popular government, — he has constantly kept his eyes fixed on the past, and sought there for the ideal which he might realize in his dominions. He has not understood that, in our day, a sovereign, unless he imitate the despotic policy of the Czar of Russia, is but the representative of the will of the nation over which he rules, the delegate to whom they have intrusted their interests, without renouncing the supervision which every employer has over the person he employs. Instead of this, he fancied that the tie between sovereign and people is one of absolute authority on the one hand, and of blind and passive submission on the other. In his eyes, the extension of popular institutions, and respect paid to the will of the nation in the administration of public affairs, are not the natural results of an improved civilization, but favors which a sovereign may at his pleasure grant to his subjects, as a father would grant a toy to his children.

Prussia was ripe for free institutions in 1840, and a finer opportunity for giving to the world a memorable example of wisdom and moderation could not have been found than that which then offered itself to the king. Europe had enjoyed peace for a quarter of a century, when, owing to the overbearing attitude of the British cabinet, and the imprudence of M. Thiers, then at the head of the French administration, she was on the very eve of being involved in a calamitous war. The motive for such a war was but slight, and had the long, but ill-disguised, rivalry between the powers of Europe not predisposed them to embrace the most paltry pretexts for taking up arms, the affairs of the East would not have excited so deep an interest. The existence or non-existence of a power like that of Mehemet Ali — founded, as M. de Lamartine so well expressed it in the Chamber of Deputies, on no more solid basis than the sands of the desert — would hardly have induced the powers of Europe to go to war. As it was, however, the danger of a general conflagration was imminent. Would it not, then, have been both wise and natural for the Prussian government to allow its subjects to enjoy the freedom for which they had been gradually fitting themselves, and thus to prepare them for the war which then seemed almost inevitable? Twenty-five years had not been, as we have seen, lost upon Prussia. The people had acquired political information and a taste for public affairs. They were ready to take a share in the government. Would it not, then, we repeat, have been the part of wisdom to encourage this growing spirit, to favor its development, and not to endeavour to crush it, but only to confine it in its proper channels? Instead of doing so, the government simply took advantage of the impending alarm of war to flatter Prussia's national pride, — that dangerous pillow on which so many nations have been lulled to sleep, — by reminding her of the noble deeds which had been performed in the war of 1813.

The danger of war passed away, and the condition of Prussia remained unchanged. And yet the enthusiasm displayed at Berlin on the 15th of October, 1840, would have led one to suppose that Prussia was entering on a new era of progress and of liberty. That day had been fixed for the ceremony of the homage (*Huldigung*) to the king, a performance which in Prussia takes the place of a coronation. Thousands had assembled on the public square in front of the palace, in order to see and hear the king, who was to address them from a stage erected for the purpose. As soon as he appeared, surrounded by his family and the great functionaries of the state, the air was filled with the most rapturous applause. After the oath of allegiance had been solemnly tendered by the orders assembled around the monarch, the king rose from his throne, and addressed the crowd in the following apparently extemporaneous speech : —

" In this solemn moment of the homage of my German subjects, I appeal to God that he may fortify by his all-powerful sanction the oath which has just been pronounced, and that which you are about to hear. I swear to govern in the fear of God and the love of mankind, with open eyes when the exigencies of my people and of my times shall demand it, but with closed eyes whenever justice will admit of it. I will, so far as in my power, maintain peace, and with all my strength support the noble endeavours of the great powers who, for a quarter of a century, have been the sentinels of the peace of Europe. I will, above all, seek to maintain our country in that position to which Providence, by an unexampled series of events, has raised her and made her the bulwark of Germany's safety and rights. I will in all things strive so to reign, that my country may recognize in me the true son of a father and mother who can never be forgotten, but whose memory will endure as a blessing for ages to come.

" But the ways of kings are full of tears, and worthy of compassion, when the hearts and the spirit of their people do not come to their aid. Therefore, in the enthusiasm of my love for my noble country, and for my subjects born to arms, liberty, and obedience, I address to you one question in this all-important hour. Answer me, if you can, in your own name, and in the name of those who have sent you here. Nobles, citizens, and peasants, and all of you who can hear my voice, I ask you, if, in spirit and in heart, with word and with deed, with the sacred fidelity of Germans, and with the still more sacred love of Christians, you will aid me in my endeavours to maintain Prussia as it is, and as it must remain, if it is not to perish for ever ? Will you aid me to develope those qualities by which Prussia, with only fourteen millions of inhabitants, has placed herself on a footing with the great powers of Europe, — honor, fidelity, striving after knowledge, right, truth, and progress, thus combining at once the wisdom of age with the heroic courage of youth ? Will you stand by me in this work, during days of prosperity and adversity ? O, then, answer me with that pure and solemn sound of our mother-tongue, — answer me with the word ' Yes ! ' "

At this point of the king's speech, the enthusiasm of the crowd reached the utmost pitch. Every voice gave assent to his demand.

" This day," continued he, " is one of the deepest interest to Prussia and to the world. But your answer was for me ; it is my property; I shall not give it up. It binds us in mutual love and fidelity. It gives strength, courage, and confidence. I shall never forget it, not even at my dying hour. So help me God, I will maintain my oath of this day, and in witness thereof I lift my right hand to Heaven. It is now for you to accomplish the festivities of the day. May the blessing of God rest upon this hour!"

This scene, to which we know of no parallel in recent times, must, indeed, have been one of deep interest to those who had the good fortune to witness it. Nor do we wonder at the enthusiasm of the people on this occasion. The emotion of the speaker, the deep tone of conviction with which he spoke, the originality of his address, so unlike the ordinary addresses of sovereigns to their subjects, all were calculated to excite in the hearts of common hearers the liveliest hopes of a king who commenced his reign under such favorable auspices. But the reader will be wholly at a loss to conceive how men long trained in the difficult art of governing, and initiated in all the arcana of politics, should have founded very sanguine hopes on so slight a basis. He will ask himself how such men could have been dazzled by this singular speech, this medley of chivalrous and religious sentimentality, — how the vague and indefinite language of the king could have satisfied them even for a moment. And if we call to mind another speech made by the king on the same day, we shall still less be able to comprehend this wide-spread enthusiasm and confidence. In this speech, he said: —

"I know that I am indebted to God only for my crown, and that I have a right to say, — Let him who touches it beware! But I know also, and I proclaim it in presence of you all, that this crown is a sacred deposit intrusted to my family by that all-powerful God. I know that to him I shall have to render an account, day by day and hour by hour, of my administration. If any one amongst you demands a guaranty from his king, he can receive neither from me nor from any one on earth any greater safeguard. Yes! these words bind me more strongly than any words engraved on bronze or inscribed on parchment; for they come from a heart which beats for you, and they will take root in the convictions of your souls!"

Now, if we heard such speeches as these uttered on the stage by some feudal prince in the midst of his barons and vassals, we should doubtless think them very fine; and if they were well declaimed, the least enthusiastic amongst us would applaud. But in real life, in the bustle and turmoil of political contests, we want something more substantial than such indefinite phrases as these. Without distrusting the royal word, it could hardly be expected that the Prussians would long content themselves with such vague promises. We go farther still. Even had the king, in conformity with the expectations raised by his high-sounding language, granted his subjects the most liberal institutions, we question whether they would have been long contented with a liberty resting on so doubtful a basis as this. They would soon have claimed as a right what they only enjoyed as a boon. Faith in the divine right of kings, and in all the erroneous maxims of government which result from that absurd principle, has now almost entirely died out. The rights of nations must rest on more solid ground than on the word of their rulers. The precept of the Civil Law, *Quod placuit principi legis vigorem habet*, is an exploded principle. Rights which are founded only on the will of one man are felt to be unstable and insecure ; for who can say, that the power which to-day condescends to grant liberty to a people will not think fit to deprive them of it to-morrow ? And if one could answer for the sovereign who granted this liberty, who would be responsible for his successor ?

But enough of this. However strange it may seem to us that the king's speeches should have given rise to such bright hopes, it is certain that this was the case, and that the most entire confidence pervaded all classes of society. The first acts of the new reign served to confirm this favorable impression. All the measures of the government seemed to have a liberal tendency. The king called to the capital all the literary and scientific men and artists he could prevail upon to leave their homes, and take up their residence in a more brilliant, but, as they soon found, less independent sphere. No regard was paid to political opinions in the invitations addressed by the king to such persons, and Berlin soon became the resort of many of the most distinguished men in Germany. The brothers Grimm, who had been expelled from the University of Göttingen by the King of Hanover, Tieck, Rückert, Herwegh, Freiligrath, Cornelius, and others, were at one time assembled in the Prussian capital, which seemed destined to become a second Weimar.

Frederic William has been accused by his enemies of calling around him these distinguished men, with a view of intoxicating them with the pernicious poison of royal favor, and of thus binding them by ties of gratitude and attachment to his person. We do not believe that such was his intention. His motives were purer. He had not calculated on the ardent and patriotic resistance of some of the poets whom he had imprudently called around him. It was his hope that he might shed a new lustre on Prussia, by placing her at the head of civilization in Germany; and perhaps, also, that he might turn towards matters purely literary and scientific the intellectual activity which was so rapidly spreading through his dominions. He did not understand that high intellectual culture cannot long exist in a nation without a corresponding development of their civil and political liberties. How, indeed, can a distinct line of demarcation be drawn between what is purely intellectual and what belongs to more active life? How can you tolerate perfect freedom of discussion on religious, philosophical, scientific, and literary subjects, and yet prohibit any allusion to the living interests of the time? The king's eyes were soon opened; he found that he had gone too far, and that he must either cause his liberal course with regard to the distinguished men of the day to be followed up by an equally liberal conduct in politics, or must put a check on the feelings which he had himself encouraged. Unfortunately, he preferred the latter course. Freiligrath, who was in receipt of a pension from the government, was soon obliged to leave Berlin; and some of his poems, among others, one entitled "*Freiheit und Recht*," and a translation of Burns's song, "A man 's a man for a' that," were prohibited by the censorship, as "addressing themselves to false ideas of freedom, or exciting the hostile opposition of the different classes of society." Herwegh, on a visit to Berlin, was received by the king, who conversed with him in the most friendly manner, but ended by saying to him, — "Mr. Herwegh, you are the second of my enemies who has been to see me. The first was M. Thiers. But your eyes will be opened one day, like those of Paul on the road to Damascus." The next day, Herwegh received an order to leave the city.

Thus gradually were the hopes formed at the king's accession to the throne blighted. Year after year passed by, without any thing being done to develope the political institutions of the country. It had been confidently expected, that Frederic William would grant a constitution founded on the principles laid down by his predecessor in the decree which we have quoted. To use the somewhat figurative language of a German writer, he was, like Solomon, to build the temple, a work on which his royal father had considered himself unworthy to lay hands. Six months after his accession to the throne (February, 1841), an edict rather pompously drawn up was issued, granting a slight development to the constitution of the provincial diets, but one which was far, very far, from answering the wishes of the nation. It gave rise to somewhat stormy debates in several of the provinces, and was everywhere severely criticized. The Assemblies of the provinces of Posen and Prussia Proper sent petitions to Berlin, setting forth their grievances, and reminding the king of his father's promises. The king's reply was haughty. The precipitation with which the decree had been judged was not, he said, the best way of exercising a happy influence on the kindly feelings which dictated it. He stated, moreover, that the promises of his father could not be considered as binding, as they had been *de facto* abolished by the decree of June 5th, 1823, constituting the Provincial Assemblies. In the course of the following year, a little further extension was given to the power of these Assemblies, and committees were formed, which met at Berlin.

We have not space enough to follow closely the history of the following years, in which rumors were constantly afloat of the promulgation of a constitution. It is sufficient to say, that nothing was really done until the year 1847, when, in the month of February, an edict was unexpectedly issued, providing that a United Diet should be assembled in Berlin so often as the wants of the state, new loans, the introduction of new taxes, or the increase of those already existing, should require.

This diet, formed of the members of the eight Provincial Diets,* besides the princes of the royal family, met for the first time at Berlin on the 11th of April, 1847. The king opened it in person, and in a long address set forth his views as to the form of government suited to Prussia. In the manner of this address there is something not unlike the complacency with which an artist or an author points out to you the fine parts of what he considers as his master-piece. He laid great stress on his divine right and absolute power, but at the same time called upon his hearers to express their gratitude for the voluntary concessions he had made to the nation, and to admire the beautiful political structure he had raised. It was evident that Frederic William thought he had done a great work. The constitution on which he had been, if we may believe his own words, seven years at work, was promulgated, and was now for the first time put into operation. On the opening of the Diet he had staked all his hopes of future fame, as the dramatic writer places all his on the first performance of a new play. It proved a failure. How, indeed, could this miserable *pasticcio* of the Middle Ages succeed in the midst of the nineteenth century? Not even those who had been seduced in 1840 by the king's language could again be carried away by passages like the following: —

---

* It may not be amiss to state, that the kingdom of Prussia is divided into eight provinces, viz.: — Brandenburg, Pomerania, Saxony, Silesia, Prussia Proper, Posen, Westphalia, and the Rhenish Provinces. Each of these provinces is administered by a High President (*Ober Präsident*), who may be considered as a royal commissary. By the law of June 5th, 1823, alluded to above, each of these provinces has the right to assemble a diet. To have a seat in these diets, it is necessary to have inherited, or acquired by other

"As the heir of an unweakened crown, which I must and will hand down unweakened to my successor, I know that I am perfectly free from all and every pledge with respect to that which has not been carried out, and, above all, with respect to that from the execution of which his own true paternal conscience preserved my illustrious predecessor."

And again: —

"I have reserved the right of calling together these great assemblies on extraordinary occasions, when I deem it good and expedient; and I will do this willingly at more frequent intervals, if this diet gives me the proof that I can do so without prejudice to higher sovereign duties."

He expressed in strong terms his unwillingness to grant a written constitution to the people.

"I know," he said, "that with the rights intrusted to you, I grant you a costly jewel of freedom, and that you will employ it

---

means, landed property, and to have held the same for ten consecutive years, to be at least thirty years old, to profess the Christian religion, and to be of good moral character.

faithfully. But I know also, that many will despise this jewel; that to many it is not sufficient. Many, and among them very worthy men, look for our safety in the perversion of the natural relation between prince and people into a conventional existence, granted by charter and ratified by oaths. But the example of one happy country, whose constitution was not made on sheets of paper, but by the lapse of centuries and by an hereditary wisdom without a parallel, should not be lost upon us. If other countries find their happiness in manufactured and granted constitutions, we may admire them; but Prussia could not bear such a state of things. Do you ask why? I answer, Cast your eyes on the map of Europe; look at the position of our country, — at its component parts; follow the line of its borders; weigh the power of our neighbours; above all, throw an enlightened glance on our history. It has pleased God to make Prussia strong by the sword of war from without, and by the sword of the intellect from within. As in the camp, unless in cases of the most urgent danger, the command must be exercised only by one person, so can the destinies of our country, unless it is to fall immediately from its elevation, be guided by only one will; and if the king of Prussia would commit an abomination, if he were to demand from his subjects the submission of slaves, he would commit a far greater one, were he not to demand of them the crowning virtue of freemen, — I mean obedience for the sake of God and conscience."

In another passage, he thus strangely defines the rights of the members of the Diet: —

"Noblemen and trusty delegates, the late king, after mature reflection, called the diets into existence, according to the German and historical idea of them. In this idea alone have I continued his work. Impress yourselves, I entreat you, with the spirit of this definition. You are a German diet in the anciently received sense of the word; that is, you are representatives and defenders of your own rights. . . . . .

"It is not your province to represent opinions, or to bring the opinions of this or that school into practical operation. That is wholly *un-German*, and, moreover, completely useless for the good of the community; for it would necessarily lead to inextricable difficulties with the crown, which must govern according to the laws of the land and its own free, unbiased resolution, and which cannot — does not — govern according to the will of the majority, if it would not cause Prussia to become an empty sound in Europe."

The speech closes with a still more explicit declaration of the king's intention not to give into the hands of the members of the Diet any of the powers with which he himself was invested. If any doubts had existed on the subject, the following words must have dispelled them : —

> "I have appeared amongst you, and addressed you with royal freedom. With the same openness, and as a proof of my confidence in you, I here give you my royal word, that I should not have called you together, had I had the smallest suspicion that you would have any desire to play the part of what are called 'representatives of the people'; because, according to my deepest and most heartfelt conviction, the throne and state would be endangered by it, and because I recognize it as my first duty, under all circumstances and events, to preserve the throne, the state, and my government as they at present exist."

We have quoted thus largely from the royal speech, in order to show the true character of the institutions granted to Prussia, and how little they were calculated to satisfy the legitimate demands of the people. For what was this diet heralded into existence with such pomp and ostentation ? What was it more than a show, in which the actors, if docile and obedient to the voice of their manager, were to be recompensed by being more frequently assembled to perform their parts ; but, if disobedient, were liable to the royal displeasure ? How is it possible that the king or his advisers should not have foreseen, that to grant this unreal mockery to the nation was far more dangerous than not to grant any thing ? How could they have failed to understand, that, in seven years of trustful expectation and constant disappointment, the nation had learned how much reliance it could place on the fine speeches of its sovereign, and had found out the necessity of taking the matter into its own hands, if it ever expected to obtain any share in the management of public affairs ? This was, indeed, what happened. The members of the Diet took as a reality what had been given to them as a sport. Like that heathen actor, who, on playing the part of a Christian martyr, was so carried away by the sentiments to which he was giving utterance, as to have been really converted, they kindled into enthusiasm by the mere acting of the parliamentary play which had been intrusted to them, and changed it into something real and substantial.

An address was voted in reply to the king's speech, which, although considerably modified from the one originally proposed, was firm and decided in its tone. The Diet thanked him in respectful language for what had been granted, but expressed the desire that more might be done. To this address the king replied, that what had been done was not to be considered as final, but rather as capable of further development (*nicht als abgeschlossen*, *vielmehr als bildungsfähig*.) The Diet continued in session until the 26th of June, when it was closed amidst considerable agitation, caused by the bold attitude of some of the members, who had not accepted the royal definition of their office, but considered themselves as the representatives of the nation, whose sacred duty it was to struggle for its rights. This first session of the United Diet was but a trial of strength, in which the members had acquired the conviction that they were not mere tools in the hands of the king, — a conviction which could not but prove fatal to the king's dreams of absolute sway. No one, however, could have foreseen that they would not again assemble until a bloody revolution had broken down the despotic government of Prussia.

The remainder of the year 1847 passed away quietly for Prussia. But last spring, the country was awakened from its apparent tranquillity by the unexpected news of the downfall of Louis Philippe, and the proclamation — some call it the *establishment* — of a republic in France. This news seems to have produced, from the first, the liveliest impression in Prussia, as well as throughout Germany ; and the king deemed it advisable, in closing, on the 6th of March, the session of the committee of the Provincial Diets, which had met to revise the penal code of the kingdom, to announce that in future the United Diet — the convocation of which, as we have seen, depended entirely upon the royal pleasure — should be assembled regularly every four years. Greater concessions would have been necessary to calm the excitement which then prevailed throughout the country. The members of the committee were dissatisfied.

On the evening of the 8th, the students of the University of Berlin met in the *Thier Garten*, a park in the immediate vicinity of the capital, for the purpose of drawing up an address to the king, demanding the further development of the rights of the people. In the midst of their debate, the president of the police made his appearance, and after having made himself known to the principal leaders of the meeting, informed them that he had no intention of preventing their proceedings, and if they would vote a loyal address to his Majesty, that he would pledge his honor to remit the same to the king in the course of a few hours ; but as the king had positively determined not to receive any deputation, he advised them to renounce their plan of sending him one. The students, however, who did not wish to be thus cheated out of the public demonstration they had designed making, broke up the meeting, and convoked a larger assembly for the following day. At this meeting, which was attended not only by the students, but by a large number of citizens, an address was adopted, demanding from the king entire liberty of the press and of speech, an amnesty for all political offences, equal political rights, trial by jury, the reduction of the standing army, and the immediate convocation of the United Diet. It was not until after a long debate, that the assembly could decide upon the proper way of transmitting this address to the king. It was finally decided, however, that it should be handed to the delegates of the city, then in session, for them to present it to his Majesty ; and in case they should refuse to do so, an audience should be demanded for a deputation, which might carry him the address.

The next day, (March 11th,) the delegates themselves voted an address to the government, in which they made very nearly the same demands, and, moreover, requested that a German Parliament might be convocated, as the only means of securing to Germany that independence without which she would be unable to hold her position and to assert her rights in the difficult crisis in which Europe had been involved by the recent events in France. They, however, declined taking charge of the popular address, and resolved to send their president to the king with the address which they had themselves adopted. The king received him graciously, and replied, that it gave him the greatest satisfaction to find that the faithful citizens of Berlin were the first to lay before him their grievances and their desires. He added, that he was fully alive to a sense of the importance of the crisis ; that he had therefore determined to convoke the United Diet, that an edict to that effect was to be issued on the following day, and that to that body he would confide the future destinies of Prussia. He laid particular stress on the necessity of circumspection. Courage and prudence, he said, was the motto of every good general. A house cannot be erected in a day, and if it is to last, it must have a solid foundation. The result of this interview was the convocation of the Diet for the 20th of April.

Meanwhile, serious disturbances had broken out in the city. As early as the 13th, the people had assembled in front of the palace, amidst shouts for liberty and freedom of the press, and skirmishes had taken place between the troops and the citizens. The proclamation issued on the following day, reminding the people of the existing laws against riots, and enjoining on all manufacturers and shopkeepers to prevent their workmen from mingling in these tumultuous assemblies, and on all keepers of hotels or other public places to prohibit — under the penalty of forfeiting their license to keep such places — all political discussion within their establishments, failed to produce the desired effect. On the evening of the 14th, an immense multitude assembled on the great square. Their attitude was calm, and possibly no disturbances would have ensued, had not a body of cavalry thrown itself into the midst of the crowd. A large number of persons were wounded in this affair.

The following day, a petition was sent from the citizens to the city delegates, demanding that the troops should be ordered not to take any further part in the disturbances, and that the guard of the city should be confided to the citizens themselves. This petition was forwarded to the government, who declared that a committee should be named to take cognizance of the events of the preceding day, and to provide such measures as should be deemed necessary for the preservation of order. This assurance seemed for a short time to calm the agitation which pervaded the city; but when the news of the Revolution at Vienna reached Berlin, the effect of the startling intelligence on the excited multitude may readily be imagined. Crowds were again assembled in the streets and around the palace. An armed force was once more called out, and a bloody conflict was the result. Barricades were formed with astonishing rapidity, and the struggle continued until a late hour in the night, when the mob were finally completely driven back from their barricades.

This defeat did not allay the excitement, for on the following day the streets were again thronged with people. They seemed even to have gained courage by their first attempt at revolution, unsuccessful though it had been ; for many appeared with the German tricolored ribbon (red, black, and gold) in their button-holes or on their hats, and smoking, — a privilege which had not been enjoyed for many a year in the streets of Berlin. The space in front of the palace of the Prince of Prussia, the king's brother, and well known for his absolutist principles, seemed to be the rendezvous of the crowd ; and it was feared that they entertained some sinister design on the palace. The day passed, however, without any serious disturbances.

On the morning of the 18th, a day which will be long remembered in the annals of Prussian history, a large number of citizens resolved to present a petition to the king, assuring him of their loyal attachment, and demanding the dismissal of the troops from the city, the immediate organization of an armed burgher-guard, liberty of the press, and the speedy convocation of the Diet. But before they had time to present this petition to the king, a royal edict was promulgated, granting liberty of the press, and convoking the Diet for the 2d of April. The citizens, full of joy at what they deemed the happy termination of the disturbances, crowded before the palace to express their gratitude to the king. Twice the king appeared on the balcony, and was hailed by the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude. After he had retired, one of the ministers came forward, and requested the mob to return quietly to their homes. This demand was received with murmurs by the crowd, and in their turn they demanded that the soldiers, who were stationed under the palace windows, should be dismissed. As this desire was not complied with, they pressed forward, menacing the soldiers and brandishing their sticks. At this moment a couple of shots were fired, and a scene of the utmost confusion and tumult ensued. The people, amidst cries of Treason ! Treason ! ran in every direction, to raise barricades against the troops, who were advancing on all sides. The conflict was long and bloody. For thirteen hours, the people fought against an armed force of not less than twenty thousand men. At last, towards morning, the combat ceased, and the king, finding all resistance useless, issued a proclamation to his *beloved Berliners*, which, after endeavouring to explain the sad events of the preceding day by attributing them to a set of lawless individuals in the crowd, who had taken advantage of the *accidental* shots fired by the troops to raise the standard of revolt, ends with the following words : —

> "Return to peace and tranquillity, break down the barricades which still remain, and then send me men animated with the old Berlin spirit, with words such as are becoming in presence of your king, and I promise you that the troops shall immediately evacuate the streets and the public places. Hear the paternal voice of your king, inhabitants of my beautiful and faithful city of Berlin. Forget what has passed, as I desire to forget it myself, in the interest of the great destinies which, with the blessing of God, await Germany and Prussia. Your gracious queen, stretched on a bed of sickness, your true and faithful mother and friend, joins her tearful prayers to mine."

Had this proclamation been issued on the preceding day, much bloodshed might have been prevented. As it was, the people had suffered too much to be willing to make the first concessions ; the struggle was renewed. Finally, at about twelve o'clock on the 19th, the king at last determined to issue the order for the troops to return to their barracks. Tranquillity was thus restored to the capital. The people were triumphant, and they carried in solemn procession the bodies of the slain to the palace, where the king was obliged to come forward himself, and contemplate the victims of his blind obstinacy. The guard of the city was confided to the citizens themselves, a political amnesty was granted, the unpopular ministry were dismissed, — in a word, all the wishes of the people were granted.

Of the real cause of the sad events of the 18th there seems as yet to be no satisfactory account. Some say that a shot was fired by accident, and caused the alarm amongst the crowd ; others, that the troops fired only after they were attacked by the mob. The friends of the king maintain, on the other hand, that the government had been informed of the designs of the Republican party to overthrow the existing order of things in Prussia, and to follow the then seductive example of France, and that, when the crowd rushed forward towards the palace, it was thought that the intended attempt had commenced, and that the troops alone could save the state. Be this as it may, the people had attained their object, and despotism was crushed in Prussia. Few excesses were committed during this eventful struggle. The attempt to tear down the palace of the Prince of Prussia —

who was supposed to have given the troops the order to fire on the people — was fortunately checked by a workman, who rushed forward and wrote on the walls the magic words, "National Property."

A few days after these memorable events, the king issued a proclamation (May 22d) to his people and to the German nation at large, in which he declared, that, in the difficult crisis in which Germany was then placed, her only safety was in her union under one chief. "I will," says the proclamation, "undertake this direction in the day of danger.* I have now adopted the ancient colors of Germany, and placed myself and my people under the banner of the German empire. Prussia shall henceforth be merged in Germany."† This declaration, hailed with enthusiasm at Berlin, was not received with like favor in other parts of Germany. It was thought that the king intended to usurp the imperial crown. Many persons, even in Berlin, seemed to have viewed the matter in the same light; for when, on the morning of the 23d, the king rode in solemn procession through the streets of the capital, he was received with shouts of "Long live the German emperor." "No," replied the king with vivacity; "I bear colors which are not mine; I do not wish to usurp any thing; I wish for no crown, no dominion. I wish for the freedom and unity of Germany; I wish for order. I have done only what has more than once been done in German history, in a moment of great danger to the country; I have placed myself at the head of the whole nation; and I am confident that the princes of Germany will sympathize with me and her people support me."

Among the many strange events which have occurred in Europe within the past year, we know of none more strange than this singular declaration of Frederic William. We do not agree with those who think that a man must necessarily profess the same opinions throughout life; on the contrary, we think it but natural that circumstances, and, above all, experience, should modify — nay, even entirely change — the political opinions of a man. We admire the

> "Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,"

who retains through a long and active public life the same opinions; but we can understand that this should not always be the case ; and, indeed, we see no good reason why he who was a radical at twenty should not be a conservative at forty. But we confess that we cannot but distrust the very sudden conversion of the king of Prussia, who, in a few days, passes from one extremity to the other of the scale of political opinions. Yesterday he was blindly attached to all the forms of the past, and to-day he is the enthusiastic admirer of free institutions. Yesterday he was the defender of the divine right of kings, and of royal power to be limited only by the free grants of the sovereign himself, — and to-day he not only wishes all nations to be free, but is desirous of placing himself at the head of the liberal movement in Germany. This savors more of policy and ambition than of deep conviction.

---

* *Für die Tage der Gefahr.*

† *Preussen geht fortan in Deutschland auf.*

His conduct was thus viewed in some parts of Germany, particularly in the South and West, where were again manifested those feelings of jealousy and rivalry which have ever proved so fatal to the establishment of political unity throughout Germany. In the *Wiener Zeitung* appeared, shortly afterwards, a reply to the king's declaration, in the name of the German nation, in which it was stated, in the boldest language, that they could not accept the position which the king offered to take.

> "Your Majesty," says this striking document, "is the only German prince who granted the inalienable rights of his people only in the midst of barricades, and on the dead bodies of the best of his subjects, and when his throne began to totter. The German people have learnt to appreciate you, and have not confidence in you. It is with bloodstained hands, Sire, that you raise the German colors which for so many years you persecuted. The people recoil at your royal enthusiasm. . . . . . It was an Austrian prince who drank a health to united Germany, when the idea was scorned in Prussia. The House of Hapsburg would have the history of past ages and the love of its subjects on its side, did it wish to assert its ancient rights. But Austria recognizes that by the representatives of the people alone can the choice of an emperor be made, and that this choice must be left free."

On the 2d of April, the second session of the United Diet was opened at Berlin. Not quite a year had elapsed since Frederic William, with all the pomp and splendor of absolute power, had harangued the first diet of the kingdom. How eventful that year had been ! The Diet was this time opened by one of the ministers, M. Von Camphausen, who, in a very brief address, stated that the Diet had been assembled to lay the foundations of the Prussian constitution by adopting an electoral law. A loyal address was immediately voted, and after a session of only eight days the Diet separated. In this short period, the electoral law was voted, and a grant of 40,000,000 thalers — to be levied in such manner as should be deemed expedient — was made to the government. The elections shortly after took place, and on the appointed day the first Prussian national assembly met.

Here we must pause in the sketch which we have endeavoured to give of the history of Prussia within the present century. It has been our desire to show what faults on the part of the government caused those sad events which have convulsed a country that was wont to be so tranquil. We trust that we have succeeded in showing how fully the Prussians were justified in taking up arms, in order to wrest from the government those liberal institutions which the spirit of the age so loudly demands. Here we dismiss the subject; for within the last six months, the history of Prussia has been entirely absorbed in that of Germany, and our limits will not permit of our entering on so vast a theme as that of the German revolutionary movement. Had we even the space, we should hardly venture to attempt it. We should be deterred by the many difficulties which the subject presents, for we know not where to seek a guide to lead us through the dark labyrinth of German affairs. And, indeed, what a spectacle Germany now presents! Elements of discord on every side, — a regulating power nowhere; nation opposed to nation, and house to house, without any visible bond which can reunite them; the fear of reaction on the one hand, and the far greater danger of anarchy on the other; innumerable theories and plans for the regeneration of the common country, and not a man to put them into execution; the middle classes opposed to the aristocracy, and to what remains of the feudal system; the working classes filled with hatred and envy for all those who hold a higher place than themselves in the social scale; the literary men and the students of the universities burning to realize their long cherished hopes of establishing a republic; Communism, Socialism, Fourierism pouring their poisoned doctrines into the ear of the ignorant or the unwary; — such is the picture which Germany presents!

What is to be the result of this state of things ? Where is the arm that shall arrest this confusion, and bring forth order from such a chaos ? Where is the man possessed of virtue, wisdom, and genius sufficient to unite these discordant elements, and to create, as it were, a new society, — a new Germany ? We look in vain for such a one. Although the apparent reluctance with which he made liberal concessions to his people has greatly diminished his chance, the king of Prussia may, if he act with prudence, be called to the imperial throne. The dearth of great men in Germany, and the distracted condition of Austria, make him unquestionably the most prominent candidate for that high and difficult station. But should he ever attain this goal of his ambition, we very much doubt whether he could succeed in establishing a permanent government. We believe that Germany has yet many storms to go through, many scenes of bloodshed and crime to witness, before she can reach that peace, tranquillity, and unity which she is now seeking. The accumulated errors of ages are not swept away in a day, although it be a common mistake of our time to suppose so. We are too prone to think that society can be remodelled, and states reorganized, with the same promptitude with which we erect a manufactory or lay out a railroad, and to believe that the mere formation of a government is sufficient to satisfy the wants of a people. But it is not so. We have confidence in the ultimate good which is to result from the present disturbed condition of the Old World. We cannot believe that Europe is again to be plunged in the horrors of barbarism, although, in moments of despondency, one is almost inclined to believe it. The ultimate result will be — it must be, if we believe that the events of history are under the control of Providence — to favor the progress of civilization. Let us not, however, be impatient for the result. We may not live to see it. Christianity, divine as it is in its origin, and aided by prophecies and miracles, has existed eighteen centuries in the world, and yet one half of mankind are not yet subjected to its beneficent sway. Why should we, then, hope greater success for institutions purely human ?

As for Germany, she will, we trust, feel that revolutions only give an impetus to the onward progress of mankind, and that on time alone depends their real and permanent improvement. She will not, let us hope, be dazzled by the seductive illusion of establishing at once a republic. Let her rather slowly prepare for that form of government which is the ultimate object of all the European revolutions. To adopt such a government at present would be, in our opinion, only to retard its permanent establishment; for we firmly believe that there is but one country in Europe — and for that very reason, she is less disposed than any other to adopt the name of that which she already possesses to a considerable extent — where republican institutions would not in a very short time degenerate into despotism.

ART. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Poems, by* JOHN G. WHITTIER. Illustrated by H. Billings. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 384.
2. *Poems, by* WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 275.
3. *The Vision of Sir Launfal.* By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 27.

OUR readers may well think, that to the publication of poems there is no end. We have already reviewed three volumes of them in this number, and from at least a dozen more, which lie upon our table, we have selected three others, the titles of which are given above, for such brief notice as the very limited space remaining to us will permit. It would be hardly fair to say, that our selection was determined chiefly by the elegance of their mechanical execution, though we may justly pride ourselves on the appearance, in this country, of such finished specimens of the typographical art and the binder's skill. This beautiful exterior is somewhat significant of the purpose which the publishers, not the authors, of them had in view in placing them before the public; buyers, not readers, of them are wanted. Pretty gift-books are in demand at this season, as presents for Christmas and the New Year; volumes of poetry are quite as suitable as splendid fans, lacquered boxes, and bronze ornaments, *to be given away.* It is rather humiliating for the pride of literature, that books should come into demand chiefly as ornaments for the centre-table, where they are to be looked at, not read. But we are thankful for the growth of any taste in the community which operates, however indirectly, for the encouragement of letters; and in the deluge of rhyme which is now pouring over the land, this is perhaps the best use that can be made of newly coined poetry.

Mr. Whittier's volume includes very little that had not previously appeared in print; but as many of his pieces had deservedly become great favorites with the public, we are glad to have a full collection of them in a very sumptuous form, with illustrations, which do not, indeed, much illustrate the text, but which are very finely engraved and pleasant to look upon. The characteristics of Mr. Whittier's poetry are sufficiently known; he has a great flow of language, and a power of narrating with much spirit, coupled with an earnestness of feeling which appears in his lyrics as a devouring flame. Quaker as he is, his heart swells within him at the sight of injustice and wrong, and he pours out his indignation in verses which sometimes savor more strongly of earthly passion than of divine inspiration. His excellences are fervor and copiousness, his dangers are extravagance and bathos.

Though strongly inclined to think well of Mr. Bacon, we cannot say much for his poetry. His rhymes are smooth, his language is generally correct, the opinions which he expresses are sound and manly, and his sentiments are amiable; but his verses show little grace, and are wholly wanting in originality, fancy, and imagination. They are simply tolerable prose tortured into intolerable rhyme or very blank verse. As a proof, we will quote one of his Spenserian stanzas (page 71), in which we have not altered a word, but have simply changed the collocation of a few phrases.

> "And yet, earth's first nations were in some things models for us — they had great energy; they put forth this to dare the loftiest heights, and those they reached; and, with eagle eye staring upon the sun in the upper sky, they did maintain them, — they seemed like to gods; — we wonder at their might and majesty, we wonder at the light that streamed from them, as bright as some sun is, which fancy has dreamed of."

We are inclined to take back a portion of our remark; this is not even tolerable prose. But as this is certainly one of his worst stanzas, we will add in fairness what seems to us one of his best.

> "O, for the dreams of the youthful mind!
> O, for the thoughts that then
> Danced like the waves, flew like the light,
> Beyond e'en an angel's ken!
> O, for the magic power that caught
> The light from heaven's burning throne,
> And flung it over this lovely world,
> Till like heaven's own orb it shone!" — p. 114.

Judging from the frequency of his publications, Mr. Lowell seems to be aiming after the praise of copiousness and versatility as a poet. There is obvious danger in such a course, but we will not quarrel with him for taking it, if it leads to other essays as striking and brilliant as this delightful "Vision." Its merits are quite equal to its brevity, which is certainly remarkable, for the whole might be printed in one column of a newspaper, though, by the aid of half-titles, blank pages, and other typographical devices, it is made to fill a tiny volume. There is something in the chime of the versification and the turn of the imagery which reminds one strongly of Coleridge's Christabel, though the imitation is not marked; and we do not think it would suffer at all by comparison with that wildly beautiful poem. This is high praise, and if we were writing an article, we should be tempted to justify it by transferring the whole contents of the book to our pages; as it is, our readers must be content with a very brief specimen.

> "Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
> Every thing is happy now,
>   Every thing is upward striving;
> 'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
> As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
>   'T is the natural way of living:
> Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
>   In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
> And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
>   The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
> The soul partakes the season's youth,
>   And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
> Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
>   Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
> What wonder if Sir Launfal now
> Remembered the keeping of his vow?" — p. 7.

ERRATA.

Page 46, 3d line from the bottom, for "1707" *read* "1727."
" " 9th " " " for "keeping" *read* "heaping."
" 52, 3d line from the top, for "art" *read* "wit."
" 75, 14th line from the bottom, for "were" *read* "inhere."
" 58. The sentence beginning at the 14th line from the bottom should read thus: — "A bookseller, who had heard of his talent for epistolary composition, especially in assuming the position and feelings of others, induced him to prepare a book of letters," &c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Lectures on the Nature and Use of Money, delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, in February and March, 1848. By John Gray. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1848. 8vo. pp. 344.

Sermons delivered in the Chapel of Brown University. By Francis Wayland, President of the University. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1849. 12mo. pp. 328.

A Treatise on Etherization in Childbirth, illustrated by 581 Cases. By Walter Channing, M. D., Professor of Midwifery, &c. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 400.

The Sailor's Horn Book for the Law of Storms in all Parts of the World, with Transparent Storm Cards and Useful Lessons. By Henry Piddington, President of Marine Courts of Inquiry, Calcutta. New York: John Wiley. 1848. 8vo. pp. 308.

An Universal History, in a Series of Letters. By G. C. Hebbe, LL. D. Vol. I. Ancient History. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 1848. 8vo. pp. 562.

Pompeii, and other Poems. By William Giles Dix. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 160.

Calaynos, a Tragedy. By George H. Boker. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 218.

The Complete Works of the Hon. Job Durfee, Late Chief Justice of Rhode Island; with a Memoir of the Author. Edited by his Son. Providence: Gladding & Proud. 1849. 8vo. pp. 523.

Critick of Pure Reason, translated from the Original of Immanuel Kant. Second Edition, with Notes and Explanation of Terms. By Francis Haywood. London: William Pickering. 1848. 8vo. pp. 625.

Rudimental Lessons in Music, containing the Primary Instruction requisite for all Beginners in the Art, whether Vocal or Instrumental. By James F. Warner. Third Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847. 18mo. pp. 240.

The Primary Note Reader, or First Steps in Singing at Sight. By James F. Warner. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 68.

Essays and Reviews. By Edwin P. Whipple. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

Geschichte der Colonisation von Neu-England, von der ersten Niederlassungen daselbst im Jahre 1607 bis zur Einführung der Provinzialverfassung von Massachusetts im Jahre 1692. Nach den Quellen bearbeitet von Talvj. Leipzig. F. A. Brockhaus. 1847. 8vo. pp. 709.

Bracebridge Hall, or the Humorists, a Medley. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Author's Revised Edition, complete in one Volume. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 487.

The Relations of Christian Principle to Mental Culture: a Discourse to the Graduating Class of Wesleyan University, July, 1848. By Stephen Olin, D. D. New York: Lane & Scott. 18mo. pp. 83.

Classical Series, edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. C. Sallustii Crispi de Bello Catilinario et Jugurthino. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 16mo. pp. 168.

Poems, by Charles G. Eastman. Montpelier: Eastman & Danforth. 1848. 16mo. pp. 208.

Classical Series, edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. P. Virgilii Maronis Carmina. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 12mo. pp. 438.

Baptism, with Reference to its Import and Modes. By Edward Beecher, D. D. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo. pp. 342.

An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, containing the Radicals and Definitions of Words derived from the Greek, Latin, and French Languages. By William Grimshaw. Third Edition, carefully revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot, & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 280.

The Philosophy of Geology. By A. C. G. Jobert. Second Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1847. 18mo. pp. 184.

Report on the Subject of International Exchanges. By Alexandre Vattemare. Washington: J. & G. S. Gideon. 1848. 8vo. pp. 29.

The Life of Charles Fourier. By Ch. Pellarin, M. D. Translated by Francis Geo. Shaw. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 236.

Lays and Ballads. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1849. 12mo. pp. 140.

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. The Author's Revised Edition, complete in one Volume. New York: George P. Putnam. 1848. 12mo. pp. 465.

A Review of the Bishop of Oxford's Counsel to the American Clergy with Reference to the Institution of Slavery. By the Rev. Philip Berry, formerly of the Island of Jamaica, a Presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Maryland. Washington: William M. Morrison. 1848. 8vo. pp. 26.

The Value of Mathematical Studies: an Address delivered before the Literary Societies of La Grange College, May 31, 1848. By James W. Hardy, M. A. Nashville. 8vo. pp. 28.

Modern Geography, for the Use of Schools, Academies, etc., on a New Plan, illustrated with Maps and Numerous Engravings. By R. M. Smith, Principal of Warrenton Academy. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot, & Co. 1848. 4to. pp. 80.

Selections from the Writings of James Kennard, Jr., with a Sketch of his Life and Character. Printed for Private Circulation. Boston. 1849. 12mo. pp. 307.

Sermons, by the late William B. O. Peabody, D. D.; with a Memoir, by his Brother. Boston: B. H. Greene. 1849. 12mo. pp. 400.

A History of the Reigning Family of Lahore, with some Account of the Jummoo Rajahs, the Seik Soldiers and their Sirdars. Edited by Maj. G. Carmichael Smith. Calcutta: W. Thacker & Co. 8vo. pp. 303.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXLIII

APRIL, 1849.

Art. I. — 1. *An Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa.* By James Edward Alexander.
2. *Wanderings and Adventures in the Interior of Southern Africa.* By Andrew Steedman.
3. *Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa.* By Capt. W. C. Harris.
4. *Missionary Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa.* By Robert Moffat.

What a wonderful continent it is, this rounded, smooth-shored Africa; known from the earliest dawn of time, yet so unknown; the granary of nations, yet sterile and fruitless as the sea; swarming with life, yet dazzling the eyes of the Moon-men with its vast tracts of glittering sand. North America, first seen but the other day, has been probed from end to end; its gallant and restive Philips, Pontiacs, Tecumthes, and Montezumas have been bridled and broken by the white man; but Africa has seen no Cortez, nor even a De Soto or La Salle, "wringing favors from Fate," as Santa Anna has it. Some solitary Mungo Park, or faithful Lander, or persevering Burckhardt, alone has tried to read the secret of the mother of civilization, the gray-haired Africa.

If we seek a land of romance and mystery, what quarter of the globe can compare with that which holds the pyramids; the giant Theban temples, on one roof of which clusters a modern village; the solemn, hewn mountain-cliff of a Sphinx; the ruins of Carthage; the Nile, with its hidden sources; the Niger, with its unknown outlet; the heaven-bearing Atlas; the dimly seen mountains of the Moon?

There Joseph, the slave, rose romantically to be the ruler of millions; there Moses, floating in his cradle, is saved, in the purest spirit of romance, by a king's daughter, and, like the hero of some earlier chivalry, Arthur and Merlin in one, breaks the bonds of his people and founds a new and mighty nation; there was the home of Dido, of Hannibal, the scene of Scipio's triumphs and Jugurtha's crimes; there lived Tertullian, Athanasius, and Augustine; the romance of the Moors dwelt there; the last breath of the sainted Louis of France was drawn there; and but a year has elapsed since the last shout of the latest hero of romance, Abd-el-Kader, came faintly across the Atlantic.

Africa is the home of the leviathan, the behemoth, the unicorn, the giraffe, the slight antelope, scarce bigger than a cat, the earth-shaking elephant, the unaccountable lion, the all-conquering buffalo. It is the home, too, of the mysterious negro races, races yet lying dormant, in the germ; destined, perhaps, to rule this earth when our proud Anglo-Saxon blood is as corrupt as that of the descendants of Homer and Pericles.

The Past, Present, and Future of Africa are alike wrapped in mystery. Who can tell us of the childhood of dark-browed Egypt, square-shouldered and energetic? Carthage, the England of the old world, the rival of the old world's ruler, has not even a romancing Livy, still less an unwearied Niebuhr, to explain her rise, and untangle the mysteries of her constitution. Of all the vast interior, the Abyssinias and Soudans, what do we know more than the Punic merchants, who, like us, dealt there, taking slaves, ivory, and gold?

And what can we hope hereafter to see in those immense, unknown lands? God has enabled the European to drive the North American, step by step, toward extinction, and has given our great continent for the full development and trial of whatever permanent power the Caucasian race possesses; but Africa he has preserved — for what? For future conquest? For an imported, foreign civilization, to be entered through Liberias and Cape Colonies? France and Britain are watching each other now along those burning sands, as they once watched by the icy rocks of Canada and Acadia; is it to end in the same subjection of the aboriginal owners to one or both of these land-pirates? Or does the dark race in all its varieties possess a capacity for understanding and living out the deep meaning of the World's ruler, Christianity, as the offspring of the followers of Odin never did, and never can, understand and act it?

If the old Egyptian Sesostris had paused amid his conquering and rock-hewing to contemplate the illiterate wanderers of Greece, to whom a Cadmus was just striving to make known the letters of Phœnicia,* would not Plato and Aristotle have seemed as impossible to him, as the existence in Africa of a higher Christianity than has yet been seen, seems to us? Would not the present position of the Teutonic race have appeared equally incredible to the founder of the Parthenon, the loungers in the gardens of the Academy?

Let us not say that we know the negro to be devoid of capacity, that he is an inferior being: grant his inferiority in intellect, energy, and selfishness, is he therefore farther from the light and warmth of the Gospel? May not the intellect of the Teuton be unduly prominent? But let us remember that the slave is not the negro, neither is the negro Africa. We might as well and wisely judge of Europe by our Irish canal-diggers, or stolid German vine-dressers, as of Africa by our slaves. Africa and its people are still unknown to us *as wholes*. But do we catch no glimpses of a nature there which may give us hope?

Europeans at this present time are making a show of the poor Bushman; no human being seems nearer to the brute. Gibbon thought the Hottentot linked man to the unreasoning races; but the Bushman is lower than the common Hottentot. Let us look at him in his home, if home he can be said to have. In the midst of a vast, desert land, — where a spring of water is man's greatest treasure, and to secure a day's food as absorbing an object as the possession of a million of dollars in London or New York — the Bushman, like the ostrich, makes his nest in the sand, gathering over it such bushes as may grow within reach, or if there be none, seeking the shadow of a rock, or pressing into its hollows and clefts. Here, on a little grass, wet with the rains, reeking with grease and filth, sleep father, mother, and children. The egg-shell of the ostrich, or sometimes an earthen pot, forms the family furniture; some ragged skins its wardrobe; a bow and poisoned arrows its armory. Surrounded by enemies, without lands, flocks, implements, or a soil capable of culture, — for what do these beings live? For food, for life, — nothing beyond. They are like mariners perpetually shipwrecked, waging ceaseless war with starvation. The child is deserted when it can crawl alone, thrown to the lion when the hungry monster demands some life as a tribute, or buried living with its dead mother. The basis of humanity is brutal; out of the dust spring the flower and the fruit; deprive the natural man of his brute food, make his whole life a struggle for brute food, and all above the brute vanishes; the starving Parisian, the famished peasant of Connaught, the British sailor whose last biscuit is eaten, the American trapper who can find no game, — are no longer men; they are wild beasts, and as such will rend you. It is only when man has been by Christian, supernatural influence transformed, that he does not thus, under severest trials, lose his lineaments, and become like the beasts that perish. You need not go to Southern Africa for Bushmen; they lurk in caves and hollows, filthy and crowded, in every great city of Europe; there, too, are children deserted, sacrificed, sold for bread. What African desert hides more barbarity than was once hidden by the Edinburgh cellar where Burke and Hare plied their trade of death?* What horde of Ishmaelites looks less like the divine type of humanity, more like Gibbon's "link" between man and brute, than the yoked children of the British collieries?

---

* Sesostris, 1300 B. C. Cadmus, 1313 B. C.

And yet these brutalized Bushmen are not all brutal; it is *habitual* with them, says one who had been among them, on receiving the smallest portion of food, to divide it with their friends, and generally he who first received the gift retains the least of it.† What are these Bushmen, indeed? A race lower than the Hottentot? No more than those who wrought the Parisian massacres of September, 1792, or led in the insurrections of June, 1848, were of a different race from those they slew; or than the outlaws of our Western frontiers are another people than ourselves. The Bushman is the outlawed Hottentot, more degraded because more solitary and nearer starvation. His body is dwarfed, his mind deadened, his soul made subject to clay, by ignorance, loneliness, and want. To know him better, as to know the Frenchman or Englishman, we must see him in the higher form, when all that is man in him is not absorbed in the pursuit of food.

---

* Now converted into a true home for the destitute. See *London Quarterly Review*, Dec. 1847. Art. VI.

† Moffat's *South Africa*, (Am. Ed.) p. 50.

But it is not our intention, at this time, to take up the powers of the Men of Africa; for the present, we shall content ourselves, for the most part, with some sketches of the Brutes.

We call them brutes, those noble creatures, — the elephant, lion, antelope, — and the word jars on us. How much less brutal than so many of our own favored race, the aristocracy of earth! What affection, forgiveness, trust, are shown, for example, in the account given by Capt. Harris, of a young elephant whose mother had been (we beg pardon for the word, though he uses it himself,) *murdered* by him.

The Captain had been hunting all species of antelopes, the buffalo, and the giraffe, and was still unsatiated; nothing could appease him but an elephant. At length, he came upon the track of the great land mammal, and soon discovered him "by the strong and not-to-be-mistaken effluvia with which the wind was impregnated." (This scent, we would suggest by the way, may afford some naturalist the clue to the connection, *viâ effluviæ*, between the noblest beast and the lowest African "human.") The first troop of elephants met by the Captain consisted of nine females, fine, well-developed animals, "with large tusks." "We selected the finest," says the honorable sportsman, "and with perfect deliberation fired a volley of five balls into her." The poor, frightened, wounded creature, uttering "a shrill note of lamentation," turned, in common with her companions, and struggled to ascend the flinty hill near by; but "the loose stones," says our *gallant* Captain, "not suiting the feet of the wounded lady, we soon closed with her. Streaming with blood, and infuriated with rage, she turned upon us with uplifted trunk, and it was not until after repeated discharges that a ball took effect in her brain, and threw her lifeless on the earth, which resounded with the fall." How noble a victory! How worthy of a being framed by the same God that fashioned the vast bulk of the semi-human being he slew! Is the slave-trade strange when educated men can thus murder their fellow earth-dwellers, — not for food like the cat, nor in self-defence like the rattle-snake, nor in pure malice even like the partisan soldier, but in "sport" merely?

We must go on, however, with our story. Soon after killing the "lady" above mentioned, the hunters came upon "a grand and magnificent panorama," three hundred giants of the tusk and trunk, peacefully, happily grazing, and fanning, and fly-scaring, as they stood among the green knolls, and clustered in the wooded glens below. Close to these unconscious victims of "a certain form of civilization," the "sporters" stationed themselves, and so adroitly managed matters as to have a portion of the vast herd pass within reach of their bullets. The whole portion "proved to be ladies," says the polite Captain Harris; — "and most of them mothers, followed by their little old-fashioned calves, each trudging close to the heels of its dam and mimicking all her actions." Out of this crowd of matrons the Captain "dropped" one, the leader; but, "at the same moment," was forced to dodge the movements of her terrified companions, whom he adroitly terms "the enemy."

And now, at length, comes the incident which we undertook to narrate. Having been so fortunate as to kill one "lady," Captain Harris retired to his camp and bed, leaving an examination of his prize till the next day. Then he returned to the field of glory; but at first not an elephant was to be seen! However, on reaching the glen where the five balls "with perfect deliberation" had been fired into one hapless mother, her little one of some three feet and a half high, was seen hovering round the body of the dead, even, as the Captain tells us, the "little wretch" had hovered round its dying dam. And how did this "sagacious creature," as the Captain terms it, show its feelings, and appeal to the spark of humanity which lingered in the breast of the sportsmen? It came to them tame as a kitten; wound its little trunk about them endearingly; gave every sign of confidence to the strange bipeds, its mother's murderers, and then running back to the prostrate carcase of its parent, — already desecrated by vultures, — "piping sorrowfully," it vainly tried "to raise her with its tiny trunk." The Nimrod "half-resolved" never to kill another matron, and took the "quaint little calf" into favor, for it "voluntarily followed our party to the wagons, finding that its mother heeded not its caresses." But the honorable engineer could not take the place of the poor brute he had helped to slay, and the "quaint calf" died. Is there to be no day of judgment for the dumb creatures of this world, who cannot plead here?

Scarce less brutal, — on the part of what is called human in God's creation, — seems the following adventure of the same renowned Nimrod. He had long wished to slay a giraffe; — a creature as harmless as the child of a year old, — a creature as gentle and kind by nature as the doe that the Northern huntsman thirsts to steal the life from. And he wished to take the poor camelopard's life, not because he needed its flesh for food, or even for luxury, but to gratify the love of blood that was in him. We give his own words.

> "Many days had now elapsed since we had even seen the camelopard, and then only in small numbers, and under the most unfavorable circumstances. The blood coursed through my veins like quicksilver, therefore, as on the morning of the 19th, from the back of *Breslar*, my most trusty steed, with a firm wooded plain before me, I counted thirty-two of these animals, industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves which fluttered above their heads, in a mimosa-grove that beautified the scenery. They were within a hundred yards of me; but, having previously determined to try the *boarding* system, I reserved my fire. Although I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and had put four of the Hottentots on horseback, all, excepting Piet, had as usual slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of koodoos (*Strepsiceros Koodoo.*) Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path; and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge, I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same moment putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun and the sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in grotesque confusion, clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant; and twice, on emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence immeasurably in advance. A white turban, that I wore round my hunt-

ing-cap, being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged by three rhinoceroses; and, looking over my shoulder, I could see them long afterwards, fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded; and, after floundering to the opposite side and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull, being readily distinguishable from the rest by his dark chestnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder, with the right hand, and drew both triggers, but he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path, until, the tears trickling from his full, brilliant eye, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment! Alone, in the wild wood, I hurried with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sunk exhausted beside the noble prize I had won.

"When I leisurely contemplated the massive frame before me, seeming as though it had been cast in a mould of brass, and protected by a hide of an inch and a half in thickness, it was no longer a matter of astonishment that a bullet, discharged from a distance of eighty or ninety yards, should have been attended with little effect upon such amazing strength. The extreme height, from the crown of the elegantly-moulded head to the hoof of this magnificent animal, was eighteen feet; the whole being equally divided into neck, body, and leg. Two hours were passed in completing a drawing; and Piet still not making his appearance, I cut off the tail, which exceeded five feet in length, and was measurelessly the most estimable trophy I had gained.

"The spell was now broken, and the secret of camelopard hunting discovered. The next day, Richardson and myself killed three; one, a female, slipping upon muddy ground, and falling with great violence, before she had been wounded, a shot in the head despatching her as she lay. From this time we could reckon confidently upon two out of each troop that we were fortunate enough to find, always approaching as near as possible, in order to ensure a good start, galloping into the middle of them, *boarding* the largest, and riding with him until he fell."

Such was the "Tragedy of the Giraffe," as enacted under Captain Harris.

The history of the giraffe is, indeed, throughout, a sort of tragedy, or melo-drama, as well as mystery. Julius Cæsar introduced him to Europe; Lorenzo di Medici, after the dark ages, received from the Soldan of Egypt the first one seen, — a marvel in the eyes of all: — then, in a giraffe-point-of-view, came other dark ages, and three hundred years saw no such being as the one "mixed of a libard, harte, buffe and camel,"* within the reach of the Teutons and Celts. Buffon knew so little of him as to say that his front legs were twice the length of his hind ones; nor was it till 1827, that the first specimens of this seemingly fabulous monster reached the shores of our modern Europe. In that year, the Pasha of Egypt sent one to George the Fourth of England, and another to Charles the last of France.

Both were females; and in the land of Mercury, the "lady," as Captain Harris would say, was received with due honor. A professor from the Garden of Plants hastened to Marseilles as her beau; the prefect of the great southern port caused the arms of France to be embroidered in silver upon her body-cloth of black oiled silk, bordered with red, having a hood to match. Cows from Egypt, Arabs from the Upper Nile, and Negroes from Darfour walked solemnly in her train, while deputations from various cities met her by the way. Among others came that of the Archbishop of Lyons, who craved the honor of a visit; and, in accordance with the prelate's wish, the chief magistrate of the city of silk, with horsemen and footmen, set forth to greet the stranger. Quietly was the poor African captive trudging to her prison-house, when the retinue came in sight; but Archbishops and Prefects she had never met with in her deserts, and the dignitaries of the Rhone scared her. She broke loose and fled; the cavalcade, — Paris professor, Nubian negro, mayor of Lyons, vicar of the Archbishop, — spurred in pursuit; but even the hunted giraffe will turn, and, wheeling suddenly, the horses of Professor and Prefect were as utterly amazed as she had been, when, with music and embroidery, they turned her brain. The Parisian and the Lyonnaise, man and master, horse and rider, — were all lost in one great jumble and overthrow, while the innocent lady long-limbs walked back composedly to the last town she had lodged in, sought her stable, and recommenced upon her half-chewed tree-twigs.

---

* Purchas.

The ill success near Lyons, however, did not prevent a "demonstration" at Paris. The early rub-a-dub of the morning upon which she entered the city of revolutions would, in our unquiet day, have suggested a new dynasty, or dictator; but in those times of sleep it woke only the professors, whose duty it was to hasten out and welcome the wonder from the Nubian deserts. Marching out in solemn expectation, the officials and the more persevering of the populace met the new comer at Fontainbleau; troops formed around her and her cows, to keep aloof the super-scientific mob; the learned men of the garden, dwarfed to pigmies, looked up at the wondering quadruped, as the Lilliputians in their great procession did at Gulliver; the negroes grinned broader, and the Arabs waxed graver, as the crowd thickened and pressed; until at last, by the power of bayonets, blarney, and Parisian good-temper, the giraffe was safely lodged in the orangery.

But if the crowd could not have enough of her at her entrance, they devoured her (with their eyes) afterwards. "Her place of exercise [the School of Botany] was generally surrounded by ten thousand persons at a time." Even the goddess Fashion, deserting all other walks, came in the crush over the Pont d'Austerlitz, and sketched the African's portrait for boxes, fans, and ribbons, and caught the reflection of her spots for the newest patterns of gloves, shoes, vests, dresses, and bonnets. But, — note it, O! human beings! — while the Caucasian with such marked idolatry pursued the poor captive of the South, her affections held unchanged to the earliest two-legged attendants she had known, her first love; — and while she looked with careless or fretted eye upon the white wearer of a hat, she received with every mark of joy the brown, turbaned Egyptians that Jomard took to see her. She was altogether a poetical creature, this one of the Jardin des Plants; she *could* eat corn, beans, barley, and carrots; but her great "weakness" was for roses, — she could never get enough of them.

Meanwhile, the African damsel destined by the Pasha for George of England, was browsing on the low shrubs of

Malta's dry rock, as gentle, playful, and full of grace as any maiden of the island George was king over. At length, the time came for it to embark for the "ruler of the waves." It was put on board of a brig, so small that, standing in the hold, it could stretch its neck out of the main-hatch and converse with the man at the tiller. But it bore everything calmly and with dignity. Poor creature! that brig was its death. It reached England weakened and crippled by confinement and want of care; and though it lived for some years, and grew a few feet, it was always an invalid. Her joints, by the bad management of her wayfaring captors and conductors, had been fatally injured, and at length she could not even rise. Her playfulness departed, but her gentleness remained, and to the end of her brief career she was the same intelligent, mild being; — the spirit of an infant in the frame of a giant. And of such were the "noble prizes" won by Capt. Harris!

But the camelopard, gentle and infantine as it is, upon necessity can fight its fellow-wanderers of the desert, so that even the lion goes away hungry. It defends itself with its heels, and strikes quicker and sharper than the best master of fence. Such is the statement of the first modern European who hunted the giraffe, Le Vaillant, whose hunting in the cause of science we can excuse. Capt. Harris, however, tells us that, against human foes, the mild quadruped, "even when hemmed into a corner, seldom resorted to this mode of defence."

At times, though, what we term "accident" strangely interferes to protect the persecuted giant of the desert, as in the following case recorded by Moffat. The favorite food of the giraffe is the young twig of a species of acacia, or thorny locust, peculiar to Africa. It usually grows, like the honey-locust of our Western States, to no great height, and is full of most terrible spines. As a boy, says the narrator, was one day sleeping under such a tree, which stood near a small spring, he was awakened by the penetrating and scorching rays of the sun just in time to notice a giraffe browsing upon the topmost branches of the bush he lay under, while a lion, inch by inch, was crawling along the sand toward the anticipated supper. Suddenly the great cat shook himself and sprung; he had aimed at the head of his prey, and as the startled camelopard convulsively turned, the murderer missed his aim, and fell on his back into the thickly spread bed of thorns. The boy fled in unutterable terror, looking behind him at every step for the pursuer; but when the villagers to whom he told the tale visited the spot, the vultures were sailing round the solitary tree, and — following their noses — they beheld the mighty murderer skewered on the thorns of the shrub, the leaves of which had nourished the giraffe.

Nor is it always the case that the lion succeeds in securing his meal, even when he mounts the helpless acacia eater. On two occasions, Moffat says, he saw giraffes whose shoulders were seamed with the scars of the lion's claws and teeth.

How wonderful it is, that an animal which can bear away the lion on its back, and shake off its iron grasp, — the lion, which carries a bullock as a cat does a mouse, — should yet be so gentle in its nature that the wild bullock, the horse, the deer, are barbarians, red-republicans, compared with it! Is there not some lesson for us in this kindliness of the two monsters of physical power on dry land, the elephant and the giraffe? Nor does the great mammalian of the sea seem to differ from them in the absence of an aggressive, Anglo-Saxon disposition. In closing what we have to say especially of this apocryphal creature of twenty-five years since, — a creature whose existence then ranged about with that of the locomotive steam-engine, — we would remind our readers that its name, Giraffe, is the Arabic Xiraffa, or Zerapha, or Seraph; — meaning, whether applied to brute or angel, "the graceful."

And as the seraph of brighter worlds has his horned antagonist and opposite with the cloven hoof, so has his namesake of the African wilds. For as the giraffe is elegant in form, intelligent, affectionate, playful, and bears no malice even to his captor or his deadly assailant, so his corresponding demon of the desert, the rhinoceros, is ugly to look upon, stupid, devoid of feeling, with a heart as impenetrable as his hide, gloomy, dirty, and bearing malice to all alike.

Four species of this brute range through the south of Africa, attacking lions, elephants, and men. They are not, though, all equally savage, the smallest being the fiercest. A good marksman, however, fears the rhinoceros as little as a good Christian does his two-footed relative; — a few two-ounce bullets handsomely put in behind the shoulder soon bring the mighty quadruped to the ground. His flesh is greedily devoured by the natives, cooked or raw, as may be most convenient. They do not even stay at all times till the animal is dead; Moffat mentions a case, in which his wild attendants thrust their spears so prematurely into the prostrate body of one which he had shot, that the huge beast heaved himself up again, and tearing the ground with his horn, put the whole bevy, white and black, to ignominious flight.

Nearly related to the rhinoceros in size and unwieldy proportions is that monstrosity of popular works on natural history, the hippopotamus. He is even more difficult to kill than the kindred monster of the plains, plunged as he usually is in mud and water, and vulnerable only behind the ear or in the protuberant eye. His hide is more than an inch and a half in thickness, and stiff as a plank, but it covers a carcase which the epicure of the deserts ranks among his greatest dainties; fat and porklike in its texture and flavor, the native plunges head and arms into the greasy mountain of flesh, and having gorged himself nearly to suffocation, rubs his skin from crown to toe with what he cannot devour, and carries off upon his shoulder all he can stagger under, for a future feast.

But though so vast in bulk, the mighty head of the *behemoth*, "nine feet in circumference,"* exists not in living nature, but in the stuffed specimens that have been sent home to Europe, and the portraits drawn therefrom; and Capt. Harris says he looked in vain for those ponderous feet with which this "formidable and ferocious quadruped," — now known to be most helpless and inoffensive, — tramples down whole fields of corn and rice. This great Nimrod, indeed, was quite disgusted with the hippopotamus, looking upon the beast as a complete failure and monstrous hoax.

We have mentioned the refined mode in which the starved two-legged brute of South Africa rushes into the bowels of the great river-hog; with no more ceremony does he treat the more elegant of his fellow-wanderers. The following sketch from Capt. Harris is an inimitable specimen of things seen in the sportsman point of view. He had pursued, with deadly determination, two elands, or antelopes of the largest size; "their sleek coats," he tells us, "first turned blue, then white with foam; the foam fell from their mouths and nostrils, and the perspiration from their sides. Their pace gradually slackened, and with their full brilliant eyes turned imploringly towards us, at the end of a mile, each was laid low by a single ball." So far speaks Nimrod, careless of those bright imploring eyes; next the Captain turns up the humane side of the sportsman and continues: —

---

* Goldsmith's *Animated Nature.*

> "I was engaged in making a sketch of the one I had shot, when the savages came up, and in spite of all my remonstrances, proceeded with cold-blooded ferocity to stab the unfortunate animal, stirring up the blood, and shouting with barbarous exultation as it issued from each newly inflicted wound, regardless of the eloquent and piteous appeal, expressed in the beautiful, clear black eye of the mild and inoffensive eland."

Sure enough, what rights has starvation compared with sport and science!

And a magnificent creature it is, this antelope which the Captain humanely shot half the life out of, and the savages "with cold-blooded ferocity" stabbed to death.

> "In size and shape the body of the male eland resembles that of a well-conditioned Guzerat ox, not unfrequently attaining the height of nineteen hands, and weighing 2000 pounds. The head is strictly that of the antelope, light, graceful, and bony, with a pair of magnificent, straight horns, about two feet in length, spirally ringed, and pointed backwards. A broad and deep dewlap fringed with brown hair reaches to the knee. The color varies considerably with the age, being dun in some — in others, an ashy blue with a tinge of ochre — in many, sandy gray approaching to white.
>
> "The flesh is esteemed by all classes in Africa above that of any other animal; in grain and color it resembles beef, but is better tasted and more delicate, possessing a pure game flavor; and the quantity of fat with which it is interlarded is surprising, greatly exceeding that of any other game quadruped with which I am acquainted. The female is smaller and slighter of form, with less ponderous horns. The stoutest of our savage attendants could with difficulty transport the head of the eland to the wagons, where one of the Hottentots had just arrived with the

carcase of a sassayby that he had dragged a considerable distance, assisted by upwards of twenty savages. These men were no sooner made acquainted with the occurrences of the morning, than they set off at speed upon the tracks of our horses, and were presently out of sight. About sunset the party returned, gorged to the throats, and groaning under an external load of flesh, which, having been unable to consume, they had hung round their necks.

But the Captain, if he does not reason well when disturbed in his labors as a draughtsman by those who cared little for science or the arts, certainly shot well and writes well; we know of nothing better in its way than the following extract from his volume.

" I turned off the road in pursuit of a troop of brindled gnoos, and presently came upon another, which was joined by a third still larger, — then by a vast herd of zebras, and again by more gnoos, — with sassaybys and hartebeests, pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game. Their incredible numbers so impeded their progress, that I had no difficulty in closing with them, dismounting as opportunity offered, firing both barrels of my rifle into the retreating phalanx, and leaving the ground strewed with the slain. Still unsatisfied, I could not resist the temptation of mixing with the fugitives, loading and firing, until my jaded horse suddenly exhibited symptoms of distress, and shortly afterwards was unable to move. At this moment I discovered that I had dropped my pocket-compass, and, being unwilling to lose so valuable an ally, I turned loose my steed to graze, and retraced my steps several miles without success, the prints of my horse's hoofs being at length lost in those of the countless herds which had crossed the plain. Completely absorbed in the chase, I had retained but an imperfect idea of my locality, but returning to my horse, I led him in what I believed to be a north-easterly direction, knowing, from a sketch of the country which had been given me by our excellent friend, Mr. Moffat, and which, together with drawing materials, I carried about me, that that course would eventually bring me to the Meritsane. After dragging my weary horse nearly the whole of the day under a burning sun, my flagging spirits were at length revived by the appearance of several villages. Under other circumstances, I should have avoided intercourse with their inhospitable inmates ; but dying with thirst, I eagerly entered each in succession, and, to my inexpressible disappointment, found them deserted. The same evidence existing of their having been recently inhabited, I shot a hartebeest, in the hope that the smell of meat would as usual attract some straggler to the spot. The keen-sighted vultures, that were my only attendants, descended in multitudes, but no woolly-headed negro appeared to dispute the prey. In many of the trees I observed large thatched houses resembling hay-stacks; and, under the impression that these had been erected in so singular a position by the natives as a measure of security against the lions, whose recent tracks I distinguished in every direction, I ascended more than one in the hope of at least finding some vessel containing water. Alas, they proved to be the habitations of large communities of social *grosbeaks*, those winged republicans of whose architecture and magnificent edifices I had till now entertained a very inadequate conception. Faint and bewildered, my prospects began to brighten as the shadows of evening lengthened. Large troops of ostriches running in one direction plainly indicated that I was approaching water; and immediately afterwards I struck into a path impressed with the foot-marks of women and children — soon arriving at a nearly dry river, which, running east and west, I at once concluded to be that of which I was in search.

" Those only who have suffered, as I did during this day, from prolonged thirst, can form a competent idea of the delight, and I may add, energy, afforded me by the first draught of the putrid waters of the Meritsane. They equally invigorated my exhausted steed, whom I mounted immediately, and cantered up the bank of the river, in order, if possible, to reach the wagons before dark. The banks are precipitous — the channel deep, broken, and rocky — clusters of reeds and long grass indicating those spots which retain the water during the hot months. It was with no small difficulty, after crossing the river, that I forced my way through the broad belt of tangled bushes which margined the edge. The moonless night was fast closing around, and my weary horse again began to droop. The lions commencing their nightly prowl, were roaring in all directions, and no friendly fire or beacon presenting itself to my view, the only alternative was to bivouac where I was, and to renew my search in the morning. Kindling a fire, I formed a thick bush into a pretty secure hut, by cutting away the middle, and closing the entrance with thorns; and, having knee-haltered my horse to prevent his straying, I proceeded to dine upon a guinea-fowl that I had killed, comforting myself with another draught of *aqua pura.* The monarchs of the forest, roared incessantly, and so alarmed my horse, that I was obliged repeatedly to fire my rifle to give him confidence. It was piercingly cold, and all my fuel being expended, I suffered as much from chill as I had during the day from the scorching heat. About three o'clock, completely overcome by fatigue, I could keep my eyes open no longer, and commending myself to the protecting care of Providence, fell into a profound sleep.

"On opening my eyes, my first thought was of my horse. I started from my heathy bed in the hope of finding him where I had last seen him; but his place was empty. I roamed everywhere in search of him, and ascended trees which offered a good look-out, but he was nowhere to be seen. It was more than probable he had been eaten by lions, and I had almost given up the search in despair, when I at length found his foot-mark, and traced him to a deep hollow near the river, where he was quietly grazing. The night's rest, if so it could be called, had restored him to strength, and I pursued my journey along the bank of the river, which I now recrossed opposite to the site of some former scene of strife, marked by numerous human skeletons, bleached by exposure. A little further on, I disturbed a large lion, which walked slowly off, occasionally stopping and looking over his shoulder, as he deliberately ascended the opposite bank. In the course of half an hour, I reached the end of the dense jungle, and immediately discovered the wagon-road; but as I could detect no recent traces upon it, I turned to the southward, and, after riding seven or eight miles in the direction of Siklagole, had the unspeakable satisfaction of perceiving the wagons drawn up under a large tree in the middle of the plain. The discharge of my rifle at a little distance had relieved the anxiety of my companion and followers, who during the night had entertained the most gloomy forebodings on my account, being convinced that I had either been torn piecemeal by lions, or speared by the assagais of the cannibals! A cup of coffee was immediately offered me, which, as I had scarcely tasted nourishment for thirty hours, proved highly grateful."

Nor is the beast-painting sportsman less of an adept at portraying his fellow-man. His accounts of the court of Moselekatse, king of the Matabele, are as vivid as any we have of the sacred precincts wherein dwelt Louis Phillipe, or his imperial predecessor. The tribe of which this long-named man was monarch had but lately, (in 1829,) become acquainted with the whites, and showed from the outset many interesting and striking traits of character; among others, great, though grotesque, politeness. Indeed, Moffat tells us they were in good breeding far superior to the Bechuanas, who were old friends of the pale-faces. Nor were they deficient in the somewhat rare virtue among both wild and tame men, humility. Thus, when shown the agricultural improvements and mechanical arrangements of the missionaries, they marked them for a time with a grave interest, full of respect and admiration, — then said, "You are men, we are but children. Moselekatse must be taught all these things."

With the messengers of this tribe Moffat ventured far into the heart of Southern Africa, among those immense plains which, like our western prairies, are bounded by an ocean-horizon. There dwell all kinds of quadrupeds, and scattered among them some wandering bipeds, whose only want, amid their nakedness, was "tobacco," — that wonderful panacea for all the evils that afflict mankind. Beyond these plains came mountains clothed in wood, valleys filled with evergreens, and rivers flowing to the Indian Sea, — the whole scene reminding the bold missionary of Scotland. These valleys had once been filled with an industrious population; but the robbers of the more desert regions, Moselekatse at the head of them, had devastated the fields and destroyed the villages which once hung on the hill-sides, like those that adorned the steeps of the Apennines.

At last, they came to the outposts of the Matabele tribe, which Moffat had thus been led, almost forced, to visit, in order to protect by his presence the ambassadors of its great savage monarch. Here he found the tree-dwellers, the aborigines of the country, such as his friend Harris hoped to find when lost in the wilderness. In one great evergreen were twenty huts, the inhabitants of which swarmed out to see the good man as he squatted on the floor of one of these man's-nests, and eat a luncheon of powdered locusts. This mode of dwelling is adopted by the natives, to avoid too intimate an acquaintance with the lions, which abound at night like immense wingless mosquitos; and of whom the people have more fear than those desert-dwellers who, as the missionary listened anxiously to a lion's voice near by, told him to be easy, for the monster was only saying he had had his supper and was going to bed; — the amazed white man demanding what they meant, they quietly answered as they relished their tobacco, "We live with the lions; they and we are well acquainted."

Having reached the borders of the nation to which the ambassadors belonged, Moffat would have retraced his steps; but they said with glistening eyes, "Father, you have been our guardian, we will be yours. Save us, save our wives and children. If you leave us, before the sun is down on the day we meet Moselekatse, we shall be sent to execution. We would rather die here. You have saved us once; do you so love us, and will you leave us?" The kind heart of the man of God could not resist the appeal and he went forward to the court. The land was still most beautiful and fertile; the soil ten or twenty feet in depth; and all around ruins of "innumerable towns," stone fences seven feet high, and houses of clay so polished within as to look as if varnished; without were architraves, cornices, fluted pilasters, — all of unbaked clay. "Here once," said an old man, now a captive, stretching forth his arms from a hill-top, where he stood by the side of a missionary — "here dwelt the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-colored cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain-brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as had fled from their towns. 'We shall slay them and hang up their shields on our hills. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? they were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.' Thus they sang, and thus they danced, till they beheld on yonder heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-colored cattle. This shout was raised, 'they are friends;' but they shouted again, 'they are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms and rushed out as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants into the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle; they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended, and killed till their hands were weary of the spear." Stooping down, the old man took a little dust in his hand, then blowing it from his open palm into the air, exclaimed, — "That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-colored cattle."

So spoke this Ossian of South Africa; and his words, as the missionary learned, were true. At length, after much hard travelling over villanous roads, where the fat soil impregnated by constant rains, was almost impassable, the party approached the capital of "the great king Pezvolu [of heaven], the Elephant, the Lion's paw." Riding into the town, and into the great square or cattle-fold, capable of holding ten thousand head, the missionary and his friends found themselves in the midst of eight hundred warriors, with kilts of ape-skins, ornaments of ox-tail, and shields reaching to their chins. Scarce had the visiters dismounted, when two hundred other warriors rushed from an ambush on either side of the gateway, and leaping with hideous yells, while their ox-tails and ape-skins twinkled in the air, received the strangers as became their rank, and drove their horses into a state of partial insanity. Then all was silence, the men motionless as statues, with now and then a laughing eye and dazzling grin, to show they were not lifeless. Suddenly the war-song burst forth, accompanied by the chime of a thousand feet; the yell of the battle-charge, the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the lamentations of the conquered, and the victor's song of rejoicing. Instantly all was still again; the ranks divided, and with baskets and bowls of food borne around him, "the king of kings, king of the heavens, the father of fire," came forward.

Such was the reception of the missionary; that of Capt.

Harris we will describe mainly in his own graphic words. He was preparing to seek the mighty savage, when one of his heralds drew near.

"Advancing slowly towards the wagon, he opened the exhibition by roaring and charging, in frantic imitation of the king of beasts; then, placing his arm before his mouth and swinging it rapidly in pantomimic representation of the elephant, he threw his trunk above his head and shrilly trumpeted. He next ran on tiptoe, imitating the ostrich, and lastly, humbling himself in the dust, wept like an infant. At each interval of the scene, he recounted the matchless prowess and mighty conquests of his illustrious monarch, and made the hills re-echo with his praise. He was a brawny athletic savage, upwards of six feet in height, naked as he was born. Frenzied by his energetic gesticulations, the perspiration trickled from his greasy brow, and white foam descended in flakes from his distorted mouth, whilst his eyes glared with excitement."

Under the auspices of this singular master of ceremonies, the sportsman advanced through the same impracticable roads, which had tried even a missionary's patience, towards the kraal of Moselekatse; six Hottentots in advance discharging muskets as an appropriate compliment to the "father of fire."

"Several of the subordinate chieftains, who were standing near the gateway of the kraal, then advanced, and, as the wagons ascended the acclivity, took the hand of each of our party in succession, repeating the word *fellow! fellow! fellow!* several times. The principal of these men was Um' Nombate,* a peer of the realm. He was an elderly man of slight figure, benevolent aspect, and mild but dignified demeanor. He wore the usual tails, consisting of a few strips of wild cat and monkey skin dangling in front, and some larger and more widely apart behind. The elliptical ring, or *issigoko*, was surmounted by the inflated gall-bladder of a sheep. Andries, Piet, and April were old acquaintances, and he appeared glad to see them. In reply to our inquiries respecting the health of the king, and whether it was the royal pleasure that we should visit him, he observed that his majesty was very glad we had arrived, and would come to the wagons anon, at the same time directing them to be drawn up outside the gate. The next in rank was a chief of mean and contemptible exterior, whose repulsive manners were but too exactly indicated by his scowling profile. He was deeply scarred with small-pox; and, excepting a necklace of lions' claws, three inflated gall-bladders on his pate, and a goodly coat of grease upon his hide, was perfectly naked. I saw nothing remarkable about any of the others. They all carried snuff-boxes stuck in their ears; a collection of skin streamers, like the tails of a lady's boa, attached to a thin waistcord, being the nearest approach to an habiliment amongst them. All their heads were shaven, sufficient hair only being left to attach the *issigoko*, which is composed of sinews sewn to the hair and blackened with grease.

---

* This is, we suppose, the Umbate of Moffat, the same who first met him and whom he guarded home.

"Shortly after the oxen were unyoked, and the tent erected, Mohanycom, the King's page, came forth from the kraal bearing the congratulations of his majesty. He, too, was unencumbered with raiment of any sort; but wore a red feather from the long-tailed finch in his hair, which unlike that of the rest, was unshorn, and destitute of the issigoko. The dimensions of his mouth were calculated to excite the astonishment of every beholder; that feature literally extending from ear to ear. An inspection of our property then took place. Not a word was spoken, neither did any of the party betray the smallest symptom either of surprise, or even of gratification. An imperturbable gravity pervaded the countenance of every one, and as soon as they had sufficiently scrutinized, they retired to report to the chieftain the result of their observations.

"It was some hours before we could obtain any breakfast, the nearest water being three miles from the kraal. We felt quite certain that the king must be dying with impatience to obtain possession of the various presents we had brought for him; but he thought it dignified to affect indifference, and prosecuted his ideas of propriety so rigorously, that his non-appearance became at length alarming. We therefore despatched Baba to say that every thing was prepared for his reception, and that we were extremely anxious to pay our respects. In the course of a few minutes, loud shouting and yelling announced his approach. He was attended by the spies that had accompanied us from Mosega, several of his chiefs, and most of the warriors who were not absent on the expedition I have alluded to, armed with shields and assagais. As he advanced, others rushed up with a shout, brandishing their sticks. A number of women followed with calabashes of beer on their heads; and two pursuivants cleared the way, by roaring, charging, prancing, and caracoling as already described, flourishing their short sticks in a most furious manner, and proclaiming the royal titles in a string of unbroken sentences. As we advanced to meet him, several of the crowd exclaimed '*Haiyah! Haiyah!*' a shout of congratulation and triumph. Having shaken hands, we led him into the tent, and seated him on a chair; the courtiers and great men squatting themselves on their hams on the ground in semicircular order on either side. He was particularly glad to see Andries, and shook him by the hand several times.

"The expression of the despot's features, though singularly cunning, wily, and suspicious, is not altogether disagreeable. His figure is rather tall, well turned, and active, but leaning to corpulency. Of dignified and reserved manners, the searching quickness of his eye, the point of his questions, and the extreme caution of his replies, stamp him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by which he is surrounded. He appeared about forty years of age, but, being totally beardless, it was difficult to form a correct estimate of the years he had numbered. The elliptical ring on his closely-shorn scalp was decorated with three green feathers from the tail of the paroquet, placed horizontally, two behind and one in front. A single string of small blue beads encircled his neck; a bunch of twisted sinews encompassed his left ankle, and the usual girdle, dangling before and behind with leopard's tails, completed his costume.

"The interpreters, three in number, were ranged in front. After a long interval of silence, during which the chieftain's eyes were far from inactive, he opened the conversation by saying he rejoiced we had come to bring him news from his friends the white people. Mohanycom put this speech into Bechuana, Baba translated it into Dutch, and Andries endeavored to render the meaning intelligible in English. To this we replied, that, having heard of the king's fame in a distant land, we had come three moons across the great water to see him, and had brought for his acceptance a few trifles from our country which we thought would prove agreeable. He smiled condescendingly, and the Parsee immediately placed at his august feet the *duffel* great-coat which I have already described as being lined and trimmed with scarlet shalloon; a coil of brass wire weighing fifty pounds; a mirror two feet square; two pounds of Irish *blackguard* snuff, and fifty pounds' weight of blood-red beads. Hitherto the king had considered it beneath his dignity to evince the slightest symptom of astonishment — his manner had been particularly guarded and sedate — but the sight of so many fine things at once threw his decorum off the balance, and caused him for the moment to forget what he owed to himself in the presence of so large an assembly. Putting his thumb between his teeth, and opening his eyes to their utmost limits, he grinned like a schoolboy at the sight of ginger-bread, patting his breast, and exclaiming repeatedly, '*Monanti*, *monanti*, *monanti*; *tanta*,

tanta, tanta!'* Having particularly brought to his notice that the device of an uplifted arm grasping a javelin, on the clasp of the great-coat, referred to his extensive conquests, of which all the world had heard, we placed before him a suit of tartan sent by Mrs. Moffat, with a note which he requested me to read; and, hearing his own name, coupled with that of Ma Mary, as he termed that lady, and the word *tumerisho* (compliments,) he grinned again, clapped me familiarly on the back, and exclaimed as before "*tanta, tanta, tanta!*" He now rose abruptly, big with some great conception, and made signs to the Parsee to approach and assist him on with the coat; habited in which, he strutted several times up and down, viewing his grotesque figure in the glass with evident self-applause. He then desired Mohanycom to put it on and turn about, that he might see if it fitted behind; and this knotty point settled to his unqualified satisfaction, he suddenly cast off his tails, and, appearing in *puris* [?] *naturalibus*, commanded all hands to assist him in the difficult undertaking of shaking him into the tartan trowsers. It was indeed no easy work to perform — but, once accomplished, his majesty cut a noble figure.

"The Parsee wore a pair of red silk braces, which he presently demanded, observing that they would supply the place of those that Mrs. Moffat *had forgotten* to send. Shortly after this, he directed an attendant who was crouching at his feet, to take every thing to his kraal; and, resuming his solemnity and his seat, tea was brought in. A number of gourds filled with *outchualla*, or beer, were placed by the king's orders before the assembly, who, passing them from one to the other, emptied them on the spot. Richardson and myself drank tea out of two battered plated goblets, whilst the king's mess was served in a flowered china bowl, as being a more attractive vessel, and less likely to retain the heat; but, having eyed the different drinking cups for some time suspiciously, he handed his own to his attendants, and then, extending his arm, abruptly seized upon my goblet and greedily drained the contents. It is well known that savages, however debased they may be in the scale of humanity, are keenly susceptible of indignity; and he either considered himself slighted, or had prudently determined, until we should become better acquainted, to take nothing of which we had not in the first instance partaken ourselves."

These are certainly striking scenes, and correspond with similar ones recounted by Moffat, though the missionary, as we shall show presently, went far deeper into the mighty man than his successor the Captain. The account by the latter of the seraglio of the monarch is, however, worthy of extract. The royal residence, or kraal, was a circular enclosure (as are, indeed, all the residences of that country) surrounded by a thick and thorny hedge. The area was strewn with the skulls, paws, and tails of lions, some old and bleached, others fresh and slimy.

---

* "Good, good, good; bravo, bravo, bravo."

> "The royal lodge, and the apartments of the ladies, were shut off by a rough irregular palisade; and a portion of this enclosure was surrounded by a very-closely woven wattled fence, having only one aperture of barely sufficient dimensions to admit the King's portly person upon all fours. The space was smeared with a mixture of mud and cow-dung, resembling that used in all parts of India for similar purposes. In the centre stood a circular, plum-pudding shaped hut, about twelve feet in diameter, and perhaps four in length, substantially thatched with rush matting. A low step led up to the entrance, which was very confined, and provided with a sliding wicket. The floor was sunk to the depth of three feet below the surface of the ground, and two more steps led down to it. The furniture consisted exclusively of calabashes of beer ranged round the wall.
>
> "Thirty ladies *only* of the imperial seraglio were present on this eventful occasion, and they remained standing round the King, who was seated in the open air. They were generally swarthy, and somewhat *en bon point.* Many were even obese, with enormous pendant bosoms, and their heads were shaved, a small tuft of hair only being left on the crown, which was decorated with feathers. Their dresses consisted of short black kilts of leather, the fur worn inside, and the outside rubbed with some hard substance and charcoal, until it had acquired the appearance of black clotted wool. These were studded with brass ornaments and a profusion of beads of divers colors; they had besides a vast accumulation of these ornaments upon their bodies. Some wore blue from top to toe, others were enveloped in one mass of red; the endless variety of patterns in which they were disposed, having doubtless emanated from the inventive brain and prolific fancy of his Majesty, a large portion of whose valuable time is passed in devising and superintending the construction of ornaments for the *harem.*
>
> "When the tent was nearly pitched, the King suddenly changed his mind, and resolved to have it immediately in front of the palace-door. In order to accomplish this, it became necessary to remove a portion of the wattle fence — a work of consid-

erable labor, in the progress of which *outchualla* was liberally circulated to the perspiring Hottentots. It was about three o'clock, and the pavilion had reared its head a second time. A bright thought then suddenly crossed the royal mind. Investing himself with the *duffel* great-coat, placing a red night-cap on his head, and commanding two wax candles to be lighted and placed before him, he seated himself with a dignified deportment upon an inverted calabash, the contents of which he had previously swallowed, and became totally absorbed in the contemplation of his surpassing importance. It was with difficulty that I preserved my gravity, and having hastily complimented the King on his accession of property, and reminded him of our wish to leave the following day, I left him to his domestic enjoyments.

" In the evening Truëy brought a dish of stewed beef from the King. Despite of our assertions to the contrary, he could not help suspecting that we still had beads in our possession, and thought that the Griqua maid might find means of inducing us to part with some more before we departed. The poor girl shed tears when she heard spoken the language of her tribe, and begged us to convey to her father, should we see him, the intelligence of her safety and that of her cousin Wilhelm, who had been sent to a distant kraal, the day before our arrival, in charge of a wagon containing two Dutch girls, prisoners of war, of whose presence the King was anxious that we should, if possible, be kept in ignorance. She had herself resided for some time at the kraal in question, with the King, who is in the habit of passing several months of the year there, with one hundred of his wives, all of whom are decorated with bead-dresses of the nature I have described. Every female, married or single, is at his command; his subjects not having it in their power to call even their wives their own. The King alone is rich — his subjects are all equally poor, and can be said to possess nothing in the shape of property beyond the skins with which nature has clothed them."

So far the renowned "Lion's paw" seems to partake largely, as was fitting, of the mixed and mysterious nature of the king of beasts, or of that of any other beast or bird; having, for instance, about as much tyranny, dignity, solemn self-esteem, jealousy, combativeness, and amativeness as the Polish rooster we have just been feeding, — who walks in such a chivalrous way among the members of his harem, and steals the crumbs from the mouths of his own chickens.

But we are now to present another view of the all-absorber, drawn from the experience of Moffat; and we will usher it in by the following Homeric scene, or rather half-Homeric, half-Christian, speech. The naked, shining king of kings one day drew near to the sombre-clad Christian, and calling him by his father's name "Machobane," proceeded: — "You have made my heart as white as milk. Milk is not white to-day, my heart is white. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger. You never saw me before, but you love me more than my own people. You fed me when I was hungry; you clothed me when I was naked; you carried me in your bosom, and your arm shielded me from my enemies." The follower of Jesus, haunted it may be by this echo of some words once spoken in Judea, answered innocently, — "Where? When have I done your majesty such services?" To which the *savage*, pointing to the messengers whose lives had been shielded by Moffat at the risk of his own, replied, — not in the divine words of the Heavenly King recorded in Matthew, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;" but in the human words: — "These are great men; Umbate is my right hand. When I sent them from my presence to see the land of the white man, I sent my ears, my eyes, my mouth; what they heard I heard, what they saw I saw, and what they said, it was Moselekatse that said it. You fed them and clothed them, and when they were to be slain, you were their shield. You did it unto me. You did it unto Moselekatse, the son of Machobane."

The excellent apostle heard the echo, distorted by the Moon mountains and countless obstacles that lie between the land of the Matabele and the land of Judea, but recognized it not. Unconscious that he had already preached the love of God in that act-tongue which needs no interpreter, he must, forsooth, commence a sermon in sounds, to which the heathen, — almost persuaded to be a Christian, — preferred, very naturally, the lowing of his own well-fed herds, just then coming kraal-ward to the evening milking: — "his countenance," says Moffat, "soon betrayed a truant mind."

Nor was the gratitude of "the son of Machobane" confined to words, as the following scene, worthy of a better narrator than either the missionary or ourselves, will testify.

It was a solemn feast in the capital of the great King. Cattle had been slaughtered, and many an eland brought in from the wilds, to afford materials for the table. The instruments of music had been made ready; every skin was oiled, and every heart beat high. Every heart save one; one man in the dark-skinned multitude was that day to die. He was a man of rank, who had been guilty of a crime which it could not be hoped any despot would pardon;—he confessed his guilt, and other proof was clear and abundant. Before them all, the crowd waiting to commence the revels of the day, the Great Council had in deep silence examined the whole affair. The culprit, on his knees, calm and dignified, without any change of countenance, awaited the certain issue, the sentence from the lips of the King. For a while, Moselekatse sat speechless, then said:—"You are a dead man. But I shall do to-day what I never did before. I spare your life for the sake of my friend and father," (pointing to Moffat) "I know his heart weeps at the shedding of blood; for his sake I spare your life. He has travelled from a far country to see me, and he has made my heart white. But he tells me that to take away life is an awful thing, and can never be undone again. He has pleaded with me not to go to war, nor destroy life. I wish him, when he returns to his own home again, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you for his sake, for I love him; he has saved the lives of my people. But you must be degraded for life; you must no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter the towns of the princes of the people; nor ever again mingle in the dance of the mighty. Go to the poor of the field, and let your companions be the inhabitants of the desert." The ruler ceased, and the criminal, clasping his hands upon his bosom, broke forth, "O King, afflict me not! let me be slain like the warrior! I cannot live with the low! How can I live among the dogs of the King, I, that have won these badges of honors among the spears and shields of the mighty! No! let me die, O King of Heaven."

And now the voice of the missionary was vain, the culprit would not take the proffered pardon; stretching his hands above his head he called for the executioners to come and bind his arms and lead him to the precipice, far down which, in the black and sluggish river, the crocodiles waited with longing eyes, to crush his bones and tear him limb from limb. Over the edge of the rock he disappeared from the sight of the white man.

The influence which the missionary obtained over this prince of land-pirates was certainly very extraordinary, extending so far as to cause him even to forbid contemplated excursions of a hostile character; and had Moffat been able to follow up for a length of time his acts of kindness and words of wisdom, a permanent result might have been hoped for even in a case so seemingly hopeless. Indeed, the well-known conversion of Africaner at first sight was as improbable as that of Moselekatse. His name, too, was one of terror, though he was but a Rob Roy of the South, an outlaw and cattle-lifter. Mothers scared their children by a threat of leaving them to the mercy of the Great Robber; and chiefs fled with their families to the rocks of the mountain, when he was known to be drawing near. And yet this man became not only a Christian, but such an one that Rome, if she had had him, would have sainted. He threw away gun and brand, to devote his life to the preaching of the Gospel of Peace; — preaching it by countless acts of forbearance, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, and mercy.

But we are forgetting that we proposed to deal with brutes rather than men, and must apologize to the King of the Desert for so long neglecting him, and dwelling upon a mortal, who, to the title of "King of Heaven," joins as an equal that of "the Paw of the Lion."

The lion! We have called him a mysterious beast, and so to us he seems. We learn to respect him in our early years, not for his strength or courage, but for his remembrance of Androcles. Nor does our regard diminish when, later in life, we read less questionable tales, such as that told by Bingley, for example, of Sir George Davis. Sir George, who was English Ambassador at Naples in the middle of the seventeenth century, once paid a visit to the collection of animals made by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Among them was a lion, which had been in the hands of the keepers for three years, and which no kindness, no favor, no feeding, would tame or mollify in the least. He was the same savage, unsociable, unsympathetic brute from first to last. Sir George approached his den, the attendants warning him of the character of the creature within. The lion, as a stranger drew near, raised his head with his usual grumble at being made a sight of; — but his snarl in a moment changed to a cry of doubt and joy; springing to his feet with earnest, asking eyes, he pressed against the bars of his cage. The keepers looked on amazed; but their amazement became terror when they saw the Englishman coolly pass his hand between the iron ribs into the very mouth of the untamable beast, who licked it like a dog. With cries of horror, they seized him and forced him backward, as a madman. Sir George told them who he was, and insisted that the cage should be opened for him to enter. Long was this insane proposal resisted; but it was resisted in vain, he would enter. He did so, and no Newfoundland savior of his master's life ever showed more signs of delight, than did this unapproachable monster as he put his huge paws on the ambassador's shoulder and tenderly licked his cheek. The news of this wonderful interview spread through Florence with electric speed, and came to the ears of the Grand Duke, who, asking the Englishman to dinner, desired to know the secret of his power. It was the old secret of Androcles, kindness; Sir George had owned this lion when a mere cub, and they had loved one another. He was forced to part with it, and its savage character since that time was but one consequence of the loss of its first friend, its benefactor; the silence and gloom of a sorrowing lover.*

It is the fashion, we know, in our day, to say that the lion is a coward and a bully; and undoubtedly he often counts discretion the better part of valor, and feels no unwillingness to get his head out of the way of a bullet when he can do so with decency. Besides, individuals differ very greatly in their characters, and in courage among other qualities. But very many well-authenticated stories of modern days fully support the ancient reputation of the four-footed ruler. That one so well told by Burchell, for instance, where a lion covered the escape of his mate, and coolly walking forward into the face of a large party of men and dogs, stood fronting them for some time, unmoved by musket-shots, and at last walked away with the same quiet dignity with which he had faced the enemy, although mortally wounded. The traveller says, to be sure, that he has no high opinion of the lion's courage; but his story, we think, shows something more than "majestic movements," to which praise alone Burchell would allow his claim. What shall we say, too, of the account, given by Alexander, of a lion who, being pursued by fifty or sixty men, trotted leisurely up a ravine and lay down, facing them, at the foot of a tree; when they fired, he charged the whole mass of them, and not till they got above him on the cliffs, could he be conquered? Such events are of daily occurrence in South Africa, and show that when too lazy to run, or too hungry to wait, the lion is utterly fearless; and the wise men of the deserts under such circumstances never disturb him.

---

* Bingley's *An. Biog.* I., 277.

At the same time, how strange such an adventure as the following, related by the last-named traveller. A native who was out hunting saw six lions drawing near to him; his horse, palsied with terror, would not stir, and the discretionary turn of the honest fellow led him to jump and "*cache*," as our trappers say. One lion followed him; the hunter faced about, the animal five yards off. He attempted to open his powder-horn to load his empty gun; but the brute knew what the gesture meant, and with a bound seized him by the arm, and held him as a dog would have done. His knife was broken and useless; so he lifted his heavy whip of rhinoceros hide, and struck the hairy-headed monarch across the nose. At that moment, a second of his pursuers came upon the field, and the poor fellow gave himself up as lost. But no; the one which had seized him let go his arm and walked away, while the new-comer, looking at him a moment, gave him a smart tap on the shoulder and followed his comrade. Were we wrong in calling the lion a mysterious creature?

Nothing in regard to him, moreover, is so strange as the little injury he often inflicts upon those who are actually within his jaws; he kills them, as the delight of our youth, Monsieur Tonson, used to say — "vary leetel." Two instances, also from Alexander, who is one of the most amusing of African travellers, will illustrate our point. Among the Namaquas, he met with a man who once, in company with three cousins, went in pursuit of a lion which had killed one of his cattle, an act forbidden by the common law of the desert. They tracked him to a bush, and were about to commence their attack, when he unexpectedly commenced his, tumbling over the leader and scaring the kinsmen. Seizing his prostrate foe, "the governor" was about to retire to his bush once more, when the three cousins rushed to the rescue. Afraid to fire lest they might hit their friend, one jumped upon the lion's back and seized him by the ears, a second took a good hold of his capacious tail, while the third, watching his opportunity when the monster was thus beleagured, sent a ball through his head. In his dying agony, he seized and crushed the hand of the man he had first laid hold of, and no other injury was received by the party.

The second instance was the adventure of one Amral, a chief of "the great-men's-partners Namaquas." Several of the "partners" and their slaves had been troubled by lions, so that Amral's patience was gone. He and his men turned out, therefore, breathing death to the desert-king. They found him in a patch of reeds. They fired the reeds, and as the tenant passed out, discharged gun after gun at him. One ball missed; a second struck him, and a third, deeply, vitally; a fourth entered the earth under his nose. He turned, and in the yet rolling smoke charged like a hurricane. Two defensive shots were given in vain, and bursting into their midst, the bleeding beast pounced on Amral's brother as a cat upon a mouse, and, tearing his ribs asunder, left him, his lungs upon the ground, to turn upon Amral himself, who rushed fearless to his brother's aid, and strove to drag the slayer from his victim by his tail. With one blow of his giant paw the forehead of the chieftain is laid open, his left arm and hand made powerless; another blow levels the undaunted hunter; struggling up, again he is seized, and the lion's polished teeth are busy about his knee-pan; he falls once more, and his people, looking back with horrid and horror-struck eyes, see the left arm of their leader in the jaws of the great bone-picker, who is leisurely chewing it as a savory morsel. At all risks a shot is fired; it tells, and Amral is free; — free and nowise seriously disabled. Is not the lion a mysterious beast?

Of the same character is a case reported by Steedman. A father and son had gone out with their guns, when the latter unexpectedly came upon a lion, fired, and missed him. The unharmed but irritated animal instantly rushed on his assailant, and the father saw his son lying under the growling and blood-thirsty "governor" of the wastes. Being an old hand at lion shooting, he drew nigh, as cool and silent as a spring in the desert, and shot the victor dead. His son was unharmed.

Steedman, by the way, relates some instances of lion hunting which bear upon the vexed question of the creature's courage. From among these we select the following, which, however, is not drawn from his own experience, but from that of some English officer, who writes in the United Service Journal.

The Hottentots of the party with their sharp eyes had espied "two brownish objects" in the distance, which proved to be a lioness and a young lion, probably her cub, nearly full grown. The officers, mounted of course, pursued them, when, suddenly, they swung short round, "with heads erect, glaring eyes, jaws half-opened, and swinging tails." The bipeds dismounted, looked to their guns, and the "second guns" which their servants bore behind them; and "in a line, at about two paces distance from each other, the servants in our rear," advanced upon what Captain Harris would have called "the enemy." Broad sheets of lightning enveloped the sky; the drops of a full heaven smote the overhanging leaves; a mist wrapt the distance. Before the party, more engrossing than lightning or storm, lay the lioness; "her wide, round, yellow eyes, with small, jet-black pupils, glaring fiercely, and her massive fore-paws half raising from the turf her milk-white chest and throat." Her tail swayed to and fro convulsively, and her deep voice mingled with the sound of the thunder. She showed no fear, no sign of turning. Three shots brought her, like a worried Berserker, upon her foes. Only the seventh gun stayed her charge, and then she stopped because her life had ceased. Was all this cowardice?

Nor can we finally do better than to summon our friend, Capt. Harris, to show how a lion behaves when attacked.

> "Scarcely a day passed without our seeing two or three lions, but like the rest of the animal creation, they uniformly retreated when disturbed by the approach of man. However troublesome we found the intrusions of the feline race during the night, they seldom at any other time showed the least disposition to molest us, unless we commenced hostilities; and this, owing to the badness of the horses, we rarely felt disposed to do. Returning one afternoon to a Koodoo that I had shot, in order to take up the

head, which I had concealed in a bush, I was surprised to find an enormous lion feasting upon the carcase; an odious assemblage of eager vultures, as usual, garrisoning the trees, and awaiting their turn when the gorged monarch should make way for them. Immediately upon my appearance, he walked heavily off, expressing by a stifled growl his displeasure at being thus unceremoniously disturbed at dinner. It was not destined, however, that our acquaintance should cease here; for passing the scene of this introductory interview the following morning, Richardson and myself were suddenly made aware of the monster's presence by perceiving a pair of gooseberry eyes glaring upon us from beneath a shady bush: and instantly, upon reigning up our horses, the grim savage bolted out with a roar, like thunder, and bounded across the plain with the agility of a greyhound. The luxuriant beauty of his shaggy black mane, which almost swept the ground, tempted us, contrary to established rule, to give him battle with the design of obtaining possession of his spoils; and he no sooner found himself hotly pursued than he faced about, and stood at bay in a mimosa grove, measuring the strength of his assailants with a port the most noble and imposing. Disliking our appearance, however, and not relishing the smell of gunpowder, he soon abandoned the grove, and took up his position on the summit of an adjacent stony hill, the base of which being thickly clothed with thorn trees, we could only obtain a view of him from the distance of three hundred yards. Crouched on this fortified pinnacle, like the sculptured figure at the entrance of a nobleman's park, the enemy disdainfully surveyed us for several minutes, daring us to approach, with an air of conscious power and pride, which well beseemed his grizzled form. As the rifle-balls struck the ground nearer and nearer at each discharge, his wrath, as indicated by his glistening eyes, increased roar, and impatient switching of the tail, was clearly getting the mastery over his prudence. Presently a shot broke his leg. Down he came upon the other three, with reckless impetuosity, his tail straight out and whirling on its axis, his mane bristling on end, and his eye-balls flashing rage and vengeance. Unable, however, to overtake our horses, he shortly retreated under a heavy fire, limping and discomfited, to his strong-hold. Again we bombarded him, and again exasperated he rushed into the plain with headlong fury—the blood now streaming from his open jaws, and dyeing his mane with crimson. It was a gallant charge, but it was to be his last. A well-directed shot arrested him in full career; he pitched with violence upon his skull, and, throwing a complete somerset, subsided amid a cloud of dust."

Among the seeming oddities of the mighty cat, is his unwillingness (if South Africans are to be trusted) to taste the flesh of any creature whose stomach, at the moment of death, discharges its contents through the mouth. Hendrick, the hunter, related to Alexander, the traveller, an experience, wherein he had arisen from his sleep — somewhat at his wife's urging and punching, by the way, — and had found a cow lying dead, and a large animal near it; the large one being a lion. The cow had been killed, but not touched, though its calf was eaten, and the reason, the only reason suggested, was the "vomito" referred to. Alexander found, in some cases of camelopards that were met with dead and uneaten, though evidently killed by lions, evidences of the same nicety of taste.

But if we delayed too long mentioning the creature which the Africans so truly call "the governor," we fear our readers will think we can never be done with his majesty, any more than the respectable lady of Tillretudlem could with the "disjune" of king Charles. So we shall mention one other fact touching him, and say farewell. It is a singular fact, that the miserable, helpless, powerless Bushman, who can scarce live by means of the secret poison in which he dips his arrows, — still, at times, makes the lion, as it were, his hound, and lives in comfort on what the mighty brute provides. The mode in which this semi miracle is wrought is as follows. The wiry, wrinkled, dwarfed child of Adam watches a lion who has caught a zebra or antelope; — perhaps, indeed, he noted the movements of the company to which the victim belonged, and knew thereby when and where the mighty hunter was at work. He sees the lion in a bush, just crouching down to dinner; he walks leisurely up in front of his provider, and commences stalking back and forth in front of the thicket, flourishing his feeble spear, and talking big words to the bearded beast as he tears the flesh of his prey. "Ha!" he says — "what are you here for? Have you something to eat there? You made such a noise just now, I thought you must have caught something. Don't come here to quarrel with me; go and catch another dinner; I want this one." So says the Bushman, and sits down composedly in front of his feline dinner companion, looking into his "gooseberry eyes." The lion, half satisfied, nowise attacked, and utterly astonished, shrinks from the hollow orbs that so steadily glare on him, and walks away with his tail between his legs.

And here we must end for the present our most imperfect sketches of the men and brutes of South Africa. At some future period we may perhaps resume them.

ART. II. — *A Treatise on Etherization in Childbirth, illustrated by Five hundred and eighty-one Cases.* By WALTER CHANNING, M. D., Professor of Midwifery and Medical Jurisprudence in Harvard University. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 400.

PERHAPS no discovery in the present age has excited so much interest, or been welcomed with such general exultation, as that of etherization as an antidote to pain. The philosopher and the moralist may portray in glowing colors the advantages of pain, the noble powers of mind which it calls forth, and its use in exciting all the better feelings of our nature. He may represent its strengthening and purifying effect upon the sufferer, and its softening and elevating power upon those who witness it. His audience or his readers may admire the example, but they will feel no desire to imitate it. They may look with awe and respect upon the deed of the Roman, who held his hand in the flames because it had failed to destroy the enemy of his country; but it is as they would look upon any great work of art, without being conscious of the wish or the power to copy it. The doctrines of the Stoics find no favor in our day; and the man who maintains that pain is no evil, is regarded simply as a madman. The Roman and Spartan virtues of stern fortitude and endurance, are considered as belonging to a far remoter antiquity than the vases of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Pain is regarded as the greatest of physical evils. Whatever has a tendency to relieve it is grasped with eagerness, and esteemed one of the greatest of blessings.

Etherization, as is well known, was first used in dentistry and in surgery. It was employed in the latter branch at the

Massachusetts General Hospital, in October, 1846. Since then, it has been in constant use there, and has spread far and wide over our country and Europe. From its general adoption into the practice of distinguished and cautious surgeons in England, as well as in our own land, its powers and safety in surgical operations may be considered as thoroughly tested and established.

The question discussed in the volume now before us is one of more general interest. No one can be sure, indeed, that he may not meet with an accident, or be attacked by a disease, which will render a surgical operation necessary. Still, each one hopes that he may escape this necessity, and that he shall not need the ether for himself. But there are few men who do not expect to sustain the relations of husband and father, few women who do not expect to become wives and mothers. What mother is there, who does not wish that her daughter may be spared the sufferings which she herself has experienced? Where is the married woman, who, looking forward to the time when she must encounter these sufferings, does not catch eagerly at the idea of any remedy for them? But we may go still further. Dr. Channing alludes to the objection which has been offered, that the sufferings of childbirth are not of sufficient importance to render necessary a powerful agent for their removal. Now, even if this were so, and the mere relief of pain were considered of no importance, there would still be strong reasons for the use of ether. Many valuable lives have been lost to their families and the community, which might have been saved, if this discovery had been made earlier. In many individuals of the softer sex there is so great a degree of physical as well as mental sensibility, that they cannot bear a great amount or long continuance of pain. The patient either sinks at once under her sufferings, or a lingering disease is induced, from which she escapes narrowly and with a shattered constitution. In this class are found some of the greatest ornaments of society, persons who with extreme sensibility often combine the greatest attractions of mind and person. It is our firm belief that, in many of these cases, life might have been saved, and in others, lingering disease and intense suffering prevented, by the use of anæsthetic agents. So much has been said of etherization as a remedy for pain, that too little attention has been paid to its more important but more remote effect in preserving life and health. We do not say that it prevents danger in all cases, or in those of an ordinary character; but in severe cases, and in such as we have just alluded to, it often becomes an agent of vital importance.

The position which Dr. Channing has held for many years as Professor of Midwifery in Harvard University, and his long and extensive experience in this department of Medicine, qualify him in a remarkable degree for the work which he has undertaken. Before commencing it, he addressed a circular letter to many physicians of Boston and its vicinity, containing questions upon the most important points in relation to his subject. He considered it as already proved that pain might be abolished by etherization, and the voluntary or *animal* power very much, if not wholly, suspended, *organic* power remaining; in other words, that while consciousness of pain and the power of the will were suspended, the action of the heart, lungs, and all other important organs went on undisturbed. The object of his inquiry, therefore, was directed chiefly to the *safety* of etherization.

The word 'etherization' Dr. Channing uses to embrace the effects produced by sulphuric or chloric ether, chloroform, or any similar agent.

After explaining the general plan and objects of his work, and giving a brief account of the history of etherization, our author enters into an interesting examination of its physiological effects. To illustrate the effect upon the circulation, he mentions an experiment which he witnessed, performed by Dr. Perkins, of Newburyport. A frog was etherized, and the web of its foot brought into the field of a powerful compound microscope. At first, no motion in the minute vessels was perceived; but soon there was a slight movement at the edge nearest the body. "It gradually increased, when you saw a fluid, the components of which were perfectly visible, slowly passing along the course of the vessel. Two of the components were sufficiently distinguished from each other, — the *blood* globules and the *lymph* globules." The motion of these globules was very distinctly observed; — at first, as we have said, there was perfect rest. Then the motion commenced; this was the first sign of recovery from etherization. Under a slight dose of ether, the circulation in the capillaries, or minute vessels, is uninterrupted; under a larger dose, the circulation stagnates. As the effects pass off, the motion of the globules is gradually renewed. According to Dr. Perkins, chloroform differs from ether, when tried on the frog, "in its more rapid, energetic, and prolonged action upon the animal; in a more marked and perfect annihilation, rather than suspension, of the capillary circulation (the smaller vessels appearing entirely empty,) and in the more sudden and perfect restoration of muscular action as its influence passed away." The sensation of pricking or tingling, like that of a limb asleep, as it is called, which sometimes occurs before complete etherization, but more frequently after it, is accounted for by this stagnation of blood in the minute vessels.

Etherization affects the head by producing the sensation of noise, dizziness, confusion, and excitement, which is sometimes pleasurable and sometimes the reverse, unconsciousness, and insensibility. Our author observes that he has never known these effects continue after the general effect had ceased. Dr. Channing remarks that etherization does just what sleep does, allowing the functions of the organ to go on without the pain being perceived. It is profound sleep.

The effect of ether or chloroform upon muscular action is an important part of the subject. We should naturally suppose, that a powerful agent producing the effects which have been described, would paralyze all action in the system, and hence that the process by which a child is born could not go on. To some physicians, it has appeared that this was the case, and that delivery was essentially retarded. We find, in the correspondence printed in this volume, the opinions of some, that muscular action was suspended or delayed. Dr. Channing's experience leads to a different opinion. He believes that ether and chloroform have the power of suspending only the voluntary efforts, while the organic actions go on even better when left to themselves. Thus irregular action only is suspended, whilst the proper action of the organ proceeds undisturbed.

The cessation of the patient's cries and of the voluntary efforts, it is true, may seem to favor this conclusion; but it may be questioned, whether, upon a full dose (of chloroform, especially, as this is most prompt in its effects) being given, there does not occur at once a perfect calm, in which there is a prompt and total cessation of uterine action? So, at least, it has appeared in the cases we have witnessed. The momentary cessation of motion of the blood in the vessels of the frog's foot, would lead us to expect that the action in childbirth would be arrested in like manner. When an accident, or any untoward circumstance, arises to bring on premature muscular action, opium is often given, and is often successful in arresting this action until the proper time. We very much doubt whether complete etherization would not essentially delay delivery. Fortunately, only partial etherization is required, and the organic action, if delayed for the moment, is speedily resumed. This is no argument, then, against the use of the agent; but merely one for delaying it whilst the organic efforts are slight, and therefore more readily retarded. While these are not strong, they are more easily checked, and by the continued use of the ether or chloroform, a highly irritable state is produced in the patient, which is very unfavorable for her speedy relief.

Respiration becomes slower during etherization, and is sometimes noiseless. Dr. Channing has rarely met with the loud breathing, or snoring, noticed by Prof. Simpson.

The pulse at first becomes more rapid, but soon returns to its natural beat, and sometimes falls below it. There is sometimes a striking diminution in its frequency, and an increase in its force. This slowness of the pulse is an indication of full etherization, and shows that it is time to stop inhaling. The stomach is the only one of the digestive organs that is disturbed; nausea and vomiting have sometimes occurred. Dr. Channing says he has met with but one case of the latter, and this was after the use of chloric ether; and he has not more than once or twice observed nausea. Nor does he find that a single one of his correspondents has noticed either of these conditions of the stomach; on the contrary, ether and chloroform have been found to relieve these symptoms when they existed.

Our author proceeds to consider the manner in which etherization is produced, together with its conditions, signs, and results. Sulphuric ether was the agent first discovered, and its effects have been longer and more generally tested than the others. In order to avoid the cough and difficult breathing sometimes produced by sulphuric ether, Mr. Lawrence employed chloric ether, and found it answer perfectly well. Prof. Simpson subsequently made experiments with various gases for the same purpose, and employing chloroform among other articles, he found reason to prefer it to all other preparations. He was led to do so, in consequence of the small quantity required; from its acting sooner and more persistently than sulphuric ether; and from its being more grateful to the patient and less expensive. At the Massachusetts General Hospital, the chloric has been substituted for the sulphuric ether, and continues to be used there. Chloric ether is a solution of chloroform in spirit and water. A compound ether has been formed of a solution of chloroform in sulphuric ether; but its merits have not yet been sufficiently tested. We doubt not that some other preparations will yet be discovered, having similar powers.

The safety of etherization must depend upon the conditions under which it is used. These conditions relate to the article chosen for an inhaler, to the mode of using it, to the present state of the patient, and to the particular effects of inhalation that are observed in each case. In regard to the instrument, the safest and best inhaler, our author says, is that which allows the freest escape of the expired air, and has also a free opening to admit pure air to the sponge. He recommends a very simple instrument, made of pasteboard, of a conical shape, with a sponge at the bottom, and a valve to allow egress to the expired air. The apex of the cone, not being closed, allows the pure air access to the sponge. The sponge should be washed in alcohol each time after use, to prevent the residuum from rendering the ether impure. A ball of cotton slightly wetted with chloroform, and wrapped in a narrow strip of cotton batting, answers well and is safe, provided it be so managed that the exit of the expired air and entrance of pure air are freely permitted. Prof. Simpson uses a handkerchief for chloroform; and although he recommends rapid etherization, administers only thirty drops at one time. We believe that a sponge for ether and a handkerchief for chloroform, have pretty generally taken the place of instruments for inhaling. They are always easily procured, and answer equally well, if the conditions above stated are observed.

Dr. Channing next considers etherization in its particular relation to the subject of his book.

"In pregnancy, new and important agencies are at work. A new function, suddenly induced, and rapidly developing itself, both in its local and general agencies, has been established. An extraordinary vitality prevails everywhere. The blood gets new characters, and those, too, of an intenser life. Respiration is more rapid and fuller. The temperature is increased. Excretions undergo very remarkable changes. A new being is growing, getting nourishment, and every hour developing a higher vitality, in this mysterious condition." p. 75.

In childbirth, there is not a new action just commenced, but merely a continuance of the same action that has been going on through pregnancy. According to Dr. Channing, if this action is uninterrupted before the proper time, the muscular contractions commence, and delivery is accomplished suddenly, *and without pain.* Pain, therefore, is not a necessary attendant upon childbirth. The organic contractions here spoken of, being generally attended with suffering, are commonly called "pains" even among medical men; and hence the idea that pain is necessary for the birth. Now, as irregular or premature contractions are often brought on by mental or accidental causes, etherization, by quieting the voluntary and irregular efforts, and at the same time subduing the pain, produces painless labor exactly like that above described.

The state of entire health and augmented vitality in pregnancy forms a striking contrast to the condition of patients etherized while undergoing surgical operations. This is considered as one reason for the more uniformly salutary effects experienced in obstetric practice. Here it is not necessary that the etherization should be complete, or continued without intermission; and whatever may be the dangers of etherization, they cannot be so great as when the patient must be kept for some time under its full influence. In important surgical operations, as well as in the cases which form our particular subject, there is a considerable loss of blood, which contributes to the safety of etherization; while in the slighter operations, such as tooth pulling, there is but a trifling loss of blood, if any; and the shock is at the same time more sudden. Hence, these slight operations have been attended with less favorable results. Ether has been constantly used, as we have said, at the Massachusetts Hospital. There has been only one unfavorable case; and in this there was nothing to connect the bad result with the use of the ether, as the severity of the operation was a sufficient cause of death. The influence of etherization is kept up more easily than it is produced; and hence caution is required in its administration. In cases of childbirth, the patient may, in general, regulate this for herself. In the intervals of the uterine contractions, etherization is not required; but as soon as the contractions return, the patient eagerly demands it again.

Dr. Channing says that the success of etherization in midwifery has been perfect. He does not remember a case in which it has not been entirely useful both to mother and child.

> "From the very first case down to the latest, I have seen nothing in any of them to diminish my confidence, or to lead me to a conclusion, that it is not proper in any case of labor, or that it has been injurious or unsafe in any one. The evidence from all others who have been consulted by me is to the same general purport."

The coexistence of disease affords no reason why we should omit etherization. On the contrary, it has been found serviceable in phthisis, asthma, cough, affections of the heart, and even in cholera, approaching the form of the Asiatic. In *delirium tremens*, it bids fair to become of the greatest utility. Dr. Channing's experience is confirmed by that of Prof. Simpson, who has applied it in every case of labor since he commenced its use.

In regard to the fears which have been excited by the unfavorable cases of etherization, Dr. Channing remarks upon the popular tendency to confound the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc*, — to consider that as an effect which is only a sequence. In some of these cases, death occurred from the improper manner in which the gas was used; and in others, from the excessive quantity employed. In other cases again, death was the result of the operation, or of the previous disease, and in nowise attributable to the ether or chloroform.

Our author notices some of the unfavorable cases which have been published, principally in the newspapers. One occurred in New York. A man with diseased lungs suffered from a cause that required two slight surgical operations, which were painful, but attended with little loss of blood.

The first operation was performed while he was under the influence of chloroform, and had no unpleasant effects. About a month after, another similar operation was attempted. The patient was placed under the influence of chloroform, of which only thirty drops were given. At the moment when the cut was made, he started, and after a slight convulsive movement expired. On a *post mortem* examination, the lungs were found greatly diseased; and this, not the chloroform, was believed to be the cause of death.

The case of Mr. A. W. Oliver, which was reported in the Bunker Hill Aurora as a death from chloroform, is next mentioned. The statement was contradicted by Dr. Townsend, who was consulted in the case, and states that, after amputation of the leg near the body had been performed, symptoms appeared which led the surgeon to suspect a rupture of some internal organ. The previous injury, however, which required the operation, and the operation itself, were each a sufficient cause of death. The next case is that of Hannah Greener, of Newcastle, England, in which a coroner's jury brought in a verdict of death from congestion of the lungs, produced by chloroform. There are no medical reports of this case. Another case occurred at Cincinnati; a woman died under the influence of chloroform, which she took for the purpose of having a tooth drawn. The whole system was found to be in a most perfect state of health, lungs, heart, and all the other important organs of life being in the most healthy condition. A committee were satisfied that her death was caused by chloroform; it was supposed to have been given in too concentrated a form. It was administered in an air-tight inhaler, in which a sponge saturated with chloroform had been deposited. Dr. Channing remarks that this woman was *suffocated*; the use of the air-tight inhaler, he says, "explains the whole matter — tells the whole story." The sponge *saturated* with chloroform deserves attention also. Dr. Channing calculates, from the statement, that it must have contained two or more ounces of the liquid. Chloroform appears to have been administered precisely as if it was ether. It is very probable that the preceding case would admit of a similar explanation. The congestion of the lungs that is there spoken of is the natural effect of suffocation.

Other cases are mentioned, in which unfavorable effects were produced; but in these the agent was used for tooth-pulling, or for the mere purpose of curiosity or amusement. In regard to the alleged effects of anæsthetic agents in producing insanity, our author says he can find no facts which support the theory; it is advanced as theory only, not as fact. The only cases of puerperal mania which have come to his knowledge, since the introduction of ether, were cases in which this agent was *not* used.

> "Suppose for a moment that ether had been used in these cases, how wide would have been the report! They would have spread on 'flying words' with lightning speed, over this whole country; and by the first steamer they would have found their way to Europe."

There is a case of insanity reported in the succeeding part of the volume, in which ether was used with excellent effect, obviating all the trouble and embarrassment which the condition of the patient had caused in a former confinement. It has also been supposed that convulsive disease might be caused by etherization. Our author has not met with a single instance. He has had grave cases of puerperal convulsions, in which ether was used as a remedy with excellent effects. Dr. Bartlett, of New Bedford, and Dr. Cabot, of Boston, have also reported cases in which it was used with great advantage.

In regard to the different preparations employed, Dr. Channing states that he has too little knowledge of *chloric* ether in childbirth to be able to offer any opinion of its merits. The claims of *sulphuric* ether rest upon its early and comparatively long use, its favorable results, its easy management, the longer continuance of its effects, and the smaller demand for its frequent and rapid repetition. The reasons against its use are, the larger quantity required to produce its effects, its disagreeable odor, and the length of time during which it continues to be exhaled from the lungs. There are other objections, founded on its influence in exciting cough, the time required before its effect is produced, its continuance after it has ceased to be desired, and finally on the mental and physical excitement which occasionally attend its use.

The claims of chloroform are based upon the readiness with which it effects its object, the small quantity required, its pleasant odor, and its rapid decomposition and disappearance from the breath. The objections are, in brief, that the rapidity and power with which it produces its effects render it difficult to control them; and that untoward results have followed its use, though not in midwifery. But the evidence drawn from the correspondence published in this volume preponderates in favor of chloroform.

It is proper, however, that the practitioner should be able to recognize the unfavorable signs, and be prepared to obviate them. It is well known that there are in many individuals idiosyncracies, or peculiarities of constitution, which render a particular medicine or article of diet injurious. The same may be the case in regard to ether and chloroform. In other instances, there may be something unfavorable in the particular state of the individual at the time. If unfavorable effects occur, they are denoted by paleness and the livid aspect of the face and extremities, the slowness of the pulse, and the general signs of exhaustion. When these symptoms are observed, if inhalation is stopped, nothing serious ensues. A free supply of air should be afforded, without allowing the patient to become chilled. Friction should be freely employed. Stimulating drinks, aromatic teas, wine, etc., are useful, but caution is required not to add too much to the stimulus already produced upon the brain. Camphorated spirits or rum may be applied to the forehead. Dr. Channing recollects only one case in which these symptoms were observed, and in this they were very slight. Affections of a spasmodic or hysterical nature have resulted from etherization in tooth-pulling. They may be treated with antispasmodics, and will generally soon disappear.

The state of entire rest, or quiet with apparent faintness, which succeeds etherization, sometimes continues for an hour or more, and may create uneasiness among the patient's friends. Catalepsy and other severe affections of a convulsive nature have occurred; the treatment should be the same as described above. Etherization does not interfere with the use of ergot, when this is required; on the contrary, its effects are more favorable when etherization is employed.

Dr. Channing proceeds to a consideration of the objections made to the use of ether and other anæsthetic agents in midwifery; first, of the argument that the suffering is too slight to require it. We suspect this objection is brought forward by those who have never witnessed these sufferings, or certainly have never borne children. Who is there that can hear the earnest demand for relief, and see the eagerness with which any remedy is grasped at, without feeling an earnest desire to place it within reach? This question is one which we think patients will settle for themselves. There are very few now, who have not become aware of the existence of this remedy, and who do not earnestly beg for it, while they are under the influence of pain. But we have already said that there is a much higher advantage in the use of these agents; by preventing pain, life will often be saved, and lingering and dangerous disease be avoided.

The uncertainty and possible danger is the next objection. The answer to this is, that every day is rendering the uncertainty less, and giving additional proofs of the safety of etherization. Dr. Channing says it has already shown powers greater than those of any other medicinal agent.

We come next to the religious objection. Our author informs us that it was first brought forward in Scotland. It is founded upon the passage in Genesis, "Unto the woman he said, In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." Dr. Channing goes into a consideration of the text, which he thinks may bear a different construction from that commonly given to it. He refers also to a pamphlet which Prof. Simpson has written expressly to refute this objection. Verbal criticisms, however, will always be matter of controversy, and seldom meet with general acceptation. Perhaps the best answer is that of Dr. Chalmers, contained in a quotation from the pamphlet just mentioned. When Prof. Miller consented to write an article on Etherization for the North British Review, he mentioned this objection to Dr. Chalmers, who, after expressing his surprise, replied that if some small theologians took such an improper view of the subject, he would certainly advise Mr. Miller "not to heed them."

This idea proceeds from a very narrow view of the subject, which, if carried out, becomes absurd. Has not the same great Being, who pronounced the curse, the power to present to mankind the means of alleviating it; or has he ceased to preside over human affairs? If he has not this power and right, and the curse must remain in full force as in the time of Adam, let us be consistent. Sickness and death came in consequence of this sentence; it is not lawful, therefore, to relieve sickness or to prevent death. The medical profession is abolished, and all the hosts of nostrum venders and manufacturers are prohibited. We must not avail ourselves of any of the tools used in agriculture, because it is said "cursed is the ground for thy sake;" nor must we root up the thorns and thistles it brings forth. If a man has received property from his father, he must divide it among the poor, and earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow, taking care never to acquire the means of future ease. Certainly, nothing can be plainer than this; if we may not use a remedy to remove the pain of childbirth, we have no right to earn the means of future ease for ourselves, and still less for our children. Were this opinion to be acted upon, there would be an end to all improvement; industry would be stopped, and the wheels of society would stand still. A more enlarged theology discerns the intention of Providence gradually to ameliorate the condition of our race, by allowing them to obtain, as the fruit of industry and exertion, the means of lessening labor and relieving pain. If the discovery of any medicine is a blessing to mankind, that blessing is granted as directly by Providence as the curse was given in the days of Adam.

Dr. Channing next proceeds to the moral objection, the amount of which is, that ether and chloroform may be used as means of intoxication, or for the mere purpose of amusement, and may thus produce injurious effects. The same may be said of laudanum, and of many of the most useful medicines. If it applies to etherization, how much more does it apply to the use of arsenic in medicine and in the arts, — a drug by which fearful mischief and crime have been perpetrated! Yet arsenic is allowed quietly to hold its place in commerce and medicine; we have never heard of any proposal to banish it. This objection to etherization applies only while it is a novelty. The effects of chloroform are too transient to be much resorted to as a means of intoxication; ether is disagreeable to most persons, and the continued use of any anæsthetic agent generally produces disgust and aversion. As long as *better* means of producing intoxication are accessible, we need not be anxious in regard to the vapors of ether and chloroform. When the efforts of the benevolent have effectually checked the use of alcohol, some restrictions upon the sale of these articles may become necessary.

The fifth and last objection is, that etherization may injure the child; this, our author observes, rests upon hypothesis merely. There is not the smallest evidence that this evil effect has ever occurred. Children born under the use of ether or chloroform exhibit as strong marks of intelligence and activity as those born before its discovery, and are "as sprightly and well behaved" as any.

We have now followed our author through his general discussion of the use of etherization in childbirth. He next gives in detail the history of seventy-eight cases attended by him, either in consultation or otherwise, in which this agent was employed. These cases will be found of much interest and value to medical men. Their general results, as far as our subject is concerned, have been already mentioned; they were highly favorable.

Dr. Channing, as we have before said, addressed a letter to many of the physicians of Boston and its vicinity, respecting the most important points relating to the use of ether and chloroform, and their answers are contained in the latter part of the volume. In order that these results may be more conveniently examined, he has arranged them in tables. The answers are given individually by the writers, without concert or communication with each other. Of course, they vary very much. Some are cautious in regard to its use; some give it only when asked for; others think it should only be given under certain circumstances. On the whole, however, we find a remarkable degree of unanimity in favor of etherization. It is a great deal to say, that, in this mass of testimony, no facts are brought forward against its safety, and no decided opinion given against it. We find the names of nearly all our most eminent physicians, whose evidence is given in its favor.

It may be said that our author writes with the zeal of an advocate, rather than with the coolness of an impartial investigator. Dr. Channing is well known for his zeal in the various benevolent enterprises of the day, and for his exertions for the amelioration and reform of social evils. The eagerness of his desire to extend the use of this remedy for pain might be supposed to carry him too far, did he give us theory and opinion only. But this is not the case. He has collected facts, from which all who are interested in the subject can form their own conclusions. He has carefully brought under our view the principal cases which have come to a fatal issue, and has spoken freely of the dangers which attend the improper use of ether and chloroform. His evident zeal in the cause gives his book an interest which a mere inquiry would not have. It is too early yet to write a systematic treatise upon etherization. Our author has not aimed at this, but has industriously collected into a body the evidence which had accumulated, to aid the medical profession in forming their decision as to the free or cautious use of it, or whether they should abandon it entirely.

Our own conclusion from such an examination is, that ether or chloroform is a remedy of the utmost value, and may be used with perfect safety under the direction of a physician. We have alluded to the unfavorable effects of etherization, sufficiently to show that it is a highly dangerous agent in the hands of the rash or ignorant. It ought not to be used any more than calomel or laudanum, except under medical direction. Still less should it be used for the mere purpose of amusement. We conclude, also, from the same evidence, that its use is safer in midwifery and the larger surgical operations, than in the minor ones. Most of the unfavorable effects which have occurred took place when it was given for tooth-pulling. Pain and loss of blood may both be considered as counter-agents, which neutralize its effects, and render them more safe.

Art. III. — 1. *Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil, embracing Historical and Geographical Notices of the Empire and its Several Provinces.* By D. P. Kidder. New York: 1845. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Travels in the Interior of Brazil, principally through the Northern Provinces, and the Gold and Diamond Districts, during the years* 1836–41. By G. Gardner. London: 1846. 8vo.

It is now somewhat more than twenty years since the Empire of Brazil emerged from the obscure existence of a

Colony into the condition of an independent State. By far the largest country of the South American continent, having unbounded natural resources, with a sea-coast extending for thousands of miles and supplied with excellent harbors, traversed by majestic rivers and still more majestic mountains, enjoying every variety of delightful climate, and fruitful throughout its vast extent beyond example even in tropical climes, it seems to have all the elements necessary to awaken enterprise or attract curiosity. Its external features, perhaps, have been sufficiently explored and described. The zeal of science and the restless enterprise of commerce have contributed to make the natural history and characteristics of this country tolerably well known to all, or at least, to render information on these subjects easily accessible to those who choose to investigate them. Large regions, indeed, lost in the vast territory nominally belonging to the Empire, remain unexplored. Some distant tribes of Indians may yet be unknown, and in hidden valleys, no doubt, many a curious flower, yet unmarked in the catalogues of botanists, blushes unseen. It is probable, however, that little remains to be discovered which would materially affect an estimate of the natural features of the country.

But while the mountains and rivers of Brazil have been explored and measured, its broad plains traversed, and its mineral and botanical treasures laid open to the admiration of the civilized world, the people who possess this magnificent land attract but little notice. The character and history, the manners and customs, the institutions, the present condition and probable future, of a nation which is destined at some time to include a portion of mankind as large as the share it now occupies of the earth's surface, are subjects which are very little understood or cared for. It is not easy for us, inhabiting the northern hemisphere, which has been throughout all history almost the exclusive abode of civilization, to recognize as belonging to the family of civilized nations, a country which lies almost wholly beyond the line, and whose capital and principal provinces are under the tropic of Capricorn. With the distant regions of the South we are accustomed to connect only ideas of barbarian rudeness or splendor; and it is only some particular occasion which is likely to correct the uniform impressions of our education.

Besides its remote position, Brazil is separated from most of the world by the use of a language which is little known, and offers but little to reward the trouble of acquiring it. The Portuguese language is hardly calculated to produce a favorable first impression, — if language that can properly be called, which has all the low characteristics of a mere dialect. It is Spanish, if such a name can be deserved where there is none of the dignity and grandeur which distinguish that most majestic of languages. Like other acknowledged dialects, it seems to be formed by dropping the consonants, that give distinctness to the pronunciation of the original language, and by dissolving down its grave and noble intonations into a confused mass of vowel and nasal sounds, with much the same effect upon the language which it would produce upon the human body to abstract all the bones of the skeleton. Moreover, being almost without a literature of modern date, that is to say, having ceased to appear in the world as the vehicle of elevated thought, it has but few means of removing upon further acquaintance the first unfavorable impression.

The imperfect knowledge of the affairs of Brazil which comes to us through such a channel, relating, as it does, only to the most prominent events, which are left unconnected and unexplained, has given an unfavorable idea of her national character. We are accustomed to think of this country only as the last refuge of the African slave trade, and of her national industry and prosperity as indissolubly linked with that infamous traffic, which all the civilized world has stigmatized as piracy and combined to suppress. From time to time, also, some rumor of political commotions indistinctly reaches our ears, — some insurrection in the provinces, or revolution in the capital; for three times since its independence has the government changed hands in the midst of revolutionary outbreaks, besides experiencing occasional republican and servile disturbances. If this were all, if these vague impressions were capable of giving a true idea of the character and condition of this great Empire, or if we did not discover, in the course of its affairs, something which seems of more importance than the interminable conflicts of South American republics, we should be quite content to allow them to remain as they are, without attempting to throw light upon so unprofitable a subject. But circumstances having afforded us some peculiar means of information concerning Brazil, we propose to offer some remarks upon its present political and social condition, and upon a few other subjects immediately connected with it.

In the first place, the most interesting object of political speculation is the spectacle of a great monarchy flourishing on American soil — the only one which can be said to have ever existed in America — for the few military or social dictatorships, which have assumed a monarchical aspect for a time, are hardly deserving of the name. This is a monarchy, also, not composed of a homogeneous and easily governed population, collected within a narrow compass, but extending over immense and disconnected regions, containing every variety of inhabitants and every grade of civilization, from European refinement to African barbarism. It is surrounded by violent republics; the very air that blows over it from any other part of America is tainted with republican feeling; and its unguarded frontier and provinces, with their prodigious natural wealth, are a perpetual temptation to foreign invasion and domestic ambition. That a monarchy could exist under such circumstances is sufficiently remarkable; but it becomes still more curious, when we see the Empire from its birth continually advancing in wealth, strength, and reputation, in civilization and the arts of peace, while the republics, its neighbors, are wasted by intestine wars, their population decreasing, their industry annihilated, education forgotten among them, and the people constantly losing ground in every respect which makes a nation prosperous, powerful, or happy. We cannot help asking what are the causes which have made so wide a difference in their condition, and whether that difference will continue to exist, or whether the same unhappy fate is reserved for Brazil which seems to await the republics of the Spanish race.

There are also social questions connected with the condition of Brazil, which, as they are always of more consequence than political matters to the people concerned, are also more interesting to others as objects of investigation. Whoever is inclined to speculate upon the future destiny of our own country, especially of the southern portion of it, cannot fail to be interested by the aspect of Brazilian society. The questions which agitate it most deeply, the social problems which are there in process of solution, are not unlike those which occupy the attention of serious people in our own land; while the result to which society is rapidly tending there is far different from any that is usually contemplated among us. In Brazil, even more than in this country, the institution of slavery exists in its full vigor. It is expanded over the whole empire, a field where it has even wider opportunity to unfold itself than our recent acquisitions of territory have opened to it here. The slave population there increases more rapidly, by means of the easy and constant importation from Africa, in addition to the natural increase; and all the considerations connected with this difficult and important subject are undergoing a more rapid development. The future condition of that country is as deeply implicated as our own in the answer which the great question as to the future of this population, and as to the tendencies and ultimate result of the institution which now confines them, shall receive. There, as well as here, the question is forced upon the minds of all, What shall become of them or of our children?

Brazil is situated between 4° north and 33° south latitude. Between these parallels it extends almost the whole breadth of the South American continent, from the sea-coast to the Andes. It is supposed to contain at present a population of nearly seven millions, of whom about three millions are estimated to be negro slaves; the remainder are whites, aboriginal Indians, free negroes, and a large mixed population arising from a union of all these classes. The whites are set down at a million and a half.

Of the history of the country we do not propose to say more than is necessary to account for its present situation. At the commencement of the year 1808, it was a Portuguese colony, sealed against all the world by the strictest application of the colonial policy. It is well known, that a short time before that date, on the unexpected advance of Junot upon Lisbon, the royal family of Portugal, attended by many of their court and nobility, took refuge on board some ships of war, and set sail for Brazil, then the principal dependency of the crown of Portugal. The consequences of this measure, the result of the desperation and probably the cowardice of the moment, upon the fortunes of both countries have been far more important than any persons at that time could have foreseen. The royal fugitives, barely escaping with their lives from the capital of their native kingdom, were received with loyalty, respect, and every demonstration of attachment in those distant dominions, upon which they had probably hardly ever wasted a thought; and the important benefits which they were able to confer, the immediate change of commercial policy which was introduced, naturally confirmed and strengthened the attachment which was at first the offspring of sympathy and tradition. They landed at Bahia, January 19th, 1808; and as early as January 28th, all the ports of Brazil were opened to the commerce of the world. In 1815, Brazil was erected into a kingdom, nominally, at least, equal to, and independent of Portugal.

But an arbitrary government of court favorites, careful for nothing but to secure the spoils of their offices, was the one of all others best calculated to encourage the spirit of discontent with which the colonies of South America began about this time to be agitated; and on the return of the king, Don John VI. to Portugal, April 26th, 1821, a large portion of the Brazilian people were already ripe for separation from the mother country. This separation would undoubtedly have taken place, and have been accompanied, as in the case of all Spanish America, by the formation of a republican government, if it had not been provided against by the appointment of Don Pedro, the heir to the crown, as regent, and his residence in the country. The separation, indeed, soon occurred, forced by the necessities of the case, in 1822; but it was not effected, as it otherwise would have been, by a patriot general at the head of a popular army. In the front of the movement of separation stood the Prince Regent, at that time the head of the government of the country, and the heir of the united kingdom. It was accepted as a compromise between the former government, which was perceived to be no longer possible, and the republic, which was seen to be otherwise inevitable. Rather than surrender forever, for himself and his family, the dominion of half a continent, the Prince Regent refused to obey the decree of the Cortes recalling him to Portugal, and proclaimed himself Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil. His part, as leader of the revolution, was well sustained; no reluctance or hesitation, even if it was felt, was allowed to manifest itself. The prince himself was the first to announce, that the decisive moment of separation had arrived; his was the rallying cry, "Independencia o morte," uttered upon the receipt of despatches from Portugal, on the banks of a small stream in one of the southern provinces; and it became the watchword of the Brazilians during the contest. This was neither long nor severe; with some assistance from the English fleet, the separation was easily accomplished, and the Portuguese troops were removed from the country.

But although by his conduct in their behalf, the Emperor had secured the affections of his subjects, the establishment of independence became, as is usual in such cases, the signal for the commencement of political difficulties to the Empire. Freed from its connection with the mother country, it was left in a manner without any certain government; that is, without any which could discharge the most important office of a government, by giving moral security and confidence to the people. For a few years, it was doubtful what form of government would be finally adopted. The army, officered mostly by native Portuguese, and obnoxious to the Brazilians, was ready to support the emperor in the continuance of his unsettled, if not absolute authority. But the republican party, strongly organized by secret societies, became active and threatening, so that even the moderate ministers, in whose hands the direction of affairs was placed, — the brothers Andreada, the most distinguished statesmen whom Brazil has yet produced, and who were the supporters of a constitutional monarchy, — were forced to adopt arbitrary measures. After several revolutions, as they might be called, a constitution was finally proposed by the emperor, and sworn to by the cities and provinces; the republicans were expelled from their strong-hold of Pernambuco, and the government established essentially on its present basis. This occurred during the year 1824.

Produced under such circumstances, and intended to compose such hostile elements, the political constitution of Brazil is in the form of a constitutional monarchy, of which the crown is devolved upon what may now be called the younger branch of the house of Braganza, with the imperial title. The legislative power resides in two assemblies or chambers, of which the lower house is elected by the people of the different provinces, the number of representatives being proportioned to the population, while the senate is nominated by the emperor from a triple list of candidates designated by the electors. A moderate property qualification is required both for electors and members. The general conduct of executive affairs and the foreign relations is committed to the emperor and the ministers whom he appoints; the internal policy of the country, the raising of the revenue, laying taxes, apportionment of expense, &c., belongs to the Congress, over whose acts the emperor has only a qualified veto. He cannot refuse his assent to a law which has received the sanction of two successive assemblies. The ministers are responsible. In accordance, perhaps, with the traditional manners of the monarchy, the emperor is treated with much ceremony and deference. Court days and presentations are conducted with their accustomed solemnity. The emperor rides attended by a guard of honor, and whenever he appears at Rio Janeiro, his majesty is saluted by the discharges of innumerable cannon, and his house is called a palace.

But the legislators of Brazil have taken the most effectual measures against the undue independence of the imperial power, by keeping his majesty sufficiently poor. The civil list amounts only to $400,000, out of which a number of pensions are to be paid, and a considerable body of soldiers supported; so that some economy is said to be required in the royal housekeeping, — imperial economy, be it understood.

Besides the members of the two chambers, and other persons possessed of political power, and who of course receive its titles and honors, it has been the custom to confer upon distinguished individuals various ranks of titular authority. The grant confers a title and social distinction only, neither pension, power, nor hereditary succession attending it. But the institution has not appeared absurd; the nobility are few, and to be one of them is still a distinction. A small standing army is maintained; also, a small but very creditable navy, most bountifully officered.

While thus, in its apparent form, the government of Brazil is a monarchy after the English school, in its practical operation it much resembles the constitution of the United States. However skilfully a government may have been adapted to a particular purpose, however artfully its checks and balances may have been contrived, the real disposition of power will always depend upon the habits and education, the character and tendencies of a people; and upon the counterpoise of neutralizing interests. It is these alone which determine what shall be attempted on the one hand, and what will be resisted or submitted to on the other. In Brazil, the monarchical power, unsupported by a strong aristocratic interest, battered and weakened by the assaults to which at various times it has been subjected, has been unable to control the democratical element, which exists either in the government or unformed in the heart of society. Under ordinary circumstances, the executive authority easily exercises its delegated constitutional functions; but when driven to exertion, it has always soon appeared that the real power was in the body of the people. Notwithstanding its monarchical form and title, a better idea of the substantial nature of the government may be obtained by considering it as a republic, having at its head an immovable chief magistrate.

One circumstance, which contributed undoubtedly to this result, is that the empire is divided into eighteen different provinces, from which the representatives are separately elected to the National Assemblies. The local concerns and internal administration of the provinces are provided for by their local councils or legislatures, in the same manner as by the legislatures of our several States. Each has its capital, its provincial offices, and complete, though subordinate, political and municipal organization. The feelings of the people also are swayed by natural rivalry and provincial patriotism. Such a division of territory, as well as of the powers of government, assimilates the country in appearance to the United States, and cannot fail to produce other important resemblances in the working of the two political systems.

But the most important feature of the government, and the one which is soonest apparent to an observer who has been accustomed to the active and stirring governments of the North, establishes at once the widest distinction between Brazil and the United States. To such a person, what appears most extraordinary in the state of the country is the absence of that most powerful agent in modern society, public opinion. He strangely feels the loss of that criticism to which he has been unconsciously accustomed to refer whatever happens. There hardly exists in the Empire any definite and concentrated action of the public mind, whether directed to politics or any other subject. Whatever course the government may decide upon is perhaps wondered at, but is easily accepted without much opposition or discussion.. But if it is thus exempted from a troublesome supervision, it is not able to call in that public countenance and aid, which is more powerful than any material assistance. In this respect, the silent operation of natural causes seems to have triumphed over those political combinations which ought to have produced a different result. Although the press is entirely free, as free as in England or the United States, and in the principal cities, especially in Rio de Janeiro, this freedom has been fully exercised, yet in other districts of the Empire, the sparseness of the population, the isolated habits of domestic life, the general defect of education, and, above all, the enervating influence of a tropical climate, do not allow the press to exert its proper influence. The immense distance and complete separation of many of the provinces from each other, the fact that they can communicate only by sea, and the production by most of them of the same class of commodities, which is not favorable to commercial intercourse, render it almost impossible to disseminate the information and prepare the union upon which public opinion is founded. And even were these difficulties less serious, or should they hereafter be overcome, it is doubtful if the genius of the people, together with the sensual luxury of an existence which always invites to repose, and with an abundant supply for all their natural wants, would ever allow them to attain that activity and vigor of mind which are necessary for the creation of public opinion. To the formation of this immaterial product is devoted more of the intelligent labor of the community than to that of any other result which it produces. To be capable of such a pubic opinion, and of exercising its influence, a nation must have arrived at a high point of civilization, and have passed through the trying labors of national education, — a point at which Brazil has not yet arrived, even if the obstacles to which we have alluded did not make it impossible that she should ever reach it.

These general ideas, which are the result, while living in a society constituted like ours, only of abstract reflection, become matter of immediate perception as soon as one is transferred to a society in which so important an element is wanting. And by the effect of its absence, we become aware of its great importance. That such a difference of circumstances must produce a corresponding diversity in the nature of all political action, will be easily seen. It is only through the continual activity of the general mind, through the comparison of opposite interests, and the laborious estimate of what is desirable and what is possible, by which public opinion is formed, that great parties in the government of a country can be created or sustained; and without them, the pursuit of politics assumes the character of a private and personal business. Such is its aspect in Brazil. Unsupported by, and irresponsible to any great permanent political parties, extending throughout the country, representing its various interests and concentrating its views, those persons whom accident, favorable position and connections, or personal ability have enabled to enter the arena of politics, act only in personal rivalry one against the other. The prize is for him who possesses the largest personal influence. Those who engage in the competition are induced to strengthen themselves in power, or prepare an entrance to it, by private connections, and perhaps by the arts of court favor. But the rivalry thus excited in a country like Brazil, where office is open to all, is a security against the chance of power falling into incompetent hands. It is the most direct encouragement of industry and education, as well as of talent; for these are the surest means of attaining and securing personal influence.

Accordingly, the short history of Brazil shows that she has always had intelligent and able men in her government; in the earlier periods, during and after her revolution, the rulers in her councils would have compared favorably with the most accomplished statesmen of those times, whether in America or Europe. The chief magistracy, which our own experience proves to be the glittering mark and principal bond of parties, being removed by the Brazilian constitution beyond the power of the people, and the means of education being so limited that the number of persons who are qualified to undertake the charges of government is very small, it is conformable neither to their interest nor their instinct to promote the formation of large political parties, even if it would not be easier to overturn the government entirely than to create them.

That a government so situated and administered must be very different in its nature from any of those of the same name to which we are accustomed, is evident. To what degree it is adapted to the character of the people, and likely to secure a long duration, the short period during which it has existed hardly enables us to form an opinion. This question, also, is dependent upon other causes, both external and internal, which it is difficult to appreciate rightly, so that it would be idle to speculate upon it. Much will undoubtedly depend upon the conduct of the present emperor, a young man twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, of a reserved and obstinate disposition, it is said, but of good character and devoted to business.

In regard to the effective strength of such a government, there can be but one opinion. We are apt to allow our imaginations to be dazzled by the exhibitions of physical force, which are sometimes made by the governments of uneducated or even barbarous nations, — by their hosts of cavalry and armies innumerable, and to attribute to these convulsive demonstrations more importance than they deserve. For what ability has such a government to resist attacks from without or from within, in comparison with one which rests upon the affections of its subjects or citizens, and which is itself the expression of their united opinion? They are unable to make those great efforts to promote the education or material prosperity of a nation, upon which the merit and efficiency of a good government depends. Without intending to rank Brazil among barbarous nations, it is evident, we think, that its government cannot undertake many of the offices which are performed by governments of a higher class, and in which their best and most useful qualities are manifested. Whatever may be its duration under its present form, or whatever changes it may undergo, it will necessarily be long before it can assume those duties of national education and the development of the national resources, which we are accustomed to regard as the most important trust and obligation imposed upon a government.

It is by the export of what are called colonial products, sugar, coffee, and the like, and by the produce of her diamond mines, that Brazil is best known in the commercial world. These are the products of slave labor. As is well known, Brazil is a slave country. We do not intend to present any estimate of the amount of her productions, or of the importance of the country in a commercial point of view; but shall confine our remarks principally to the condition of the inhabitants. As is the case in other countries where slavery exists, there is great inequality of condition even among the free population. While there are large estates owned by a few great proprietors, or belonging in various ways to the Church and its dependents, a great portion of the inhabitants are not only poor themselves, but are shut out from the chance of acquiring property in the only mode of which they have any knowledge, — that is, by the labor of other people. Among the wealthy proprietors there is said to exist a kind of rude splendor and luxury; while the happy climate, and the fertility of almost every district of Brazil, secure even the poorest from the fear of physical suffering and the worst evils of poverty.

The agriculture presents the usual features of slave cultivation, being conducted in the unskilful method of imperfectly cultivating large tracts of land to exhaustion, and then leaving them fallow to recover their power of production. The extent and cheapness of uncultivated land, however, as well as the vigor of tropical vegetation, have thus far prevented the desolation which has fallen upon some parts of our own country that are cultivated in this manner, and which is the invariable tendency of this style of agriculture. Many efforts have been made to improve its character; it has been under the especial patronage of government; the highest inducements have been offered to promote colonization, and several settlements of European laborers, especially of Germans, have been formed at different places. An attempt was made some years since to naturalize the cultivation of tea in San Paulo, one of the southern provinces, and a colony of Chinese was imported, along with the plants, to carry on the process. But the usual fate of free colonies in slave countries seems to have befallen them all; after a season of prosperity, they appear to die out by inward decay. The production of tea, however, of late, has somewhat revived. Brazilian tea is now an established article in the market of Rio Janeiro. We have seen some of it which, after it had been kept for two years, was of excellent quality, and it is possible that it may yet become an important article of export.

Living thus under the same institutions, in almost the same manner, the condition of the people, who are thinly scattered over an immense territory, is essentially the same as in the slave States of our own country. As soon, however, as they are collected together in cities and populous districts, so as to form a society in which peculiar national and moral dispositions begin to manifest themselves, a far different state of things becomes apparent. The uniform system of Anglo-Saxon colonization, which in one way or another always tends to the extermination of the aboriginal races, although events have proved it best for the colonists, and best for the future state of the country they have founded, is yet of too severe a character to be generally imitated. We do not now call to mind a single instance in which an Anglo-Saxon colony has so intermingled with the people of the country where it was established, as to produce a race or nation of half-blood; while of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, it would be almost as difficult to cite an opposite example. Those nations, having a character less rigorous and perhaps more affectionate than ours, instead of steadily repelling the native population, and crowding them backward before the advancing wave of their own progress, have always, to a greater or less degree, united with and adopted them. In Mexico, in Central America, and almost all over South America, whole nations of mixed races have sprung from such connections, and the blood of the whole people may be said to be affected by them.

In those parts of Brazil which have been longest and most completely occupied by Europeans, — in the neighborhood of Rio Janeiro, for instance, — the tawny complexion and high cheek bones not unfrequently reveal the physiognomy of the Indian race, notwithstanding its long admixture with whites and negroes; and in other districts, this mixed race forms the greater portion, or the entire body of the population. But it is by no means in respect to the Indians alone, nor principally, that this inclination towards a general intermixture of races exhibits itself.

The most remarkable circumstance in the social state of

Brazil is, that between the white race and the black there is no division, or seems to be none, on the ground of color. The only distinction is between bond and free. The two races meet together in social intercourse upon a footing of perfect equality, if their position in life in other respects allows it. Intermarriages are made between them without changing their place in society upon either side. Not only the offices and powers of government are equally open to both classes, and in possession of both, but the blacks can enter every profession and business, and enjoy every means of social influence and advancement in life. We have known the wife of an admiral, whose hue was of the darkest among Africa's daughters. We have heard of the dismay of an American diplomatic agent at the entrance of a venerable jet black colonel into the court, where he had just undergone his presentation. It is not long since the minister of foreign affairs, the ambassador to England, and one of the most prominent lawyers of Rio Janeiro, and a member of the legislature were mulattoes; it is very likely that they hold these situations still. In the army, — the profession which is in all countries, *par excellence*, the profession of respectability, — if one may judge by the specimens seen in the capital and the military school for the education of officers, the great majority are of African descent; and among the officers, the proportion seems to be nearly the same as among the privates. We do not say that pure blood is not a quality upon which the possessors may pride themselves, or which may be regarded as a social distinction by others; but the instances mentioned show sufficiently that it does not form a separate caste or dividing line in society. It is looked upon in no other light than as pure Castilian descent is regarded in Old Spain, or family rank in England, which, no matter how much it may be prized as a personal distinction, does not hinder its possessor from associating on equal terms with others who have not this advantage.

Acting probably both as a cause and consequence, this social equality has advanced the admixture of the two races very far towards a perfect fusion. The whites are indeed, generally speaking, as might be expected, the most elevated class in the community; yet in every rank may be found numbers of every intermediate degree between the European and African. Perhaps the impressions of individuals are not to be implicitly relied on; yet it is said, with great appearance of truth, that it is already rare to meet with persons of entirely uncontaminated descent; and certainly, in general society, nothing can be more imprudent than to presume upon it. The progress of such a union has no longer anything but time to oppose it; the idea and habit have passed into the manners of domestic life and the structure of society; it has become an accepted fact, which neither revolts nor astonishes. We observe that, at the last session of the Legislature, measures were in progress to equalize, as was said, still more the condition of the two races; perhaps to remove some obsolete distinctive laws, which may yet linger upon the statute book. Contrary to what is usually considered the experience of this country in such cases, the offspring of the connection between the whites and blacks, far from being an emasculate and feeble race, inclined to disease and incapable of perpetuating itself, appears, in Brazil at least, equal in intelligence and energy to either of the races from which it proceeds. The mulattoes, including all varieties of cross-breeds, are commonly said to possess more capacity than any other class of the population, but to be, at the same time, more inclined to vice. They have certainly been able to secure their fair proportion of influence; and we presume that we may, in great measure, attribute to their abilities and exertions the state of public feeling which we have described, and which coincides so exactly with their own interest.

In view of the circumstances which render it impossible for a people to stop when they have once entered upon such a course, the future character of the population of Brazil cannot admit of a question. In a little longer time, perhaps, than was requisite for the Normans to assimilate with the Saxons in England, or on the continent, for the German races to become blended with the descendants of the Romans, a different race of men from any that have hitherto appeared in history as a nation, — a race which in the process of time will become homogeneous, though sprung from a mixed origin, — will be spread over that vast country, and will be the inheritors and guardians of its European civilization. In an unusual, and perhaps fairer, manner than elsewhere, the capacity of the negro race for cultivation and improvement, or for continuing what descends to them, will be tested ; for the mixture of foreign blood is hardly a more favorable element on one side, than the contempt and scorn with which they are everywhere else beaten backward into barbarism, is an unjust and disregarded element upon the other. Here alone their capacity for civilization will be determined by their comparison with its highest representatives and models, the European race.

The general equality which exists between the two races does not lessen the security of the institution of slavery. It has probably even the contrary effect, since it allows all classes of the free population, blacks as well as whites, to become interested in its support. Instead of being founded in a general sentiment directed against all the individuals of a certain race or color, slavery becomes a merely personal relation between the master and slave, and, as appears to have been the case among the Greeks and Romans, the institution is strengthened rather than weakened by being placed upon this footing. Relieved from the appearance of a general proscription, it appears as one of those personal misfortunes to which all men endeavor to submit with a good grace, when they are inevitable. The manner of the slaves is generally less abject than elsewhere; they seem to feel less degraded by their position. On the other hand, there is no disposition to relax the severity of bondage, but rather the contrary, when, as frequently happens in Brazil, blacks are subjected to masters of their own color. The existence of a class of free blacks in such numbers as they are found, for in the cities they are probably at least equal in number to the whites, is not easy to be accounted for. Some have obtained their freedom by their own exertions or the negligence of their masters. In some districts, emancipation has very generally taken place through partisan warfare, in which both parties have set at liberty those slaves who joined them from their opponents; in others, fugitive colonies have been formed, which have sometimes maintained their independence for a considerable time. The principal cause, however, must be the frequent manumissions which take place in consequence of the intimate connections existing between master and slaves, and which have been encouraged by the uniform policy of the Catholic church.

The effect of these exemptions, which might in time have undermined the institution, has been hitherto counteracted, and the proportion of slaves kept good, by the perpetual introduction of a new supply through the African Slave Trade. The continuance of this traffic up to the present time introduces into the consideration of this subject an element which is peculiar to Brazil, and which is of paramount importance. It is plain, that the relation between the masters and their slaves is materially affected by the degree in which the latter are regarded as a mere article of commerce. Their importance as human beings, their comfort, and even their lives are but little considered, when their places can be supplied at a low cost from the market of labor. For the same reason, their natural increase will be discouraged, and they will be deprived of the protection which results even from long associations of dependence. That this is the most profitable method of carrying on the system of slavery, and of producing the commodities to which this species of labor is applied, the existence of the slave trade under all the difficulties to which it is subjected is sufficient proof. As long as the general sentiment of the country allows this traffic to go on, the continued introduction of fresh slaves, of the most brutal appearance and character, already accustomed to slavery as the natural form of society, is calculated rather to increase the present strength of the institution than to prepare the way for its extinction.

It is evidently to this general indifference of the Brazilians as to the traffic, and to their toleration of it, so far at least as a willingness to avail themselves of its advantages extends, that the continuance of the Slave Trade is to be attributed. It would, indeed, be doing great injustice to the best portion of that people to suppose that none of them are sensible of the odious nature of this commerce, and of its desperate effect upon the character of those engaged in it; many of them are anxious for its suppression. The laws of Brazil, though they may be regarded more as the result of foreign influence than as the expression of the wishes of the whole people, are as strenuous against it as those of other civilized countries. But in the absence of any earnest public feeling in opposition to it, and so long as it is sustained by a readiness to accept the advantages which it offers, it would be impossible to execute these laws. The trade will probably be carried on, as it is at present, not only in violation of the laws of the country, but in open connivance with its authorities. There are political causes which would make the present government of Brazil indifferent about the execution of laws that are intended to destroy an interest which circumstances have made its natural ally; and it is evident, also, that the government, such as we have described it, has not the power to put an end to a traffic which is supported by the people. With or without its connivance, the natural circumstances which have made Brazil the only support of the Slave Trade will continue to offer great facilities for its exercise. This country affords the best opportunity in the world for that perpetual and indefinite occupation of new territory, which is so essential in the economy of slave cultivation; there is room enough for the population to migrate and expand for centuries. Its geographical position, directly opposite the African slave coast, from which the south-east trade winds are constantly blowing over a sea which never experiences a storm, offers to the slaver the quickest and easiest passage which is known across any portion of the Atlantic. Its enormous seacoast and numerous harbors present every facility for disembarking the cargo at any point that may be desired; and so long as a market can be found for the slaves when once landed, and security for those who are concerned with them, it is hardly possible to imagine an enterprise more difficult, not to say hopeless, than the attempt to put a stop to the business.

The extent which the traffic has attained is not easy to be determined with accuracy. Prosecuted in opposition to the laws and the sentiments of almost the whole human race, and a mark for every attack, its first object is to involve itself in the deepest secrecy. Yet the evidence from various sources makes the number of slaves who are landed in Brazil every year as great as 50,000; and we have more reason to suppose that this number falls short of, than exceeds the truth. The exchange of values, that is, of slaves for the commodities by which they are purchased, takes place through two sets of vessels; the goods, which, by the way, are manufactured generally in England expressly for this traffic, being carried from Brazil in one, the slaves brought back in another. In this manner, while in reality it is just as much aiding and abetting the slave trade to land a bale of cotton cloth upon the African coast as to bring away its worth of slaves, since there is no other trade known upon the coast, and no equivalent except that of human flesh by which the cloth can be paid for, — one branch of the commerce, and the most difficult one, requiring the most time, and being most open to observation, is kept free of the law, while the other is subject to its heaviest penalties. About one third of the ships engaged, and the slaves embarked, are supposed to be taken annually by the cruisers of different nations upon the African coast. Allowing the average number of slaves to be 500 for each vessel, and two voyages a year to each, we must conclude that, after all that has been done and is doing for the suppression of this trade, there is still a fleet of from seventy-five to one hundred vessels constantly engaged in that portion of it which consists in transporting the negroes; while another class, not so large probably, but still considerable, is occupied in supplying the cargoes which are employed in their purchase. It was reported, a year ago, upon good authority, that there were two steamers regularly employed in the trade between the African and Brazilian coasts.

The profits attending the business are amply sufficient to compensate both for this expensive method of carrying it on, and for the extraordinary risks to which it is subjected. The negroes are purchased on the coast of Africa at a cost varying from seventeen to twenty dollars; when first landed in Brazil, they are sold, if in good health and condition, for about two hundred dollars. A single successful voyage is therefore a fortune for those engaged in it. It is certain that this trade was never in so flourishing a condition, and so little in danger of a violent suppression, as it is at present. Not that the number of slaves transported is greater than before; it may, indeed, be considerably less than at some other times; but the very difficulties and dangers, against which it is prosecuted, have imparted to its conduct a method, skill, concentration and capacity of exertion and resistance, of which it was formerly devoid. The factories or posts along the African coast, through which it is transacted, are now armed and capable of a stout defence. Along the shore, the approach of the cruisers is heralded by couriers, who pass from post to post faster than the ships can sail; and watchers are set and beacons lighted on the head-lands of Brazil, to warn the approaching slavers of danger or inform them of safety. Being entirely beyond the pale of the law, all its transactions are conducted upon honor, and good faith is strictly maintained, — a circumstance which contributes not a little to the zeal of all concerned in such undertakings, and to their success. This commerce is, in fact, almost the only field of commercial or industrial enterprise which is open to Brazilians. Excluded from foreign trade by the competition of other nations, who enter with superior advantages upon the race, this branch of commerce is reserved for the natives of the country by whom alone it can be carried on. As in the case of the manufacturing interest in this country, it is the business which, with the greatest risks, offers also the highest prizes, in which the largest fortunes have been made in the shortest time, and which affords an unlimited investment for capital, although it is collected in comparatively few hands. Its managers are practical, intelligent, and intrepid men, who have the sagacity to connect their own interest with that of others, and to make the enterprise all the more active and powerful from its concentration. Its existence gives employment to many persons not immediately concerned in it, and acts as a stimulant to many branches of industry. The owners are careful to encourage the idea, in view of the opposition arrayed against it, that it is a national interest opposed by foreign jealousy, and they ring all the changes, which we have heard so often, about the selfish interference of English interests.

It would be a curious subject, were we at leisure to enter upon it, to develop the manner in which the commerce of civilized nations, particularly of England and the United States, assists the slave trade with one hand, while the other is extended to crush it. Among those who have had most to do with the operations against it, it is now generally conceded, that it could not continue but for the assistance which it derives from these two nations, who build the ships which are constantly sold into the trade, and supply manufactured articles for it, and skill and energy in conducting it. At the same time, both governments are professedly making every effort to extinguish it, and their ships of war are permanently cruising off the African coast to intercept the slavers, and punish with death those concerned in the prosecution of the trade. This has been the case ever since the first attempts were made to put it down, which, it was supposed, might be easily accomplished. There is nothing more certain than that it will continue so long as similar circumstances call the same motives and the same chances into action. Under the present system, there is no probability that it will be prevented, except by such a restriction and virtual prohibition of African and Brazilian commerce as the government of no commercial nation would venture to apply, even if it were able to enforce.

It is with some hesitation that we hazard a few observations in regard to the system which has been pursued for the suppression of the slave trade, and the principles which are involved in that system. For many years, ever since the time of Clarkson and Wilberforce, the moral sensibilities of the world have been directed to this subject by some of the greatest and best of men, and excited to a degree which was never felt in any other instance, or in regard to any other iniquity. The just feeling of indignation and abhorrence thus created has become universal, and it seeks to express itself by sustaining a line of policy in those governments which springs immediately from those sentiments, and is inculcated as the plainest dictate of duty. Under the ascendency of such ideas, the weight of authority inclines more and more to the support of this policy. It has almost passed into the code of national law, that all nations are bound to aid in suppressing the slave trade. At the last session of parliament, Lord Denman, at the same time that he acknowledged the little success which had attended its previous efforts, declared that it was in the power, and was the manifest duty, of the British government to bring the traffic to an end ; and he gave notice of a bill for the more rigorous prosecution of the measures which have been hitherto pursued to that effect.

But while we look upon this inhuman traffic with the same emotions of abhorrence which have filled the minds of so many good men, and cherish the same principles of philanthropy which have urged them to attack it, we suspect that it is unsafe to transfer the principles and motives, which we adopt for the regulation of private life, into the policy of governments constituted as they now are. We are ready to allow, that the British government, upon which all the measures taken against the trade really depend, is actuated by the motives which it professes, that it simply obeys the benevolent impulse of the British nation, which, thoroughly enlightened upon this point, desires to put a stop to outrage and injustice, and to wipe away a blot upon the history of mankind. But has there been no experience in modern history to show that such motives are of too vague and doubtful a character to influence the action of governments, or to constitute, as in the case of individuals, their line of duty? When the league known as the Holy Alliance was formed, mutually to promote peace, justice, and religion, and to disseminate among the subjects of the contracting powers the love of God and good-will towards men, there were many who looked with anxiety upon any association of the leaders of so many legions even for benevolent purposes, and the consequences of the league justified their fears. The sovereigns may have been very conscientious, but the example should not be without its effect upon others who endeavor to direct the action of governments by such motives. They are the most powerful which can be brought to bear upon human conduct; but all experience shows that they are as capable as any other, by their exaggeration or misapplication, of leading those who are under their influence into great errors of conduct, and the adoption of false principles. Even on account of its supreme authority over us, we ought to be the more sure that we have really heard the voice of the oracle, and that the measures which are proposed are the necessary result and expression of the feelings of benevolence and duty. It ought particularly to be ascertained whether they are applicable to those interests and obligations which governments are constituted to protect and administer, and in which alone the most powerful administrations can exert themselves without causing a greater evil than they remove. The effect of wrong actions alone is comparatively transitory; but the triumph of false principles in a government may make all future improvement impossible in the society over which it is placed, and may compromise the good effects of a whole epoch of civilization.

That a government which is aware of the immorality and dangerous tendency of this traffic should forbid its citizens to have any connection with it, that it should undertake to separate them as completely as possible from a temptation so certain to be destructive to private and national virtue, is entirely within its recognized rights and obligations. But it is difficult to see upon what principle it can carry its interference beyond this point, out of its own territory, and attempt to direct the traffic of the people of another country. It is dangerous to allow a foreign nation to be the judge of any wrong. The sufferings of the slaves during the passage have been increased undoubtedly by the activity of the cruisers, and by the measures which the slave ships have been forced to adopt in order to elude them. There is certainly no difference in principle between the slavery of the middle passage, and that which exists before and after, in the interior of Africa or Brazil. Is it because this wrong is perpetrated upon the high sea, which is free to all? But such an interference of a foreign government is denying its freedom to the party, who is neither apprehended by the power, nor tried by the laws and tribunals, of his own country. According to the universal doctrine of the freedom of the seas, every vessel is to all intents and purposes a fraction of its own national territory. It is the same offence against the sovereignty of a nation to invade one of its ships with a foreign law or authority, as it would be to extend such an authority over one of its provinces, and in the cause of humanity, for the sake of justice, the obligation is just as imperative to do one as the other. If a government, then, is bound to exert its power upon those over whom it has no natural authority for the suppression of wrong and injustice, it is bound to pursue them wherever they may be found. It is as much its duty to abolish slavery by force of arms in Brazil and Turkey, as the slave trade on the high seas. And undoubtedly the British government, if it chooses to attempt it, is competent for either of these undertakings. If it is to confine the application of the principle to those cases where it is easy and practicable, let any one decide, in view of all the experience and the authorities, whether the suppression of the slave trade, in the way hitherto attempted is one of these cases.

We have often desired to remind those furious philanthropists, who are so eager to blow up sin with gun-powder, and correct the world with fire and sword, that there are two sides to their favorite principle. It is a proverb that we are all much clearer sighted in regard to our neighbors' iniquities and deficiencies than our own. Now it might appear to some other nation, say Brazil or France, that there are some evils in the constitution of British society which call loudly for redress. Take Ireland, with her 3,000,000 of beggars, for example ; is not her condition the deepest disgrace that can be cited against any age of the world ? Is it not a process against, and almost a condemnation of modern civilization ? With half the effort, and intelligence, and zeal which have been devoted in England to excite the action of government against the slave trade, *were there as little danger,* the French nation might have been wrought up to a general crusade for the relief of Ireland. Since, in morals, the greater the difficulty the higher is the merit, and the more imperative the obligation of overcoming it, if such principles are adopted into international policy, it may be made to appear the duty of nations to engage in perpetual wars for the spread of truth, the establishment of religion, and the suppression of all manner of injustice. These ideas are by no means new ; this has always been the doctrine of the stronger side since wars and fightings began, and always efficient in its service. It is only of late that mankind have begun to be emancipated from them, and the present harmonious intercourse of the nations of the earth with each other, with all its blessings, is the result of the release. We should imagine that these principles had been tried and found wanting sufficiently, by this time, to be finally abandoned.

We never hear those specious arguments, by which the war against the slave trade is proclaimed to be the obligation of all Christian governments, and an expiation for their sins, without being reminded of the manner in which the Spanish Inquisition is represented in the illustrious pages of Don Quixote, and generally throughout Spanish literature. There is never any mention of the cruelties and severities, of the terrible processes and unjust judgments, of the interference with the liberty of thought and speech, which have made that institution so notorious in other countries, and so disastrous to Spain. The Inquisition is exhibited only as a faithful servant engaged in reconciling her unfortunate children to the Holy Mother Church, and whose offices all true believers are desirous to engage, — as a terror only to heretics who deserve no better, and a foe to evil doers. It is true that, in that instance, the parental severities of government were exercised upon its own subjects; but we are not aware that they are likely to be executed any the less rigorously and unjustly when turned against foreigners; or that being born an alien to any country renders our errors amenable to its laws, or more rightfully subject to its power. If governments are ever bound to appear as moral champions, and undertake the defence of abstract truth merely as such, there are many reasons why it would be preferable as it is more practicable, that their action should be confined to their own subjects. But in either case, this is nothing else than the establishment of an Inquisition, which is no more to be depended on because it succeeded in Spain and Italy, than because it failed in England and Germany.

We might proceed to urge, that governments, being formed for other purposes, do harm rather than good when they suffer the power which is conferred upon them for these purposes to be turned to foreign objects; that deriving all their powers from their own subjects, they owe them all their duties; that every transfer of any portion of their strength or resources from the service of their own subjects must begin by defrauding them of that to which they have a right; and therefore, that when they take it upon themselves to establish justice abroad, they necessarily create oppression and misery at home. This is certainly true every day of the British government, the great instigator of this movement.

Perhaps it may be suggested, that no acts of hostility are exercised against any persons engaged in the slave trade, except upon the ground of treaties existing between the powers to which both parties are subject, and that the principal commercial nations keep each a large naval force upon the African station to look after their own delinquents. But every government is established to defend and do justice to its own subjects, and it has no right to relinquish those duties to others, or to ask permission of other governments to assume their office. These treaties are only the expression and evidence of that general feeling of abhorrence and detestation which we have described, and which sustains to the full extent any act done in hostility to the slave trade, as done in the service of God and in the cause of humanity, no matter how unauthorized it may be. If the principle of these treaties is wrong, or improper to be applied in the relations of governments, the treaties themselves are only a means of carrying out the injustice. It is respect to the forms rather than the realities of justice, which has induced the governments that are under the influence of that feeling to fortify themselves by the interchange of such treaties. In principle, one nation is as much bound to exert its superior strength against another, in order to obtain any demand, however exorbitant, which would promote its views of right, as to effect this object through a treaty. For instance, it might demand the abolition of slavery within the foreign territory, and that the execution of the law there should be put into the hands of foreigners. In practice, the treaties are of very little importance, for no flags are respected upon the slave coast except those which are able to protect themselves.

We need hardly observe, that there is nothing in these remarks which is intended to apply to the duty of individuals upon this subject, or of any voluntary association formed for the purpose of discharging such duty. Acknowledging fully that, as individuals, we are not without a right and a duty in regard to any wrong that exists, we look upon such associations for the pursuit of benevolent objects as the only legitimate means of attaining them. But we would insist, that moral objects can be advanced only by moral means. The arm of government, so powerful in its action upon all interests, is paralyzed the moment it attempts to touch upon right. The first effect of such an assumption is to give a color of right to its opponents, whoever they may be. If it is for the interest and well being of the English people, or of any other, that the slave trade to Brazil should be prevented, the question comes within that class of affairs which their government is called upon to consider. The measures which it will be at liberty to adopt for that purpose, whether towards its own subjects or towards the people of other nations, will be determined by the general principles of civil and international law, in which the opposite interests and rights of all nations are represented. But no claim of peculiar obligation or merit can be sustained in regard to the protection of one class of interests, or the suppression of one class of offences, more than of any other.

If the suppression of this traffic is incumbent upon mankind only as a matter of duty, we would submit that it is incumbent not alone upon us, but also upon those by whom it is supported. As we remarked at the commencement, the continuance of the slave trade entirely depends upon the general sentiment of the people of Brazil, which allows them to avail themselves of the seeming advantages which it brings. Those who are so active and unscrupulous in their exertions against it would do well to consider, if it is not arrogating too much to themselves to suppose, that they are the only persons who can be actuated in their conduct by the principles of duty. The enormity and infamy of the slave trade would produce the like abhorrence on the banks of the Amazon as on those of the Thames or the Hudson, if it were brought as fully before the minds of men; and the same instruction would suggest to them the same line of duty. We are happy to be able to quote to this effect the authority of the excellent English consul to Rio de Janeiro, who has probably as much practical acquaintance with this subject as any other person, that if the British government would dismiss their cruisers, and establish a press in Brazil, where the press is entirely free, and a large portion of the people are already in favor of the abolition of the traffic, they would do more in five years towards the desired result than they have effected, at the cost of so much treasure and life, since the commencement of their operations on the coast of Africa. That such a universal sentiment against the African slave trade is possible, even in a country which maintains the institution of slavery, we need go no further to show than to the Southern States of our own country, where the feeling is as strong against it as in any other country that could be named. Indeed, if any conclusion can be drawn from the commercial transactions which are notoriously taking place every week, they would be far less likely to countenance or engage in it than their calculating brethren of the North.

But there are circumstances which are destined to exercise a greater influence than all these foreign efforts combined upon the duration of the slave trade. Its continuance depends upon the present political institutions of Brazil, — in all probability depends upon them so intimately, that any cause which is powerful enough to destroy the one would also do away with the other. In the spirit of republicanism, which has overspread the whole continent of South America with the exception of Brazil, that monarchy may be said to stand in the presence of an irreconcilable enemy and of perpetual danger; and in South America, republicanism includes emancipation and the complete destruction, even to its last relics, of that order of society which is founded upon slavery. Situated in the midst of republics, in the present age of the world, the government can hardly be looked upon at any time as secure from the prevalence of such sentiments among its own subjects. But it is principally from abroad, from the Spanish provinces of the Rio Plata, that danger appears to threaten the perpetuity of the Empire and its domestic institutions.

We have no wish to discuss what is called in South America the "river question;" but we may cast a brief glance at the state of those countries to which the question refers, and offer such speculations concerning the future political condition of South America as are sufficiently familiar in that part of the world. Notwithstanding the frequent reference to them in the public prints, in connection with the operations of English embassies and squadrons, there is hardly any subject upon which less is generally known than the condition of those ancient Spanish provinces which border upon the river Plata and its tributaries, now constituting the Argentine Republic, the Banda Oriental, and other provinces in the interior whose names are less familiar. Yet behind the barrier of blockades and prohibitions, events are taking place which are calculated to excite the highest romantic and philosophical interest. From the time when they were delivered from the Spanish authority, which had held them for centuries in stillness and subjection, these countries have been passing through all the excesses and extremes — now in the midst of the wildest popular turbulence, and again under the pressure of the most rigid despotism — by which nations are accustomed to work out of social chaos the elements of a new society. Their condition under the colonial rule might be compared to that of some chemical preparation of incongruous and hostile materials, which, as long as their temperature or solidity does not allow them to act upon each other, lie quietly side by side; but as soon as they are heated or dissolved, they hasten, in the midst of intense action, by means of new resolutions and combinations, to form some new result. It is through such a fermentation that the countries which lie along the river Plata are passing in our day — through the same experience by which other nations, now more civilized than they, have been tried in their own time.

It would be difficult under any circumstances to determine the importance of each step, and the exact stage of their progress; it is particularly so when the information concerning them is so meagre and unsatisfactory. But the personal narratives of travellers, and the details given by eye witnesses, have made us acquainted with the aspect of an early state of civilization, and have reminded us in many respects of the life of the European middle ages. There is the same continual turbulence and confusion, the same extraordinary development and overwhelming influence of individual character and will, the same fluctuating and indefinable authority attached to the various offices, which makes it so difficult to understand the exact condition of that period. We hear from time to time of prodigious crimes and political atrocities, committed under circumstances of violence or perfidy which transport us to the times of the Borgias. To our continual astonishment, they are submitted to, as they were then, without remark or apparent repugnance, as if, within the sphere of political affairs, the rulers of mankind were relieved alike from the criterion of their own judgment and the moral law, and pitted against each other, with full liberty to use in the contest all the resources of their strength and cunning. We hear of men elected annually to a perpetual despotism; of subordinates beyond the control of their principals; of heads of provinces, who maintain a perpetual authority, nominally in subjection to, but really in spite of, the central power; of others, who possess some unknown influence over half civilized tribes of Indians, which enables them to bring thousands of warriors into the field, and who must be caressed into security before they can be crushed. There is the same arbitrariness in the enactment and execution of the laws; the same ignorance and disregard of what we consider the chief interests of society; the same general and thorough contempt for that last revelation to mankind, the precious truths of political economy.

These things, seen and reported by those who are capable of considering them only in reference to the standard of ideas of the present time, are regarded as the proof of hopeless and voluntary degeneracy, and excite perpetual exclamations of astonishment and aversion. Seen from another point of view, however, it does not appear that the condition of these countries is so entirely hopeless. It should be remembered, that only through such transitions have nations left to themselves ever arrived at greatness, or an acquaintance with their own capabilities. The condition of all the Spanish colonies has been that of long colonial childhood, in which the elements of a true national character have been forming. It is both natural and necessary, that they should pass through the ungovernable period of national youth, before they can enter upon the graver and happier period of national manhood, with an understanding, derived from experience, of what objects they ought to pursue, and of what they will be able to obtain. The present season of trial and contention is their school of character. It is hardly possible that a people should pass through such a succession of struggles, revolutions, and violent excitements of all kinds, without experiencing the most important and permanent results. No condition is more certain to elicit great individual capacity among a people, nor more likely to consolidate their interests, feelings, and purposes into the harmony of a peculiar, self-formed, really independent nation, adapted to the circumstances in which it is placed, and able to control them. The influence exerted by such a nation, the native growth of the soil, would be immense over the whole of South America. Of its political complection, should such be the future of the Argentine Republic, there can be no question. Throughout all the changes of their government, they have never lost sight of the principle of republicanism. Even the most absolute tyranny has always been nominally derived from the people, and rested on their right of election.

But whatever may be the ultimate result of these convulsions, their immediate effect is to accustom the inhabitants of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres to warlike enterprises, and to create among them all the elements of an active military power. The natural character of their country leads us to regard them, before any other people of South America, as destined to play the part of conquerors; as one of those hardy races, like the Tartars and the Arabs, who have overrun the earth, and whose career at so great a distance of time, and in another hemisphere, they may be called upon to repeat. Like them, they roam over immense plains, which stretch unbroken from the sea-coast to the Andes. They are perfect in horsemanship, and inured to suffering and privation. Their turbulent history thus far, since their independence, seems to show, that their natural situation has not been without its effect upon their character. For several years, it is well known that the whole power, military and civil, of the government of this country has been in the hands of Rosas, who is a virtual dictator, although the forms of popular election, both to the executive and legislative offices, have always been preserved.

This celebrated party chief may well be regarded as the most distinguished personage of South America, inasmuch as he has played the most important and successful part in the most difficult situation. It is difficult to form an idea of his character which can reconcile in any manner the contradictory opinions that exist concerning him. While he is represented abroad as a mere monster of cruelty, his conduct in the government of the country appears by no means deficient in the qualities of statesmanship. By whatever means he attained his elevation, it seems that he is now less known as a soldier than as a consummate and cunning politician. The nominal warfare which he has carried on for many years against the Banda Oriental, or Republic of Montevideo, and which has occasioned the combined blockade of Buenos Ayres by France and England, ought to be considered rather as a predatory excursion, for the support and employment of his army, than as a regular plan of conquest. But whenever these powers shall have become weary of the support of Montevideo, which was long since only a capital without a country, and suffer it to fall, it will be necessary for Rosas to find some other occupation for his forces. There are already sufficient causes of quarrel between him and Brazil, with which the possession of the state of Montevideo now brings him in contact. Brazil has aided in supporting its independence, and has sided with the European powers in their demands upon Buenos Ayres. But even if no pretext could be found, there is sufficient inducement to hostility in the condition of the southern provinces of the Empire. These provinces, to which access is now entirely open from the States of Buenos Ayres, have always been addicted to republicanism, and have hung loosely upon the body of the Empire. Soon after its independence, and during the reign of Don Pedro I., they were entirely separated from it, and were reunited only after a war of eight years, in which his forces showed themselves unable to reduce them but by an arrangement which incorporated the army of the insurgent provinces into the imperial army. The contest was carried on by both parties, for the sake of strengthening themselves and weakening their opponents, by liberating the slaves of their enemies, a measure which resulted in the very general emancipation of the negroes throughout the theatre of the war. It is therefore confidently expected by many, that Rosas, whenever he is freed from his entanglements with France and England, will proclaim liberty in all senses to those who are in bondage, and will invade Brazil. He can easily overrun the southern portion, already inclined to the republican party, and perhaps carry his successes even to the dismemberment of the country, or entire overthrow of the government.

No one can undertake to predict what will be the course of a policy which depends entirely upon the determination of the Dictator of Buenos Ayres. Although the danger which threatens the security of Brazil should be averted for the present, we cannot see by what means its perpetual recurrence can be prevented. In the very situation of these two nations, lying side by side, one of which is poor and warlike, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, — the other rich and prosperous, superior in the arts of life, and abounding in everything which it is desirable to possess, but enervated by the influence of climate and the long duration of profound peace, and bound hand and foot in the embrace of slavery, — there is that ominous conjunction which has so often proved fatal to great and prosperous countries. It is another repetition of the story of the two nations, one of which had the iron and the other the gold; and unless unforeseen circumstances occur, there is nothing to prevent them from arriving at the proverbial result. When we remember the uniform series of emigrations and invasions, which, in the northern hemisphere, have been made from the North upon the South, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that, in a certain stage in the progress of society, such is the natural order of events; and we ought to expect in the other hemisphere, at its proper time, a corresponding precipitation of the inhabitants of the higher latitudes upon those of the lower. It will appear then as a movement of the South upon the feeble and inviting North. In the southern hemisphere, and particularly in South America, history is now in its infancy. The nations of that part of the world have just commenced their independent action and education, and it is natural to suppose that they will pass through essentially the same gradations which have marked the progress of its older portions. This presumption is proved so far to be true, by the evident revival which we have noticed in the present condition of Buenos Ayres, in a manner which seems to be borrowed from the earlier period of modern European history. We cannot share the faith of those, who imagine that the experience of former ages of the world will suffice for the instruction of those who come after them, and that there is already sufficient evidence accumulated to convince all men of the bitterness of war and the unprofitableness of conquest. We are obliged to believe, that the same causes will continue to produce the same effects; that similar objects of desire will excite to similar means of gratification in unchangeable human nature; and although those nations of the new world which have sprung from colonies of European origin, commence their history at a higher stage of progress, and may hurry more rapidly through its degrees than if they were making their own way up from barbarism, we can see no reason to suppose that, until they arrive at the point which civilization has thus far attained, they will pursue their interest or their happiness by any other method, or through any different course, than has been pursued by those nations which have preceded them.

ART. IV. — 1. *The De Senectute, De Amicitia, Paradoxa, and Somnium Scipionis of Cicero, and the Life of Atticus, by Cornelius Nepos; with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1848. 12mo. pp. 349.

2. *The Germania and Agricola of Tacitus, with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, from the Best and Latest Authorities; the Remarks of Bötticher on the Style of Tacitus, and a Copious Geographical Index.* By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., &c. Harper & Brothers. 1848. 12mo.

PROFESSOR ANTHON has been long known in this country and in England as a maker of school books. To him probably belongs the somewhat ambiguous honor of having published a greater number of classical books than any other editor in the English language. These books consist of Grammars and Dictionaries, First Latin Lessons and First Greek Lessons, Introductions to Latin and Greek Prose Composition, treatises on Latin and Greek Prosody, and editions of Latin and Greek authors; taken together, they must have required an amount of labor which no one but a man of vigorous intellect, and untiring industry could be reasonably expected to accomplish, even in the most indifferent manner, in an ordinary life-time. This series of works has been, either wholly or in part, frequently reviewed; they have been sometimes commended, but in this country generally, and of late more than once in England, in a journal of high classical authority, *The London Classical Museum*, they have met with severe animadversion for reasons of the gravest character. We believe that Dr. Anthon is a scholar of large attainments, though of still larger pretensions, in the ancient classics, and of various and real learning. We are also aware, that he has occupied for nearly a quarter of a century the place of Professor of the classical languages in an ancient and honored institution, and during all this period has been zealously devoted to the business of instruction, and to the promotion, through the press, of classical literature. But these considerations, justly entitled as they are to respect, ought not to blind our eyes to the very equivocal nature of his literary reputation, nor to the serious defects of the books which he has published for the use of schools and colleges. It is our sincere conviction, that the principles on which he seems to proceed as a classical editor are radically erroneous; that his books are positively bad; and that his example and influence are hurtful, and opposed to all real progress in classical education. We do not, however, propose, at present, to discuss at length the entire series of Professor Anthon's works, nor to put forth any new view of their merits; but simply, in illustration of what has been already said, to notice the two volumes whose titles are here given, which are among the latest, and we believe the most characteristic, of the author's publications.

One of the most serious charges that have been preferred against him, is his unwarrantable use of the literary labors of others. We greatly err, if the first of these volumes, especially in the notes on the De Senectute, does not furnish a very remarkable illustration of this charge. In the preface, the editor says, — "The materials for the notes have been obtained from the best sources, among which the following may be named;" then follows a list of twenty-six books, and No. 11 is this, — *Ciceronis Cato Major et Paradoxa*, ed. Billerbeck; Hanover, 1837, 8vo. From the modest place thus assigned to this German edition of the De Senectute, no one would suspect that it had played any important part in the literary history of Professor Anthon's book. We are lucky enough to have a copy of Billerbeck, and happened to be examining it, together with some other editions, when Dr. Anthon's came to hand. We observed several times such a singular coincidence in the views, and even in the forms of expression, of the two editors, that we at last put the two books side by side, and carefully compared them. After an examination of about thirty pages, it was found that Dr. Anthon's notes were almost entirely a mere translation of Billerbeck's, with all the learned authorities duly transferred, mostly in the same order, and with the same abbreviations. We shall present some illustrations that our readers may judge for themselves.

We begin with Chapter 12, § 41.

BILLERBECK.	ANTHON.
Libidine dominante, bei vorherrschender Sinnlichkeit. * * * *Temperantiæ*, d. i. ἐγκράτειᾳ *locum esse*, könne Mässigung im Vergnügen, Enthaltsamkeit, *continentiæ*, nicht Statt finden. — *aliquem* hinter *fingere* oder *animo* gestellt veranlasst eine Zweideutigkeit wegen der Nähe des Verbums *jubebat.* — *quanta percipi* ff. wie in der Orat. Philipp. 3, 2, 4. Der Superlativ bei *quantus* kommt so vor in Cic. de Amicit. 20; also möglichst gross, denkbar grösste. — *tamdiu* vor *dum* ist ein dem Cicero gar nicht fremder Pleonasmus. — *ita gauderet*, der so sehr auf die Art und solchen Vergnügungen nachjagte.	*Libidine dominante*, "when appetite rules supreme."—*Temperantiæ*, equivalent to *continentiæ*, or the Greek ἐγκράτειᾳ. — *Consistere*, "to obtain a firm foothold." — *Aliquem*, depending on *fingere.* If placed after this verb, or after *animo*, it would have given rise to ambiguity, on account of the nearness of *jubebat*, which might have seemed to govern it. — *Quanta percipi posset maxima.* "As great a one as could possibly be conceived." Supply *mente* after *percipi*, and observe the peculiar construction of the superlative (*maxima*) with *quanta*, where the latter supplies the place of *quam.* Consult Zumpt, § 689. . . *Tamdiu, dum.* A pleonastic form of expression not unfrequent in Cicero. Consult Gernhard *ad loc.*, and the numerous passages cited by Scheller, and enumerated also by Wetzel. — *Ita gauderet*, "he might be enjoying himself to such a degree as this."

Again, in Chapter 19, § 69.

BILLERBECK.	ANTHON.
In hominis vita diu. Vergl. Tuscul. Disp. 1, 39. — *Da*, nenne mir, führe mir an, bestimme, setze an. — *Tartessiorum*, metonymisch die Einwohner für die Stadt, * * * jetzt Sevilla in Spanien, am Baetis fl. (jetzt Guadalquivir.) * * *	*Quid est in hominis vita diu.* Compare Tusc. Disp., 1, 39. — *Da enim supremum tempus.* "For, allow the highest period," i. e., the highest number of years. — *Tartessiorum.* The Tartessians occupied the district called Tartessus, in Spain, at

S. Bochart's Geographia Sacra, III. 7, 163. Michaelis Spic. geogr. Hebr. 1, 82–104. Bredow histor. Unters. S. 2, 260–303.	the mouth of the Baetis, or Guadalquiver. Its capital, according to our text, must have been Gades, now *Cadiz;* but the point is involved in great uncertainty. Comp. Bochart, Geogr. Sacr. iii. 7, 163. Michaelis, Spic. Geogr. Hebr., 1, 82.

And once more, on Chapter 20, § 73.

BILLERBECK.	ANTHON.
Pythagoras. Dieser Gedanke findet sich auch in Platons Phaedon, Tom. 1, S. 140, 141, Zweibrücker Ausgabe. Vergl. Tusc. Disp. 1, 30. Somn. Scip. 7. —*præsidio*, von seiner Stelle bei einer Bedeckung, * * also von seinem Posten. — *statione*, Standpunkt, Standort. — *Solonis . . . elegeion.* Man findet dieses in einem Hexameter und Pentameter ausgedrückte elegeion in Plutarchs Solon : [then follow the lines in the Greek] und eine Lateinische Übersetzung in Tusc. Disp. 1, 49, 117. Die Lesart *elogium* halte auch ich für falsch, da diess wirklich eine Stelle aus Solons elegischen Gedichten und weder Grabschrift noch Aufschrift noch eine *brevior commendatio tamquam mortui ad superstites amicos* ist, und *elogium* sich auch nicht durch *dictum* erklären lässt. S. F. Ludw. Becker in S. Observ. critt. p. 49. Jen. Literz. 1820. 151. u. Heidelb. Jahrb. 1826, p. 9, 88. * * * *haud scio an*, letzteres Wort heisst nach den beiden vorhergehenden sehr oft *ob nicht* (*annon*) oder vielmehr steht die ganze	*Pythagoras.* The same idea is found in Plato, (Phaedon, op. vol. 1, p. 140, seqq. ed. Bip.) Compare also Cic., Tusc. Disp. 1, 30 ; Somn. Scip., 7. — *De præsidio et statione vitæ decedere.* "To retire from the fortress and post of life." The soul in the human body is compared to a soldier at his post in a fortress, which he is not to leave without the orders of his commander. * * — *Elegeion.* "A distich," i. e. two lines, the first an hexameter, the second a pentameter, forming the metre of the elegy. The common reading is *elogium*, which, though retained by almost all editors, is manifestly erroneous, since the reference here is to a passage from an elegiac poem of Solon's, in answer to Mimnermus, concerning the period of human life (Plut. Comp. Sol. et Publ., c. 1) and neither to an epitaph, nor to a "*brevior commendatio tamquam mortui ad superstites amicos*," as some maintain, nor to a "*dictum*," as Gernhard terms it. We have not hesitated, therefore, to adopt *elegeion*, the reading of Biller-

Redensart für *forsitan*, aber vielleicht hat Ennius sich besser ausgedrückt. S. Zumpt. § 354. Zu ergänzen ist hinter Ennius bekanntlich *dixerit*, *cecinerit*. Vergl. Tusc. Disp. 1, 15.—*Faxit* für *fecerit*. * * *facere* (ducere) *funus* alicui fletu, Jemandes Leichenbegängniss mit Thränen anstellen, begehen.

beck. (Compare Becker, Obs. Crit., p. 49 ; Jen. Literz., 1820, p. 151. Heidelb. Jahrb., 1826, p. 9, 88. The lines of Solon are as follows : [and here too come the lines in the Greek.] Cicero gives us the following translation of them in his Tusculan Disputations, (1,49) [which we omit.] *Sed haud scio, an* &c. "Ennius perhaps, however, (has expressed himself) better." As regards the form of expression *haud scio an*, which is intended to denote uncertainty, but with an inclination in favor of the affirmative, consult Zumpt, § 354, 721, and with *melius*, supply *dixerit*, or *cecinerit*. * * *Neque funera fletu faxit*. "Nor celebrate my funeral obsequies with weeping." Observe that *faxit* is the old form for *fecerit*. Zumpt, § 161, note. This same quotation is given in a fuller form in Tusc. Disp. 1., 15.

These illustrations are taken at random out of more than thirty pages, which are all of the same character ; and so we have no doubt, is all the rest. And yet we find no special acknowledgment to Billerbeck, either on the title page or in the preface ; and except in three or four places, we discover no mention of his name. Now, we do not censure Dr. Anthon because, in the interpretation of Cicero, he chooses to follow thus implicitly the authority of Billerbeck ; nor because he sees fit to make an American book by translating the notes of that scholar into English. We might certainly question the taste and the wisdom of such a course. Dr. Billerbeck is allowed in his own country to be a tolerable scholar, but he is quite an ordinary phenomenon in the German classical world ; his books have a bad reputation in Germany, and are ranked among those editions of the classics significantly called *pontes asinorum*. But what we condemn as unworthy of any person who has any share of the spirit of the true scholar, and as a breach of the plainest principles of literary courtesy and honesty, is this unscrupulous appropriation of the labors of another, — this translation, without any acknowledgment, of paragraph upon paragraph, and page after page, which makes these notes one continuous plagiarism. What an example is this for the youthful scholars of the land, to be set by one, who, from his standing and fortunate position, ought to be a model of all that is truthful and high-minded in literary character!

But we have not yet done with this charge. Dr. Anthon has included in his volume the Paradoxa of Cicero; Dr. Billerbeck had also published this work, with the Cato Major. We have looked through the notes on the Prooemium and the first Paradoxon, and the result is just as before. Here, too, it is Billerbeck done into English, all the learned parade of authorities appearing again without a single mention of the original. The book also contains Cicero's De Amicitia and Somnium Scipionis, and the Life of Atticus by Nepos. Of the notes on these parts we have made no special examination; but we accidentally observed, in those on the De Amicitia, some considerable passages abstracted from Billerbeck's edition of this treatise, and from the late excellent edition of Seyffert. But we gave up a task of comparison which yielded such results, and determined to take the rest of the book with such faith and hope as we could.

But before concluding what we have to say of the book on this head, we cannot help adverting to the large amount of literary matter in it, which is taken entire from foreign sources, though not altogether without acknowledgment. The Introductions to the several Latin works are all taken from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography. Then there are about thirty pages of biography, embracing the Life of Crassus, of Claudius, and of Africanus the Younger, which are taken from the Penny Cyclopædia, and from Smith's Dictionary, and worked into the body of the notes at convenient intervals, under the learned title of "Excursus." Now it seems to us, that if literary labor of this kind, and to this extent, be necessary and desirable in a college edition of a Latin author, it is but reasonable to expect that some portion of it, at least, should be contributed by the editor himself; or, if it embody what others have written, that it should be so reproduced, as in some manner to furnish evidence of original labor on the part of the editor. For instance, in supplying the students with brief introductions to Cicero's charming treatises on Old Age and on Friendship, one would suppose that an editor would have some thoughts of his own, which he would like to express in his own language. But if, for good reasons, he chooses to pursue a different course, and thinks it becoming to incorporate into his book some thirty or forty closely printed pages, taken entire, *ipsissima verba*, from the works of others, then he certainly owes to the original writers some sort of apology for such a procedure, some very marked acknowledgment of the service they have done him. But very far from Professor Anthon seems to be any such view. We do not find in his preface, or anywhere else, one word of thanks to those who have furnished almost every line of purely literary matter that is in his book. All the acknowledgment that he sees fit to make consists either in placing in brackets, at the end of the mis-called "Excursus," or in a foot note at the beginning, and in particularly small type, the name of the original work from which he borrows so largely.

Leaving this work for the present, we have a single remark to make upon Dr. Anthon's edition of Tacitus. So far as we know, there is nothing like open plagiarism in this book; but we think it illustrates a somewhat peculiar habit of Dr. Anthon's, in availing himself of the labors of others, which is not quite ingenuous and scholarlike. We are told in the preface, that "the basis of the present work is the English edition of Dr. Smith, published in 1840, the notes to which are principally selected from the commentaries of Ruperti, Passow, and Walch;" and again, in another place, "that the American Editor claims little for himself beyond the mere selection of materials," &c. When we read such language, we infer, of course, that the editor is greatly indebted to these foreign sources; but we certainly take it for granted that his own labor has been something more than a mechanical one, and that the notes will furnish some important results of his own study, and be for the most part in his own language. But we were surprised to find, in looking through the notes on the Agricola, that, with here and there an addition translated from some other editor, or taken from some other source, (as, for instance, a passage on p. 148, taken *verbatim*, without quotation marks, from Schmitz's History of Rome,) at least nine-tenths of the whole is Dr. Smith's, in the very language of that editor. This, then, is what is meant by making another edition "*the basis*" of one's own work, and this is what is called the "mere selection of materials." We submit that this language is no ingenuous and manly expression of the facts in the case. The book itself does not fairly profess to be what it really is. It is called Anthon's Tacitus; this designation it bears on the outside and on the title page; and, as such, it is formally dedicated to Professor Drisler, a gentleman whose name seems to us to appear to much better advantage on the title page of the excellent American edition of Liddell & Scott's Lexicon. In reality, the book is nothing more than the edition of Dr. Smith, revised, with some additions, by Charles Anthon, LL. D. And here we leave the matter, only venturing to propose that this be the title of the next edition.

Another objection that is justly urged against Dr. Anthon's editorial labors arises from the immense amount of injudicious aid which he furnishes to the student in his notes. Pursuing throughout a course of indiscriminate translation, and of minute and unnecessary explanation, he makes the study of the classics, for all purposes of discipline, not only useless, but positively injurious. We renew the objection now with the more earnestness, because Dr. Anthon, in the preface to one of these books, with the most perverse spirit of self-gratulation, actually glories in this characteristic of what he terms his "system of annotation of the ancient writers." The following language occurs in the preface to the edition of Cicero.

> "The notes have been prepared with a direct view to utility, and to the removing of those difficulties which so often embarrass and discourage the student, and drive him, in the absence of better aids, to the mischievous use of badly executed translations. The success which has attended the editor's efforts in introducing this system of annotation on the ancient writers is extremely gratifying to him; nor less gratifying is the fact, that many, who were loud in their opposition to extended commentaries, are now so convinced of the superior advantages of these as to have adopted

them, in several instances, in their own works. It is to be hoped, for the sake of American scholarship, that the practice will become still more general."

Now "the success of the editor's efforts" is a question of fact, open to us and all the world; and as we claim ourselves to know something about it, we are obliged to differ most decidedly from the much gratified Professor. But we have to do now only with the mischievous doctrine of the passage first quoted, and with its practical application in the book in which it occurs. Professor Anthon has certainly suited the action to the word; for the class of students whom he had in mind, he has here furnished a most convenient substitute for those "badly executed translations," to which they were "driven;" and, we doubt not, they will duly appreciate his very humane consideration. The young gentlemen will doubtless think it a very nice thing, in *getting out* their lessons, to use these "notes, prepared with a direct view to utility," and to have the "difficulties," which are so very embarrassing and discouraging, all "removed;" they will be reasonable enough to compromise upon the translation of a liberal half of the Latin, even if it does not always touch the hardest places, and will give up the rest, on the consideration that what they do get comes directly from the editor, and is bound up with the text; in short, they will count it particularly fortunate, that this system of help is legalized and put into their hands under the euphonious title of "better aids."

But we cannot help thinking what a different view these students will one day take of this matter. Ere long, the years of school and college life, under such pleasant guidance, will all have sped away, and this sort of education will have done its work upon their minds and characters. And, then, furnished with no habits of self-reliance and of manly, independent exertion, they will be ushered into the great school of life, and be sternly bidden to discharge for themselves its graver tasks. We speak with some warmth on this subject, for it is bound up inseparably with all the interests of wholesome discipline and sound instruction in classical studies. We dissent entirely from the doctrine of Dr. Anthon, and we cannot understand how one of so long experience as an instructor can hold and avow it, and carry it out in his books. He practically says to teachers and their pupils, ' this use of translations and of all such helps is a very bad thing, and must be done away with ; in my notes, I have removed all the difficulties, and translated almost all the Latin ; if you will only use these books, there will be no more need of illegitimate aids.'

This treatment of a sore evil may be very well-meant ; but it seems to us, that the remedy proposed is nearly as bad as the disease, and, so far from curing it, only tampers with it and makes it worse. We would have a treatment that is radically different from this. When such an evil exists, when the student, from indolence, or feebleness, or the alleged want of time, is wont to rely upon forbidden aids, much can be done through the personal influence of a teacher. He may strive to improve the character of his pupil, where, indeed, lies the source of all the mischief; he may teach him to conquer bad habits and form good ones. He must aim to awaken within him some earnestness of purpose, and to kindle something of generous enthusiasm in the pursuit of excellence. And if there be, as there generally is, some dishonorable motive, from which such conduct springs, as a desire to appear what one is not, and to gain credit when one does not deserve it, then we must strive to eradicate such a fault of character, by precept, by expostulation, and above all, by example. The classical editor, if he would be of any real service, so far from trying to cure the evil by the very means that strengthen it, must make it a principle to furnish only so much aid as is absolutely indispensable ; to solve such difficulties alone, as are beyond the knowledge and capacity of the student, and these not directly, but by pointing out to him such general principles as he may apply for himself; and especially to translate none but really intricate and obscure passages, and never even these without indicating the means by which the student may clearly understand how the translation is reached. In short, he must stimulate to personal effort, and to the formation of habits of industry ; he must teach the student to think and judge and act for himself, and thus help him in the only true way, by training him up to help himself. It is by these means, and by such as these alone, that the editor can coöperate with the teacher, in bringing about those noble results in the education of the young, for which nothing is so well fitted as the study of the classics.

Some illustrations may be expected from the books before us, of these general remarks. These are at hand, on every page, and a few shall be briefly given. We begin with the commentary on the De Senectute. Scarcely any one of Cicero's writings requires less explanation than this. The Latin is proverbially easy, and yields to moderate effort on the part of a student of ordinary capacity. But here we have a commentary of eighty pages on the thirty-one pages of the Latin, and it is crowded with translation and exposition, set off with a vain show of absolutely useless learning. The first chapter begins, as our readers remember, with a fragment from Ennius, and the first line runs thus:—

O Tite, si quid ego adjuro, curamve levasso.

The utmost that one could ask for the reading of this line is a reference to the Grammar for the forms *adjuro* and *levasso*, and even this is not needed. But the student, without any chance to find out what he really needs, has it all translated, thus: — "O Titus, if in aught I shall have aided (thee) or shall have lightened the care;" and badly translated too, for an intelligent boy, if let alone, would have certainly read less literally, but correctly, and in better English, 'if I *have* aided' — or '*have* lightened.' The explanation, which then follows, is well enough in itself; but it certainly need not have been extended to twenty lines of fine print. The second line of the fragment of Ennius is this: — *Quæ nunc te coquit, et versat in pectore fixa.* On this, which contains no difficulty, we have eight lines of translation and explanation. "Which now disquiets thee," — "keeps continually harrassing," and these verbs are minutely explained. Two lines further on, in the text, comes another quotation: — *Ille vir haud magna cum re, sed plenu, fidei.* This, also, is all translated, thus: — "That man, with no great wealth indeed, yet rich in trustworthiness;" and, as if this were not enough, then follows, "i. e., poor in point of worldly means, but rich in all that is worthy of reliance on the part of his fellow-men." Another line, and then comes a third quotation from Ennius, *Sollicitari te, Tite, sic noctesque diesque*, of which, we are told, Cicero probably wrote the first part himself; and, after the line has been given from Ennius, we are advised, on the whole, to "consult, however, *Columm. ad loc.* p. 140!" Now, of what possible use to anybody who sees this book is this luminous reference? The next line is Cicero's, *Novi enim moderationem animi tui, et æquitatem;* this is translated, too, and twice translated; "'Your moderation and even temper of mind,' more literally, 'the moderation of your mind and your equanimity.'"

And so it goes through the whole chapter. Out of thirty-seven Latin lines, making but little over one page duodecimo, nearly twenty are translated, and all the notes together make nearly five pages! What teacher can hope to secure any effort or study on the part of his class, or make the reading of this work of any moment as a source of discipline to their minds, when they can get such an edition as this? A clever boy need not study at all, and may yet make a tolerable recitation. With one finger at the text, and another at the notes, and his eye dexterously running from one to another, he can make all the preparation on the spot, when required to recite. Turn to page 162 of the notes, which relate to Chap. 11, § 36, and we find the same course pursued; the work is all done to the student's hands. *Habenda ratio valetudinis.* Cannot a student at least try to read so simple an expression? No; here it is: "'Regard must be had by us to health,' 'i. e. we must be regularly attentive to the article of health!'" *Tantum,* "only so much." *Hæc.* "Referring to *mens* and *animus.*" Could a student help knowing this, if he were allowed to think for a moment? Then he must "observe" — what he knows already from his grammar — "the employment of the demonstrative in the neuter, as indicating things of different genders, and which convey not a personal, but an abstract idea." It would have been more to the purpose to say a word on the meaning of *mens* and *animus,* especially as, just below, *animi* is used alone. *Nisi tamquam lumini oleum instilles.* "'Unless you, as it were, pour oil gently into the lamp.' 'Literally, pour oil gently in for the light, i. e. to keep the light alive.'" The particular force of *gently,* by the way, is not quite obvious. If one must needs be so painfully minute, better say *slowly,* or *drop by drop.* But the mischief here is in translating at all. The student ought to have the opportunity to try for himself, and thus to cultivate his power of expression in his own language. Just below comes the word *levantur;* and this, too, is translated "are refreshed." And thus it runs to the end of the chapter, and to the end of the book, — this lumbering *annotatio perpetua*, maiming and crippling the learner's mind, — "crushing under the load of help, judgment and taste and invention, all but memory."*

We have carried these illustrations so far, that we have no room left for taking any from the edition of Tacitus. One can pardon an editor for giving more copious explanations of the text of this writer; but Dr. Anthon is needlessly and perniciously minute. Dr. Smith had already explained difficult passages, but he "purposely abstained from giving translations of those passages, which a little thought on the part of the reader would easily enable him to understand." Dr. Anthon must needs add many more of which we give a single specimen. Our classical readers will remember the first sentence of the Agricola, beginning *clarorum virorum facta*, &c. This sentence is rather long, but there is no difficulty in it which the student, at the stage of his studies when Tacitus is put into his hands, cannot readily master for himself. The only difficulty consists in expressing the meaning in a good English sentence, in which task he ought to be left to exercise his own judgment and skill, and thereby to improve in the ready and correct use of his own language. Dr. Anthon affords him no opportunity, but gives him the following long English sentence: — "To transmit to posterity the exploits and characters of distinguished men, a custom prevalent in early days, not even in our own times has the age, though taking little interest in its own (eminent individuals) entirely neglected, as often as some great and ennobling instance of merit has triumphed over and surmounted a vice common to small and great communities, an insensibility to, and an envying of virtue." This is certainly not the best translation that could be made; and we think that a good student, after two or three trials, could hit upon a better one. But it defeats one of the important ends of the study of Tacitus, or of any Latin author, to give, in such an instance, any translation at all; and so long as such books are made by editors, and are given to students, the labor of faithful teachers comes to nothing. The end to which we refer, one which is always aimed at by a good teacher, has been admirably illustrated by Dr. Arnold, in an article on the "Use of the Classics;"[*] from which we quote a few pertinent sentences. "The study of Greek and Latin," he says, "considered as mere languages, is of importance, mainly as it enables us to understand and employ well that language, in which we commonly think and speak and write. Every lesson in Greek or Latin ought to be made a lesson in English; the translation of every sentence in Demosthenes or Tacitus is properly an exercise in extemporaneous English composition; a problem, how to express with equal brevity, clearness, and force, in our own language, the thought, which the original author has so admirably expressed in his own." This is excellent doctrine; but how vain is any attempt at its practical application, if students are to have in their hands these books of Dr. Anthon? We commend this matter to the reflection of all laborers in the cause of classical education.

---

* Classical Museum, Vol. 4, p. 226.

It might be expected that in such editions, some translations would be hastily done, and consequently be either incorrect or faulty. We shall advert to a few in these books, which are open to criticism. The first is from the Agricola, chap. 3. *Nec spem modo ac votum,* &c. "And the public security has not only conceived hopes and wishes, but has attained unto confidence in the fulfilment of those very wishes, and unto a state of stability." How much better the well-turned translation of Professor Kingsley, which is adopted in the late edition of Professor Tyler, a work, by the way, that is an exact contrast to Dr. Anthon's on all the points which we have been discussing.—"And public security has not only assumed hopes and wishes, but has seen those wishes arise to confidence and stability." Another instance is found in Chap. 6: *Nisi quod in bona uxore,* &c. "Save that there is so much more of what is praiseworthy in a good wife, by how much more of what is blamable there is in a bad one." Surely this is no improvement upon Dr. Smith's, which is given in the same paragraph, and reads thus: — "Only we must allow, that in a virtuous wife, there is proportionably as much more of what is praiseworthy, as in a bad wife there is of what is blamable." One more illustration of this kind we give from the De Amicitia, Chap. 7. *Bonam spem prælucet,* &c. "It illumines the path in front of good hope, as regards the future!" Well is it for the reader, that the following explanation is added *in English,* "i. e. it dispels the gloom that overcasts the mind, and encourages the hope of happier times." In the Agricola, Chap. 9, Tacitus uses the expression, *plura manu agens,* which Professor Anthon thus renders: "doing most things *in an off hand way;* (the italics are ours.) This may be considered quite terse; but it is clear that *manu* does not mean any such thing as *in an off hand way.* Professor Tyler gives it correctly, "proceeding more *by physical force;*" and Ruperti has several German translations, all giving the same idea, more or less happily, viz. Doederlein, *mit Gewalt;* Rumpf translates the whole thus, — *wobei der Arm das Meiste vollstrecke;* and Walch, *thätlich.*

---

[*] Originally written for the English *Quarterly Journal of Education,* for 1834; and republished in this country, in Arnold's *Miscellaneous Works,* a volume from the press of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Here we must close these remarks, already far more extended than we had wished. We have made them with the earnest desire and hope of doing some service to the cause of classical education, which is at present, we think, in a rising and hopeful condition in our country. If this good cause is destined still to flourish, then must all its friends, and especially all practical teachers, look narrowly to the character of the books that are put into the hands of students. It is certain that those which we have here examined are wholly unsuited to the wants of our schools and colleges, and are likely to do more harm than good.

ART. V. — *The Women of the American Revolution.* By ELIZABETH F. ELLET, Author of "The Characters of Schiller," "Country Rambles," etc. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

CONSIDERING how highly every age has prized the history and biography of previous times, it is matter of surprise that there are not always found those who systematically record passing events and delineate living characters. Fame is, indeed, in a good degree, an affair of distance. It is difficult for friends, associates, or contemporaries to be sure that actions or events, which arise from the present condition of things, will seem as important to posterity as to those who have an immediate interest in the emergencies which gave them birth. But the desire to know what has been done and said by those who have gone before us — who helped to prepare the world for the coming of our day — is so universal, and we are so often vexed to think we know so little, that it seems wonderful that mere sympathy should not lead us to prepare pleasant things of this sort for the people whose pioneers we are. How delicious are the bits of private history now and then fished up from the vast sea of things forgotten! How we pounce upon some quaint diary, some old hoard of seemingly insignificant letters, some enlightening passage in an old author, who little suspected his blunt quill of playing the part of an elucidator of history! What could repay the world for the withdrawal from its knowledge of the straight-forward fibs of Sir John Mandeville, illustrative as they are of the state of general credulity in his day? Or of Pepys's Diary, or Horace Walpole's, or Madame de Sevigne's letters, or Bozzy's inestimable jottings?

Each and every generation lives in "a very remarkable age," and it is obviously a high moral duty of somebody to write it down circumstantially for the benefit of those who are destined, through its preparing influence, to enter upon experiences still more remarkable. Yet when we would seek materials for the minute private history of a time, in the bosom of whose common life were contained the characterizing elements of this great empire, — as the rich satin folds of the tulip are traceable in a bulb which looks very like that humble piece of domesticity, an onion, — we are obliged to search as if for the proverbial needle; to dive into family records, dim with the dust of time, or useless from the suspicious coloring of pride or affection; to call upon the East and the West, the North and the South, to rummage the memory-garrets of their "oldest inhabitants;" in short, to pick, as it were, from thorns and briers by the way-side, stray locks of the material which should have been carded and spun by the growers, ready for the weaving skill of the present day.

Mrs. Ellet has performed this not easy task with a care and patience which deserve to be called pious. Setting out with a hearty interest in the subject, and fitted, by previous study and acquaintance with the particulars of our early history, to judge of the authenticity of the new information she might obtain from private sources, she explored every part of the United States, either personally or by means of intelligent friends, and having thus collected a mass of anecdote and reminiscence, she verified every particular, which was in any way connected with public events, by the most sedulous examination of accredited records. Many public and private libraries can bear testimony to the conscientious perseverance with which Mrs. Ellet sought confirmation or correction of the information afforded her from private sources; and if the result has not proved entirely free from error, it must be conceded that the industry and faithfulness of the biographer are worthy of all praise.

Why — with all the just pride which we, as a nation, feel in the peculiarly quiet heroism, the heroism of home, called forth by the circumstances of the Revolution, circumstances which afforded especial opportunity for the display, or rather the exercise, of female heroism, — why no one before Mrs. Ellet had thought of erecting the best of all monuments for the women of the Revolution, it is difficult to imagine. We have talked of the mother of Washington; of Mrs. Adams, and Mrs. Motte, and Mrs. Schuyler; of Lydia Darrah and Mary Slocumb; we have, in a careless, generalizing way, acknowledged the importance of feminine devotion and self-sacrifice during the war; but unless some one had conceived the happy thought of committing to enduring print, *just now*, all we know of these and the rest of our revolutionary mothers, our children and grandchildren, after inquiring in vain whether there had been any revolutionary mothers, and coming to the rational conclusion that such a revolution must, from its very nature, have owed much to women, might properly have accused us of either the silliest carelessness or the darkest ingratitude. We say *just now*, because the scantiness of the materials brought to light by Mrs. Ellet's researches, and the difficulty of finding them, scanty as they are, justify the conclusion that another age of indifference would have consigned all authentic memories of individual women, whose heroism bore upon our success in the struggle with England, to hopeless oblivion. To have undertaken the work at all, then, entitles the author to our gratitude; and unless some new, perhaps steam, method of manufacturing history be invented in future times, rendering research valueless and facts superfluous; deducing conduct from circumstances and character from results; showing how things *must* have been; in short, inventing history by means of a new and triumphant philosophy, some inklings of which have already appeared in our day, — we can hardly doubt that works like that before us will bear even a higher value in the appreciation of posterity than in our own.

No one perhaps will question, that the women of the Revolution bore a far larger share of its actual hardships and sufferings than the men. The life afield, shorn though it may be of home comforts, has its poetry, its inspirations, its heroic element, for compensation of its ills. The very physical influence of duties performed in the open air, — of excitement, exercise, variety, and liberty, is enlivening and invigorating to mind and body reciprocally. Military discipline, — the stimulus of command and of subordination, of regularity, of enterprise, of endurance, — has a tendency to maintain the spirits in a somewhat equable, if not elated state, and to keep sad personal thoughts at bay. Activity, having a direct bearing upon the great object in view, keeps up the heart more easily and more steadily than quieter service can. It is, indeed, an attainment in philosophy to have, and to be consoled and sustained by, the feeling that

> "They also serve who only stand and wait."

To do is the great pleasure of life; to suffer, or to be passive, is a sustained effort of self-denial.

It was to this difficult service that the women of the Revolution were called. The hard labor of waiting, in patient anxiety and a composure that did not exclude agony, while husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, went in search of danger, called forth fortitude and faith far beyond that required for night-watches under snowy skies, or forced marches without shoes. To follow with heart and eye, day after day, the ebbing life of a darling child, whose father was far away and unconscious of the blow that hung over him, drew more severely upon the springs of life and hope than a wound in a skirmish or a baffled enterprise. The women's lot, in those times, was the ingenious prolongation of torture with which the savage takes care not to kill, — torture that would nerve the impatient soul to pray for a bullet, rather than to dread it. To prepare a loved one for the camp and the battle, to see him depart, yet withhold the protest that nature must prompt, were enough; how much more was it to combat his own misgivings at the thought of leaving lonely and unprotected his dearer than life; to nerve his heart for the strife by a deep sympathy in his sense of wrong; to send him forth, in the spirit of the Greek matron, with a charge to return with his shield or upon it! The noble qualities called forth by circumstances such as these excite the imagination and thrill the heart, till we are in danger of forgetting the hatefulness of war. A young girl throws herself between a threatening pistol and her father's body, and by her intrepidity preserves him from butchery; and again, when she is threatened with death if she refuses to give information of the course taken by a party of her countrymen, bares her bosom to the shot of a brutal marauder, who is only prevented from murder by the shame or the humanity of a comrade who strikes up his weapon. A wife, who has seen her husband shot down by a musket levelled over her own shoulder as she entreated for his life, afterwards keeps watch over his blood-stained corpse in a lonely house, in the midst of enemies, resolute to protect the precious remains from further outrage.

A war of invasion, whose success depended upon the devastation it might be able to carry into private homes, fell, of course, very heavily upon women, and awakened a spirit and called forth a resistance which are habitually foreign to the sex. The peculiarly feminine quality of fortitude was warmed by excitement and outrage into courage; a sense of responsibility, and the necessity of caring for the absent, produced prudence and awakened ingenuity; all frivolous interests were thrown out of sight by the continual presence of important duties; in short, woman was forced, by the dread power of necessity, into the exercise of those noble qualities with which her Maker endowed her when he gave her to be the helpmeet of man, — qualities too generally allowed to lie dormant under the circumstances of common life, or suppressed because man, the ruler of her destiny, approves rather the lighter graces which threaten no competition in his own peculiar sphere of self-complacency. The impression left by this simple record of woman's part in the revolutionary struggle is that of the general tone of feeling rather than of particular incidents of heroism; we remember not so much that particular women did or suffered particular things, as that the whole tone of female society was raised. The standard of behavior was a heroic one; the emulation was no longer who should be most fastidious and dependent; who should act the part of "the tender and delicate woman, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness," — so favorite a *rôle* ordinarily, that women will endure much rather than appear able to endure any thing; — but who should utterly put away self, forget privileges, forego indulgences, encounter dangers; who should bind up wounds, walk noisome hospitals, convey intelligence, defend the obnoxious. It seems, truly, to have been woman who held the keys of the precious reservoir of Hope from which was drawn strength to endure to the end. Invaders, far away from their wives and daughters, may fight perfunctorily and fail; men drawn up in defence of their own firesides, and receiving ever new supplies of energy and assurance from the home stores, are irresistible.

But it is time to turn from our general view of the influence of woman upon the great contest, to the contemplation of particular characters and incidents, as sketched by Mrs. Ellet. And we begin naturally with the mother of Washington, who struck the key-note of this high harmony when she gave her faultless son to his country without a tremor; and who afterwards uttered as a comment upon the homage offered him by a grateful nation — "George was always a good boy." The Spartan simplicity and dignity of this matron make her memoir the most striking one in the collection. If without injury to the sterner features of this character, it were possible to infuse among its elements some of the lighter feminine graces, we could find it in our hearts to advise our young countrywomen to study it as the type of American womanhood.

In the traits of many of the heroines of the earlier days of the Revolution, we find a remarkable union of strength and softness, courage and refinement, simplicity and shrewdness, the fruit of patriotic sentiments engrafted on the habits and acquirements of aristocratic society. Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Schuyler, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Montgomery, and many others, were of this class of women. Their adventures are less striking, but their characters no less admirable, than those of women whom circumstances brought into more conspicuous relation with the war. Mrs. Knox was perhaps the most splendid of these ladies, both on account of her elegance of person and manner, and the strength and perseverance of her character. Her position in society was next to that of Mrs. Washington, ever her intimate friend; and the aged officers who still survive, and love to talk of the scenes and adventures of that day, never fail to speak of Mrs. Knox, of her beauty, her wit, her gay and free manners, and the kindly and hospitable manner in which she knew how to entertain guests of every degree. Mrs. Ellet says: —

> "In various journals we find the presence of Mrs. Knox noticed in camp. Chastellux describes the hut on a small farm where she lived with her children, a short distance from head-quarters at Verplanck's Point. Whenever her health permitted, she followed the army; and it is represented that her presence and cheerful manners did much to diffuse contentment and enliven dreary scenes. The soldiers could not murmur at privations which she endured without complaint. . . . . . . There is reason to believe that General Knox often deferred to his wife's judgment, regarding her as a superior being; and it is said that her influence and superiority were owned by Washington himself. Her mind was undoubtedly of a high order, and her character a remarkable one. She appears to have possessed an ascendency over all with whom she associated."

Like other women of marked intellectual power, who are rendered conspicuous by station, Mrs. Knox excited envy, and became occasionally the subject of severe and ungenerous comment. Her very frankness, the result of conscious strength and honesty, was turned against her by petty minds. Thus, a traditional speech of hers, in the decline of life, purporting that, if she could live her life over again, she would be "more of a wife, more of a mother, more of a woman" than she had been, has been interpreted as an expression of remorse; while, in truth, it is no insignificant proof of virtue. It was doubtless prompted by the spirit of humility, which implies a recognition of the highest and purest motives of conduct.

Lest this remark and others, exceedingly natural and praiseworthy, currently ascribed to Mrs. Knox, should be misconstrued to the disadvantage of a distinguished woman, whose candor and modesty were enhanced, in the decline of life, by the adoption of a religious standard of action, we venture to insert a passage or two from a private letter, written by a still surviving daughter, who feels a daughter's interest in the memory of a beloved mother, while she carefully disclaims all wish to make one so loved pass for

"The faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw."

"I claim for my mother no perfection of character; she undoubtedly had her share of the failings which attach to us all. I am very conscious that the partiality of friends, and particularly of children, is too apt to give a brighter coloring to the character of those who were so dear to them than truth will warrant. In this case, however, I would say, that while ample justice is done, as I think, to my mother's intellectual powers, which were undoubtedly of a superior order, and gave her a commanding influence in society, it may not perhaps be equally acknowledged that she had heart as well as mind. Those who knew her intimately would, I firmly believe, bear full testimony to the warmth of her domestic attachments. A more devoted wife and mother I never knew. The keenest sorrows of her life sprung from this source. It was the will of God to take from her nine of her twelve children, previous to the still greater trial of parting with the husband of her youth, the friend and companion of many eventful years, and many scenes of joy and sorrow; and the anguish she endured on these trying occasions gave abundant evidence that her heart was feelingly alive to the tender and sacred claims of wife and mother. Yet I think it very probable, that in the retrospect of a long life she may have seen much to regret — many duties imperfectly performed — instances innumerable in which a different course ought to have been pursued. Feelings like these I have often heard her express, and can now most fully sympathize with. Her lot was cast in the midst of all that was most attractive in our land; yet I do not believe in its busiest scenes she ever lost sight of her more private and indispensable duties."

With regard to the early life of General and Mrs. Knox, the same lady, whose letters do honor to herself and to the parents of whom she preserves so vivid and pious a memory, says, —

"My father was then moving in a comparatively humble sphere. Deprived of his own father while yet a boy, his energies were called into early action for the supply of his own wants, and yet more, those of an excellent mother, to whom he was strongly attached, and of a young brother, to whom he was a father through life. At the beginning of his acquaintance with my mother, he kept a large bookstore — one of the few of which Boston then could boast; and as she was a young lady of literary taste, the nature of his employment combined with other attractions to draw her frequently there. That she was first prepossessed by his fine figure in military costume, there can be no doubt; but she was not long in discovering that this was not his only or principal recommendation. His engaging manners, well-furnished mind, and warm heart soon confirmed and strengthened the favorable impression first created by external advantages. She found, too, that their feelings and views on most points coincided; and although differently educated, that there were many bonds of sympathy between them. On the great absorbing question which then agitated the public mind, they very soon learned to think and feel alike; how far his opinions influenced hers, I know not; but certain it is that she early entered, heart and soul, into the cause of her oppressed country, and identified herself thenceforward with its interests. . . . .

They joined General Washington at Cambridge; and my father, after volunteering his services to go to Canada for cannon, (left by the English at Ticonderoga and Crown Point,) in which our army was deplorably deficient, was thenceforth the commander of that branch of the service throughout the war, which kept him constantly near his beloved commander-in-chief. My mother was naturally brought much into contact with Mrs. Washington, who was generally with the army when circumstances permitted, although not so constantly, I have understood, as my mother, who was always located as near as possible to the scene of action, that she might receive the earliest intelligence, and be at hand if evil occurred. . . . .

My parents were both of a cheerful, sanguine temperament, and in the darkest scenes of the war felt strong confidence that all would be eventually well. These sentiments are frequently expressed in letters which passed between them at this period."

The letters here alluded to are at present in possession of a gentleman who has undertaken a life of General Knox. When he shall have completed his task, it is hardly to be doubted that some fuller account of the life and character of Mrs. Knox will also be brought before the public, since a woman of so much mark can scarcely have failed unconsciously to delineate herself in her easy private letters. After the conclusion of the war, and when the services of General Knox were no longer required by the country, he retired to a splendid country residence in Maine, where his wife assisted him in dispensing a hospitality such as this country has seldom seen. It is said to have been not unusual with them to kill an ox and twenty sheep on Monday morning, to be consumed in the course of the week by a concourse of guests for whom a hundred beds were daily made. Among the visitors entertained here were the Duc de Liancourt, who was, as he said, heir to three dukedoms, yet without a suit of clothes to his back, until supplied by General Knox; Talleyrand, who pretended that it was impossible for him to learn English, while he had two masters and was believed to understand the language thoroughly; Lafayette, who remembered to inquire for his friend Mrs. Knox, when he visited this country as "the nation's guest;" and many others, who have figured on the stage of history. At Boston, Louis Philippe and his brothers, the Ducs de Montpensier and de Charolais, had been frequent visitors at the house of General Knox, and found solace in the friendship of its fair mistress; and at all times and in all places where this happy couple resided, their society was sought by the great, the patriotic, and the distinguished. Speaking of the Maine residence, the letter from which we have already quoted says: —

> "My mother, I think, was never more entirely satisfied with her situation. Her greatest trouble was, that the retirement she anticipated was far from being realized. My father's hospitable propensities still induced him to open his doors to all who were disposed to visit him; and as every thing that could interest or amuse was liberally provided, we were often favored much longer than was desirable with the company of guests who were entire strangers, and had no possible claim. It was to some such visitors as these, I doubt not, that my mother may have appeared distant and haughty. Such instances I well recollect, particu-

larly when these unasked visits were unreasonably prolonged; but those whom she liked, or was at all interested in, would have given her a far different character."

We have dwelt thus upon the character of Mrs. Knox, because, although there was no woman except Mrs. Washington more conspicuous throughout the period of the Revolution, the materials placed within Mrs. Ellet's reach seem to have been particularly meagre. We have no doubt that, in a future edition of the "Women of the Revolution," due use will be made of the interesting particulars to be gleaned from the excellent and affectionate reminiscences of the daughter from whose letters we have been quoting.

The character and adventures of the Baroness de Riedesel are well known, and as she did not belong to the patriot side, we shall have nothing to say of her here. Not that we can notice each of the hundred and twenty heroines of these sketches, even by a word; we shall be obliged, by imperative limits, to content ourselves with recalling a few of those whose position or adventures render them peculiarly interesting or worthy of contemplation.

Lydia Darrah was a Quakeress of Philadelphia, who, while entertaining perforce a party of the enemy, played the eavesdropper, and used the information she obtained at the keyhole to save the Americans a surprise at White Marsh. Those who approve of war cannot object to this mode of obtaining intelligence; and the sagacity and perseverance of the good woman certainly deserve all the praise bestowed upon them. How Lydia stood with the Quaker meeting, after this exploit, we are not informed.

"The celebrated Miss Franks" was noted for "the keenness of her irony, and her readiness at repartee;" but the sharp speeches recorded of her are lacking in the delicacy which should distinguish feminine wit. Mrs. Ellet's sketch of this loyalist lady, converted late in life to more patriotic predilections, is however enlivened by an account of the "Mischianza," a festival given by the British officers in Philadelphia, as a parting compliment to Sir William Howe, on his departure for England, when he was superseded by Sir Henry Clinton. This account is especially interesting, from having been originally written by Major André, who contributed largely to the more poetical portion of the festival.

"The entertainment was given on the 18th of May, 1778. It commenced with a grand regatta, in three divisions. In the first was the Ferret galley, on board of which were several general officers and ladies. In the centre, the Hussar galley bore Sir William and Lord Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, their suite, and many ladies. The Cornwallis galley brought up the rear — General Knyphhausen and suite, three British generals, and ladies, being on board. On each quarter of these galleys, and forming their division, were five flat boats lined with green cloth, and filled with ladies and gentlemen. In front were three flat boats, with bands of music. Six barges rowed about each flank, to keep off the swarm of boats in the river. The galleys were dressed in colors and streamers; the ships lying at anchor were magnificently decorated; and the transport ships with colors flying, which extended in a line the whole length of the city, were crowded, as well as the wharves, with spectators. The rendezvous was at Knight's wharf, at the northern extremity of the city. The company embarked at half-past four, the three divisions moving slowly down to the music. Arrived opposite Market wharf, at a signal all rested on their oars, and the music played "God save the King," answered by three cheers from the vessels. The landing was at the Old Fort, a little south of the town, and in front of the building prepared for the company — a few hundred yards from the water. This regatta was gazed at from the wharves and warehouses by all the uninvited population of the city.

"When the general's barge pushed for shore, a salute of seventeen guns was fired from his Majesty's ship Roebuck; and, after an interval, seventeen from the Vigilant. The procession advanced through an avenue formed by two files of grenadiers, each supported by a line of light-horse. The avenue led to a spacious lawn, lined with troops, and prepared for the exhibition of a tilt and tournament. The music, and managers with favors of white and blue ribbons in their breasts, led the way, followed by the generals and the rest of the company.

"In front, the building bounded the view through a vista formed by two triumphal arches in a line with the landing place. Two pavilions, with rows of benches rising one above another, received the ladies, while the gentlemen ranged themselves on each side. On the front seat of each pavilion were seven young ladies as princesses, in Turkish habits, and wearing in their turbans the favors meant for the knights who contended. The sound of trumpets was heard in the distance; and a band of knights in ancient habits of white and red silk, mounted on gray horses caparisoned in the same colors, attended by squires on foot, heralds and trumpeters, entered the lists. Lord Cathcart was chief of these knights; and appeared in honor of Miss Auchmuty. One of his esquires bore his lance, another his shield; and two black slaves in blue and white silk, with silver clasps on their bare necks and arms, held his stirrups. The band made the circuit of the square, saluting the ladies, and then ranged themselves in a line with the pavilion, in which were the ladies of their device. Their herald, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed a challenge; asserting the superiority of the ladies of the Blended Rose, in wit, beauty, and accomplishment, and offering to prove it by deeds of arms according to the ancient laws of chivalry. At the third repetition of the challenge, another herald and trumpeters advanced from the other side of the square, dressed in black and orange, and proclaimed defiance to the challengers, in the name of the knights of the Burning Mountain. Captain Watson, the chief, appeared in honor of Miss Franks; his device — a heart with a wreath of flowers; his motto — Love and Glory. This band also rode round the lists, and drew up in front of the White Knights. The gauntlet was thrown down and lifted; the encounter took place. After the fourth encounter, the two chiefs, spurring to the centre, fought singly, till the marshal of the field rushed between, and declared that the ladies of the Blended Rose and the Burning Mountain were satisfied with the proofs of love and valor already given, and commanded their knights to desist. The bands then filed off in different directions, saluting the ladies as they approached the pavilions.

"The company then passed in procession through triumphal arches built in the Tuscan order, to a garden in front of the building, and thence ascended to a spacious hall painted in imitation of Sienna marble. In this hall and apartment adjoining, were tea and refreshments; and the knights, kneeling, received their favors from the ladies. On entering the room appropriated for the faro table, a cornucopia was seen filled with fruit and flowers; another appeared in going out, shrunk, reversed, and empty. The next advance was to a ball-room painted in pale blue, pannelled with gold, with dropping festoons of flowers; the surbase pink, with drapery festooned in blue. Eighty-five mirrors, decked with flowers and ribbons, reflected the light from thirty-four branches of wax lights. On the same floor were four drawing-rooms with sideboards of refreshments, also decorated and lighted up. The dancing continued till ten; the windows were then thrown open, and the fireworks commenced with a magnificent bouquet of rockets.

"At twelve, large folding doors, which had hitherto been concealed, were suddenly thrown open, discovering a splendid and spacious saloon, richly painted, and brilliantly illuminated; the mirrors and branches decorated, as also the supper table; which was set out—according to Major André's account—with four hundred and thirty covers, and twelve hundred dishes. When supper was ended, the herald and trumpeters of the Blended Rose entered the saloon, and proclaimed the health of the king and royal family—followed by that of the knights and ladies; each toast being accompanied by a flourish of music. The company then returned to the ball-room, and the dancing continued till four o'clock."

This entertainment took place at the opening of the spring which followed the dreadful winter at Valley Forge. After this period, the scene of action was in a great measure changed to the southern country, and the war took a more romantic character. Savannah was surrendered to the British at the close of 1779, and on the 12th of May, 1781, Charleston capitulated, and was occupied by Sir Henry Clinton, who from that centre of operations harassed the surrounding country at pleasure. The bad faith of the British commander, by means of which one portion of the inhabitants was terrified into adhesion to the crown, nerved the hearts and arms of many more, who, under every disadvantage, and at the imminent risk of all they held dearest, commenced a partisan and skirmishing warfare, far more wearing and distressing than the pitched battles at the North, from the immediate dangers of which, at least, women and children and helpless age were safe. Circumstances like these naturally called forth a kind of personal heroism, for which there is little field in regular warfare. Instances not unfrequently occurred, when all, for the moment, depended on the courage, the ingenuity, the firmness, or the judgment of a woman; when children without hesitation risked their lives at the call of duty or affection; when the negro forgot the stupidity which his master is so fond of imputing to him, and under the stimulus of love or pity, was inspired with an ingenuity of equivocation or a boldness of defence quite at variance with his supposed character. Mrs. Ellet's poetical blood is fired by these episodical exploits, and she is evidently in her element when she tells of the brave doings of our Southern sisters, among whom she has lived too long not to have imbibed a strong affection for much that is noble, true, and heroic in their national or "sectional" character. The comparative simplicity of plantation life imparts a healthful tone to love and friendship, and depth and constancy to all the domestic affections; and we love to think of the women of the South as the guardian angels of their firesides or their palmetto shades, ever ready, with sweet influences, to ward off, as far as human creatures may, the curse of slavery, and meliorate, as only gentle creatures can, its sting.

Mrs. Gibbes, the first lady on the Southern list, may serve as a type of one class of the heroic women of the South. With the quiet energy of a veteran commander, she prepares her house for the reception of the invaders after they had already surrounded it, and that closely. She did not conquer, but she disarmed the enemy, by opening the front door when all was ready, and showing the majestic form of her invalid husband, helpless in his great arm-chair, and surrounded only by women and children. And when her beautiful plantation was given up to ruthless pillage, and the officers became her compulsory guests, she continued to preside at the head of her table, awing the intruders into respect and decent order by the power of her presence. Flying afterwards in the midst of a heavy fire from the river, and having under her charge, with the helpless husband, sixteen children, — her own and those of her sister — she discovers on reaching the neighboring plantation, towards which these fugitive steps were directed, that a little boy — one of her sister's — is missing.

> "The roar of the distant guns was still heard, breaking at short intervals the deep silence of the night. The chilly rain was falling, and the darkness was profound. Yet the thought of abandoning the helpless boy to destruction was agony to the hearts of his relatives. In this extremity, the self-devotion of a young girl interposed to save him. Mary Anna, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Gibbes — then only thirteen years of age, determined to venture back, in spite of the fearful peril, alone. The mother dared not oppose her noble resolution, which seemed indeed an inspiration of heaven; and she was permitted to go. Hastening along the path with all the speed of which she was capable, she reached the house, still in the undisturbed possession of the enemy; and entreated permission from the sentinel to enter; persisting, in spite of refusal, till by earnest importunity of supplication, she gained her object. Searching anxiously through the house, she found the child in a room in a third story, and

lifting him joyfully in her arms, carried him down, and fled with him to the spot where her anxious parents were awaiting her return. The shot still flew thickly around her, frequently throwing up the earth in her way; but protected by the Providence that watches over innocence, she joined the rest of the family in safety."

Mrs. Martha Bratton, beginning her career of heroism by defying the brutal Huck, at the head of his cavalry, and persisting in her refusal to say a word that should endanger her husband's safety, finished it by blowing up a depôt of powder just as the enemy were approaching it.

"The officer in command, irritated to fury, demanded who had dared to perpetrate such an act, and threatened instant and severe vengeance upon the culprit. The intrepid woman to whom he owed his disappointment, answered for herself. 'It was I who did it,' she replied. 'Let the consequence be what it will, I glory in having prevented the mischief contemplated by the cruel enemies of my country.'"

Mrs. Thomas was of similar spirit; and we might enumerate a host more, if the South were not so rich in heroines. Miss Langston, a girl of sixteen, already under British ban for having been more than suspected of giving private information to her countrymen, sets out on foot, alone, at night, to cross a deep river in order to warn her brother and his associates of a threatened attack.

"She entered the water; but when in the middle of the ford, became bewildered, and knew not which direction to take. The hoarse rush of the waters, which were up to her neck — the blackness of the night — the utter solitude around her — the uncertainty lest the next step should ingulph her past help, confused her; and losing in a degree her self-possession, she wandered for some time in the channel, without knowing whither to turn her steps. But the energy of a resolute will, under the care of Providence, sustained her."

Mary Slocumb, the wife of a lieutenant of rangers, who was absent with a party on duty when Tarleton took possession of his plantation, had all the spirit of border chivalry, — that of the Ladye of Branksome herself, —

"Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room!"

In the war of words she was decidedly too much for Colonel Tarleton, who gave his orders for scouring the country all the more venomously in consequence of the defiant tone of her answers to his searching questions, and her biting allusions to his own ill fortune at the battle of the Cowpens. A most stirring account of the various dangers and escapes of the daring lieutenant and his family would grace our page but for its too great length; we pass on, therefore, to a later occurrence, which includes a personal exploit of the lady. The country had risen *en masse* to oppose the passage of the royal troops, who were hurrying to join their standard at Wilmington. This corps of fire-breathing volunteers — "every man of whom had mischief in him," as Mrs. Slocumb said, — met McDonald and his Highlanders at Moore's Creek, February 27th, 1776, and fought there one of the bloodiest battles of that eventful year. Mary Slocumb was at home — what? skirmishing with Colonel Tarleton? no — dreaming! Woman still, under all the unfeminine porcupinishness induced by the unnatural circumstances of the time. We must let her tell her own story.

"I lay — whether waking or sleeping I know not — I had a dream; yet it was not all a dream. (She used the words, unconsciously, of the poet who was not then in being.) I saw distinctly a body wrapped in my husband's guard-cloak — bloody — dead; and others dead and wounded on the ground about him. I saw them plainly and distinctly. I uttered a cry, and sprang to my feet on the floor; and so strong was the impression on my mind, that I rushed in the direction the vision appeared, and came up against the side of the house. The fire in the room gave little light, and I gazed in every direction to catch another glimpse of the scene. I raised the light; every thing was still and quiet. My child was sleeping, but my woman was awakened by my crying out or jumping on the floor. If ever I felt fear it was at that moment. Seated on the bed, I reflected a few moments — and said aloud: 'I must go to him.' I told the woman I could not sleep and would ride down the road. She appeared in great alarm; but I merely told her to lock the door after me, and look after the child. I went to the stable, saddled my mare — as fleet and easy a nag as ever travelled; and in one minute we were tearing down the road at full speed. The cool night seemed after a mile or two's gallop to bring reflection with it; and I asked myself where I was going, and for what purpose. Again and again I was tempted to turn back; but I was soon ten miles from home, and my mind became stronger every mile I rode. I should find my husband dead or dying — was as firmly my presentiment and conviction as any fact in my life. When day broke I was some thirty miles from home. I knew the general route our little army expected to take, and had followed them without hesitation. About sunrise, I came upon a group of women and children, standing and sitting by the road-side, each one of them showing the same anxiety of mind I felt. Stopping a few minutes I inquired if the battle had been fought. They knew nothing, but were assembled on the road to catch intelligence. They thought Caswell had taken the right of the Wilmington road, and gone towards the northwest (Cape Fear.) Again was I skimming over the ground through a country thinly settled, and very poor and swampy; but neither my own spirits nor my beautiful nag's failed in the least. We followed the well-marked trail of the troops.

" The sun must have been well up, say eight or nine o'clock, when I heard a sound like thunder, which I knew must be cannon. It was the first time I ever heard a cannon. I stopped still; when presently the cannon thundered again. The battle was then fighting. What a fool! my husband could not be dead last night, and the battle only fighting now! Still, as I am so near, I will go on and see how they come out. So away we went again, faster than ever; and I soon found by the noise of guns that I was near the fight. Again I stopped. I could hear muskets, I could hear rifles, and I could hear shouting. I spoke to my mare, and dashed on in the direction of the firing and the shouts, now louder than ever. The blind path I had been following brought me into the Wilmington road leading to Moore's Creek Bridge a few hundred yards below the bridge. A few yards from the road, under a cluster of trees, were lying perhaps twenty men. They were the wounded. I knew the spot; the very trees; and the position of the men I knew as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it all night! I saw all at once; but in an instant my whole soul was centred in one spot; for there, wrapped in his bloody guard-cloak, was my husband's body! How I passed the few yards from my saddle to the place I never knew. I remember uncovering his head and seeing a face clothed with gore from a dreadful wound across the temple. I put my hand on the bloody face; 'twas warm; and an *unknown voice* begged for water. A small camp-kettle was lying near, and a stream of water was close by. I brought it; poured some in his mouth; washed his face; and behold — it was Frank Cogdell. He soon revived and could speak. I was washing the wound in his head. Said he, ' It is not that; it is that hole in my leg that is killing me.' A puddle of blood was standing on the ground about his feet. I took his knife, cut away his trousers and stocking, and found the blood came from a shot-hole through and through the fleshy part of his leg. I looked about and could see nothing that looked as if it would do for dressing wounds but some heart-leaves. I gathered a handful and bound them tight to the holes; and the bleeding stopped. I then went to the others; and — Doctor! I dressed the wounds of many a brave fellow who did good fighting long after that day! I had not inquired for my husband; but while I was busy Caswell came up. He appeared very much surprised to see me; and was with his hat in hand about to pay some compliment: but I interrupted him by asking — 'Where is my husband?'

" 'Where he ought to be, madam; in pursuit of the enemy. But pray,' said he, 'how came you here?'

" 'Oh, I thought,' replied I, 'you would need nurses as well as soldiers. See! I have already dressed many of these good fellows; and here is one' — going to Frank, and lifting him up with my arm under his head, so that he could drink some more water — 'would have died before any of you men could have helped him.'

" 'I believe you,' said Frank. Just then I looked up, and my husband, as bloody as a butcher, and as muddy as a ditcher, stood before me.

" 'Why, Mary!' he exclaimed, 'What are you doing there? Hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army?'

" In the middle of the night, I again mounted my mare and started for home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay till next morning, and they would send a party with me; but no! I wanted to see my child, and I told them they could send no party who could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to meet me!"

Lest we should be wanting, both to Mrs. Slocumb and her unwelcome guest Colonel Tarleton, we give a passage which does credit to them both.

" When the British army broke up their encampment at the plantation, a sergeant was ordered by Colonel Tarleton to stand in the door till the last soldier had gone out, to ensure protection to a lady whose noble bearing had inspired them all with the most profound respect. This order was obeyed: the guard brought up the rear of that army in their march northward. Mrs. Slocumb saw them depart with tears of joy; and on her knees gave thanks, with a full heart, to the Divine Being who had protected her."

This lady lived, through all her toils and dangers, a happy wife for sixty years, with the husband of her youth. In her seventy-second year, being afflicted with a cancer in her hand, she with characteristic bravery held it forth to the surgeon's knife, declining the usual assistance. She died in 1836, her husband in 1841, — the patriarchs of their district.

The exploit of Mrs. Motte, who furnished the arrows which were to carry combustibles to the roof of her own new and valuable mansion, is well known. It may not be equally so, that after her husband's death, finding that through the disastrous accidents of the times, his estate was insolvent, Mrs. Motte determined to devote the remainder of her life to the honorable task of paying his debts.

> " Her friends and connections, whose acquaintance with her affairs gave weight to their judgment, warned her of the apparent hopelessness of such an effort. But, steadfast in the principles that governed all her conduct, she persevered; induced a friend to purchase for her, on credit, a valuable body of rice-land, then an uncleared swamp — on the Santee — built houses for the negroes, who constituted nearly all her available property — even that being encumbered with claims — and took up her own abode on the new plantation. Living in an humble dwelling — and relinquishing many of her habitual comforts — she devoted herself with such zeal, untiring industry, and indomitable resolution to the attainment of her object, that her success triumphed over every difficulty, and exceeded the expectations of all who had discouraged her. She not only paid her husband's debts to the full, but secured for her children and descendants a handsome and unincumbered estate.

This is the heroism of peace, a far more difficult heroism, we must take leave to say, than that of war, even for women. Actions to be truly great must be performed without the stimulus of present excitement. The true dignity of such as this will be recognized when war is forgotten, or remembered as an almost impossible barbarism of past ages.

Further south, we come upon the exploit of a "war-woman" indeed. Nancy Hart, a Georgian Amazon, hideous in person as ferocious in nature, is represented as having shot a man or two with her own hand, in her own house, and coolly recommended the hanging of four more before her door, on a tree which may still be seen. The stream near this Penthesilea's bower is called "War-woman's creek," in her honor. Nature makes strange mistakes sometimes, and seems to have given the virago's husband the milk omitted in her own composition. At least, we judge so from the fact that Nancy called him "a poor stick."

The thirteen pages devoted to the women of Kentucky include many very interesting anecdotes, illustrative of Indian cruelty, and female courage and patriotic feeling. The satisfaction with which we read these touching records of American pioneer life makes us regret, that so much more is doubtless lost than saved. These things happened in days and regions belonging far less to the pen than the axe and the rifle. It were worth a pilgrimage through that land of "forest, flood, and fell," to glean the fragments yet extant among those who must soon pass away.

We come next upon a story of Wheeling, on the Ohio, then called Fort Henry, whither, in 1777, a large Indian force was brought by a notorious renegade and tory, Simeon Girty. Within the fort were collected, as usual, all the helpless of the neighborhood, and a garrison numbering barely twelve, including boys, the rest having been killed in an attempt to dislodge a party of savages near the fort. The stockade was stormed by the Indians, and defended by the marksmen within with good hope, until it was discovered that the powder was exhausted. The only supply lay in a house about sixty yards from the gate. In this emergency, when all depended on obtaining the powder, and the person who should seek it must become a mere target for the savage horde without, a young girl, Elizabeth Zane, volunteered to be the messenger, insisting that no one else could be as well spared. The blood thrills as we picture her, leaving the fort on this desperate errand, reaching the house in safety, emerging again with the keg of powder in her arms, and skimming the ground toward the gate, amid a shower of bullets. But the bullets had no billet for her, and she reached the fort in safety. We need not say that her heroism saved her friends.

We have adopted something of geographical order in our notice of particular sketches; but we proceed to call up several characters, omitted in our pursuit of the more heroic and poetical instances of feminine patriotism.

And first comes Mrs. Bache, the only daughter of Franklin. There is an odd homeliness in the character of this lady; what in her father appeared dignified and independent, gives her an almost rustic air. She begins her letters to her father "Honored Sir," and ends with saying "There is not a young lady of my acquaintance but what desires to be remembered to you." The simplicity of her habits does credit to her father, who, figuring at the court of France in his blue woollen stockings, writes reprovingly to her about Philadelphia gaieties.

"But how could my dear papa give me so severe a reprimand for wishing a little finery. He would not, I am sure, if he knew how much I have felt it. Last winter was a season of triumph to the whigs, and they spent it gaily. You would not have had me, I am sure, stay away from the Ambassador's or General's entertainments, nor when I was invited to spend the day with General Washington and his lady; and you would have been the last person, I am sure, to have wished to see me dressed with singularity. Though I never loved dress so much as to wish to be particularly fine, yet I never will go out when I cannot appear so as to do credit to my family and husband. . . . . I can assure my dear papa that industry in this country is by no means laid aside; but as to spinning linen, we cannot think of that till we have got that wove which we spun three years ago. Mr. Duffield has bribed a weaver that lives on his farm to weave me eighteen yards, by making him three or four shuttles for nothing, and keeping it a secret from the country people, who will not suffer them to weave for those in town. This is the third weaver's it has been at, and many fair promises I have had about it. 'Tis now done and whitening; but forty yards of the best remains at Liditz yet, that I was to have had home a twelvemonth last month. Mrs. Keppele, who is gone to Lancaster, is to try to get it done there for me; but not a thread will they weave but for hard money. My maid is now spinning wool for winter stockings for the whole family, which will be no difficulty in the manufactory, as I knit them myself. I only mention these things that you may see that balls are not the only reason that the wheel is laid aside. . . . . This winter approaches with so many horrors, that I shall not want any thing to go abroad in, if I can be comfortable at home. My spirits, which I have kept up during my being drove about from place to place, much better than most people's I meet with, have been lowered by nothing but the depreciation of the money, which has been amazing lately, so that home will be the place for me this winter, as I cannot get a common winter cloak and hat but just decent under two hundred pounds; as to gauze now, it is fifty dollars a yard;

'tis beyond my wish, and I should think it not only a shame but a sin to buy it, if I had millions."

Mrs. Bache merits her place among the heroines of the Revolution by personal services in the hour of deep need.

" In the patriotic effort of the ladies of Philadelphia, to furnish the destitute American soldiers with money and clothing during the year 1780, Mrs. Bache took a very active part. After the death of Mrs. Reed, the duty of completing the collections and contributions devolved on her and four other ladies, as a sort of Executive Committee. The shirts provided were cut out at her house. A letter to Dr. Franklin, part of which has been published, shows how earnestly she was engaged in the work. The Marquis de Chastellux thus describes a visit which he paid her about this time : ' After this slight repast, which only lasted an hour and a half, we went to visit the ladies, agreeable to the Philadelphia custom, where the morning is the most proper hour for paying visits. We began by Mrs. Bache. She merited all the anxiety we had to see her, for she is the daughter of Mr. Franklin. Simple in her manners, like her respected father, she possesses his benevolence. She conducted us into a room filled with work, lately finished by the ladies of Philadelphia. This work consisted neither of embroidered tambour waistcoats, nor of net work edging, nor of gold and silver brocade. It was a quantity of shirts for the soldiers of Pennsylvania. The ladies bought the linen from their own private purses, and took a pleasure in cutting them out and sewing them themselves. On each shirt was the name of the married or unmarried lady who made it ; and they amounted to twenty-two hundred.' "

One of her unpublished letters contains a curious passage referring to the author of the Age of Reason, as well as some caustic remarks on the conduct of certain actors in the great drama.

" There is still a great deal of virtue left in the army. I do not know what would become of us if there were not ; for our great folks appear to me to be entirely taken up with trying to raise their fortunes or endeavoring to gain honors. 'Tis quite a different place from what it was when you left us ; but all revolutions produce a change of manners, and we are not to wonder at the alterations we now see. I hear Mr. Payne is gone to France with Mr. Lawrence ; he did not call on us. I had a little dispute with him more than a year ago, about Mr. Dean, since which time he has never even moved his hat to me. He has lately written a pamphlet, called ' Public Good,' which you will receive. It is called sensible, but he appears throughout to be much afraid of his old employers, the Lees, who are strong Virginians. There never was a man less beloved in a place than Payne, having at different times disputed with everybody. The most rational thing he could have done would have been to have died the instant he had finished his Common Sense; for he never again will have it in his power to leave the world with so much credit."

In another letter to her father, speaking of her having met with General and Mrs. Washington several times, she adds, "He always inquires after you in the most affectionate manner, and speaks of you highly. We danced at Mrs. Powell's on your birth-day, or night, I should say, in company together, and he told me it was the anniversary of his marriage; it was just twenty years that night." Washington dancing! The statue stepped down from its pedestal!

Miss Mary Philipse, afterwards the wife of Captain Roger Morris, who was attainted of treason, and suffered confiscation in punishment of his "loyalty," is celebrated as having fascinated Washington, when, in his twenty-fourth year, he travelled from Virginia to Boston, on horseback, attended by his aides-de-camp. He was entertained in New York at the house of Mr. Beverley Robinson, whose wife was the sister of the charming Mary Philipse. It seems quite problematical whether the young chief actually offered himself and suffered the mortification of a refusal, but it is not disputed that his heart was touched, and that the young lady might have been the wife of the Commander-in-chief, and the lady of our first President, if she had chosen. She is represented to have been one of those who rule all about them by an irresistible charm, and the honor in which her memory is held among her descendants proves that Washington was as wise in love as in war.

The wife of the traitor Arnold was the daughter of Edward Shippen, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, of a family distinguished among the aristocracy of the day, and prominent after the commencement of the contest among those who cherished loyalist principles. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen when she became the object of Arnold's attentions; but although he appears, even before marriage, to have imbued her with his own discontented and rancorous feelings towards those who thwarted his plans of selfish ambition, there is not a shadow of proof that the knowledge of his treason did not fall on her, as on the country, like a thunderbolt. But it cannot be pretended that she was one of the women who help to keep men true and brave.

"She was young, gay, and frivolous ; fond of display and admiration, and used to luxury ; she was utterly unfitted for the duties and privations of a poor man's wife. A loyalist's daughter, she had been taught to mourn over even the poor pageantry of colonial rank and authority, and to recollect with pleasure the pomp of those brief days of enjoyment, when military men of noble station were her admirers.

"Mrs. Arnold was at breakfast with her husband and the aides-de-camp — Washington and the other officers having not yet come — when the letter arrived which bore to the traitor the first intelligence of André's capture. He left the room immediately, went to his wife's chamber, sent for her, and briefly informed her of the necessity of his instant flight to the enemy. This was, probably, the first intelligence she received of what had been so long going on ; the news overwhelmed her, and when Arnold quitted the apartment, he left her lying in a swoon on the floor.

"Her almost frantic condition is described with sympathy by Colonel Hamilton, in a letter written the next day : 'The General,' he says, 'went to see her ; she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child, raved, shed tears, and lamented the fate of the infant. . . . . . All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct.' He, too, expresses his conviction that she had no knowledge of Arnold's plan, till his announcement to her that he must banish himself from his country forever. The opinion of other persons qualified to judge without prejudice, acquitted her of the charge of having participated in the treason. John Jay, writing from Madrid to Catharine Livingston, says — 'All the world here are cursing Arnold, and pitying his wife.' And Robert Morris writes — 'Poor Mrs. Arnold ! was there ever such an infernal villain !'

Mrs. Arnold went from West Point to her father's house ; but was not long permitted to remain in Philadelphia. The traitor's papers having been seized, by direction of the Executive authorities, the correspondence with André was brought to light ; suspicion rested on her ; and by an order of the Council, dated Oct. 27th, she was required to leave the state, to return no more during the continuance of the war. She accordingly departed to join her husband in New York. The respect and forbearance shown towards her on her journey through the country, notwithstanding her banishment, testified the popular belief in her innocence. M. de Marbois relates, that when she stopped at a village where the people were about to burn Arnold in effigy, they put it off till the next night."

One of the most poetical pictures in the book is found in volume II., pp. 264 – 5, the account of the bravery of the women at Bryant's station, near Lexington, Kentucky, which was besieged by the English. The extract would be too long for our limits, but the story is a charming one.

Truth to say, these reminiscences of the women of our forming day are so interesting, that we might extract more than half the book if we should indulge our disposition to hold up to honor the daughters of the various portions of this extensive country, whose characters were brought out by the influences and chances of the times. We have, however, offered enough to justify the expression of gratitude to Mrs. Ellet, with which we set out. Few Americans who read at all will probably remain unpossessed of a book so truly national and unique.

As to the literary execution of the work, we can say but little. The writer's interest in her subject is exclusive; she seems sedulously to have avoided all graces of language, and to have been inspired sympathetically with the homely diction of some of her heroines. To collect facts, and to transmit them with scrupulous fidelity, seems to have been her sole endeavor. The grace with which she can use the English language elsewhere, the poetry which flows with such facility from her pen, are here forgotten or laid purposely aside. It is evident that she felt bound to eschew all aid from the imagination, and equally evident that, in her warm appreciation of the nobleness of her countrywomen, such aid appeared to her unnecessary or impertinent. We dissent from this view, and should prize the plain truth all the more highly if it were set forth with some degree of elegance, and some indulgence in the graces of fancy. Naked facts are like the iron framework on which the taste of the sculptor models the rounded outline of a Hebe; essential, but not sufficient. All that they suggest is fairly material for the *raconteur*. To arrange them into pictures, to adorn them with poetry, to compare them with each other, and follow them into their relations, — these labors and adornments fall within the province of the reciter. Tact and talent, sympathy and judgment, enthusiasm and accuracy, simplicity and elegance, may all be used in the sketch of a character or the record of an incident; and thus we have all the pleasure the author can give, in addition to the contribution, small or great, to our store of truth. We should have valued the "Women of the Revolution" more highly, if Mrs. Ellet had proceeded upon this principle.

The arrangement of the book, again, is not quite what we would have chosen. Beginning chronologically, it soon goes off with a hop, skip, and jump, as to both time and place. We should prefer a decided adherence to a chronological, geographical, or characteristic sequence. To the lack of this must be attributed, in some measure, the desultory character of our review, for we had not leisure to systematize for the author. The work has already gone through three editions, and it is said there is ample material for another volume.

ART. VI. — *An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.* By JAMES MORELL, A. M. London: William Pickering. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

MAN, in the savage state, is contented to take things as they appear, without inquiring what they are. He regards phenomena as absolute facts, and observes or anticipates them without investigating their causes or their laws. The knowledge spontaneously acquired through the exercise of his active powers is sufficient for his emergencies, and he never calls its validity in question. But speculative philosophy must have had its birth with the first man who reflected upon the elements of his knowledge, and attempted to analyze, combine, or verify them. And from that time downward, philosophy must have taken with every inquiring mind one or more of four definite directions.

In the first place, our sensations are the most obvious facts of our intellectual being. They are the conditions of all mental activity, the proximate causes of all inward phenomena, the apparent sources of all knowledge: The earliest effort at philosophy must needs have been the analysis of sensation, the generalization of its laws, and the classification of the objects within its cognizance. The tendency must then have been, and with a certain class of minds must ever be, to regard the human intellect as a *tabula rasa*, or as a mere bundle of receptivities, and to trace all its states and powers to the various modifications and results of this single function, by which it sustains its connection with the outward world. Hence, the *sensationalist* school of philosophy.

From this school there early diverged a class of profound thinkers, whose inquiries assumed an introspective direction, and who supposed that they traced in the mind itself elements of knowledge independent of any external source, and active powers which, so far from being subordinated to outward forms, moulded these forms into accordance with their own laws of action, and beheld them through media and under conditions purely subjective. Hence *idealism.*

Others there have been in every age, to whom the reasonings of each of these classes of philosophers have seemed unsatisfying, and of both mutually contradictory and destructive. They have denied the possibility of the passage from the phenomenal to the actual, and have been disposed to strike intellectual science from the list of the sciences. These have constituted the *skeptical* school of philosophy, which needs to be carefully distinguished from religious skepticism; for not a few among the philosophical skeptics have been men of eminent religious faith and docility, and have been led to their anomalous position with regard to intellectual science by their peculiar views of the sole authority and supremacy of revelation in that department of knowledge. Skepticism cannot, however, like sensationalism and idealism, be regarded as a permanent form of philosophy. It marks the transition epochs, when old dogmas lose their hold on reflective minds, and are just going to yield place to more profound and comprehensive theories. It is the protest against false and inadequate views, which is needed to prepare the way for fuller developments of philosophical truth.

Skepticism, being an epoch, rather than a normal state of philosophical speculation, must necessarily have a reaction toward some positive system. This may take place in favor of idealism, if the skeptical movement had its rise in the inconsequent reasonings or untenable conclusions of the sensationalists, or *vice versa.* Or it may assume the divine agency as not only the virtual, but the sole proximate cause of all mental phenomena, and seek the solution of all intellectual problems in the attributes and ideas of the Supreme Intelligence. Hence *mysticism,* which, in its various modifications, resolves the administration of the intellectual universe into a theurgy, pervaded by laws or principles corresponding to the individual inquirer's peculiar religious dogmas.

This division exhausts the possible range of philosophy. Matter, mind, and the divine Author of both, — the NOT ME, the ME, and the Infinite, — these are the only essences of which we can take cognizance; and philosophy must either assume one of these three as its basis and starting point, or else must ignore them all, and deny the validity of the conclusions for which either has furnished the premises. But it may be that a portion of the truth lies in each of these three directions; and if so, philosophical skepticism has a most essential office in arresting the inquirer, and interposing its veto, when he has pursued either track beyond its essential limitations. Hence *eclecticism,* which bears in part the characteristics of each of the other schools of philosophy, but attaches itself slavishly to neither.

The order, in which we have named these five types of speculative philosophy, originated, we believe, with Cousin, who attempts to trace precisely this chronological order, both in the necessity of the case, and in the history of prevalent systems. But, in our apprehension, the first and last alone occupy their respective places of necessity; for skepticism must have been almost coeval with the birth of philosophy, and the first positive reaction from sensationalism was as likely to have taken place in the direction of mysticism, in ages marked by a deep, though vague sense of religion, as in that of idealism. We are disposed to assign the first place of necessity to sensationalism, because, though it may have been, and no doubt was, preceded by idealistic and mystical reveries, the facts connected with sensation are so much more tangible and comprehensible than the vast and shadowy facts connected with the higher reason or the divine nature, that they would much more readily have moulded themselves into a system, and thus suggested the possibility of systematic philosophy. But, historically, the first four types that we have named blend and alternate so promiscuously, that it is impossible to trace any law of succession, without entirely subordinating fact to theory. The only progress that we can discern is the gradual clearing away of error and the establishment of fundamental truth alike in systems bearing each of the three permanent types, and this in great measure through the agency of periodical accesses of skepticism. Thus the way has been prepared for the eclectic school, which could not have arisen, until, in each compartment of the field of research, at least some fundamental principles had been verified and some permanent results obtained.

The author of the work before us adopts Cousin's order, yet without admitting its intrinsic necessity ; and he has been largely indebted to Cousin for many of the details of his method, and in numerous instances for the point of view from which he surveys individual theories and systems. We say this not to his reproach, but to his honor; for it requires far truer manliness to follow the leading and adopt the results of another, than to attempt originality at the expense of truth. In philosophy it is no plagiarism to borrow, and to borrow from an author whose works are in the hands of every one in the least conversant with his department of science does not admit even the suspicion of intended plagiarism. Mr. Morell would have incurred the most righteous censure, had he, for the sake of a method seemingly his own, carried the history of his favorite science one step farther back towards the formless encyclopædic condition from which Cousin redeemed it.

The work before us was written, as we learn, by a very young man ; and before learning so, we had inferred as much from an occasional juvenility of style, from the somewhat free use of hackneyed epithets, as applied to books and authors, and from expressions of admiration rather too freely distributed either for historical exactness or for the dignity of the theme. But it is a very remarkable work to have been written by so young a man. It displays so thorough a comprehension and so exact and minute a cognizance of the whole field of research, as to authorize the highest expectations of his own independent and valuable contributions to the science of which he has commenced as the historiographer. He can hardly fail to make some aggressive movements in the analysis and verification of those among the laws of mental physiology and dynamics, of which the most that can be claimed in any quarter is, that the right vein has been opened, and the true mode of investigation indicated.

The great characteristics of the work are thoroughness, conciseness, precision, and clearness. We can trace no omission of a name or system which came within its proper range, or of a speculation that has had any appreciable influence on the philosophy of modern times. Under every head unimportant details are thrown aside; and all that demanded a place in the narrative is so abridged and grouped, that it could hardly have occupied less space consistently with fidelity to the author's aim. The terminology employed is in part his own; and, where it is so, the terms are accurately defined at the outset, and the signification, once given, is rigidly maintained. And we doubt, whether in a single instance, he has created ambiguity by the vague use of any term, or by its use in different senses in different portions of the work. Clearness in the exposition of the English, Scotch, or French philosophers is comparatively small merit; for the example was generally set by the writers whom he undertook to expound. But however transparent German metaphysics may seem to a German eye, the frequent incommensurability of the German and the English languages invests them with a painful obscurity to an English or American reader, and presents numerous obstacles in the way of their ready transfusion from the more into the less copious and spiritual of the two languages. These obstacles Mr. Morell has not evaded, but surmounted. He has not turned his readers off with vague generalities or meaningless formulas, as comprising the entire essence of German philosophy; but has drawn, not indeed in terms which he that runs may read, yet in phraseology which cannot bewilder or mislead the careful and diligent student, a faithful outline view of the systems of Kant and his successors, employing always recognized or lawfully coined English words, flanked, in the case of technical or unusual terms, by the corresponding German words in parentheses. He has thus, indeed, rendered a signal disservice to a numerous class of critics, who have passed judgment upon these systems without professing to understand them. With expositions so clear as Mr. Morell's, we by no means suppose that German philosophy, in any one of its entire systems, will find large acceptance beyond its own soil; but the generous eclectic will find some things worthy of adoption, and perhaps more that will command his admiration in the scope and audacity of speculations with which he has the least sympathy; and he will, in almost every case, be enabled to carry back his denial to the primitive postulates of a system, instead of wasting his acumen on the absurdity of individual deductions and corollaries.

The work commences with an introductory chapter, in which philosophy is defined, the objections to its worth and validity answered, and the primary elements of knowledge and the leading types of speculative philosophy enumerated. Part I. treats of the "Proximate Sources of the Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century," and gives a succinct sketch of the development of each of the four prominent types from Bacon down to the authors who have flourished since the year 1800, carefully distinguishing between the writers who have given a new impulse or direction to their own or subsequent times, and those who, however ingenious or profound, left no decisive traces of their influence.

Part II. constitutes the main body of the work, and portrays the characteristics of the sensationalism, idealism, skepticism, and mysticism of the present century, the characters and opinions of all who have held a prominent place in either school, and the rise and progress of the French eclecticism. There was need here of peculiar care and discrimination in the mere grouping of writers in their respective classes; for, both before and since the origin of formal eclecticism, there has been a manifest gravitation towards it both in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, on the part of many authors, who yet were unconscious of the bias; and in their case it is sometimes a difficult problem to determine the ground-idea, which formed the starting point and the point of support for their speculations. Thus, Coleridge in many respects symbolizes with the idealism of Kant; yet the prominence which he gives to the faith-element, and to the divine energy so communicated through it as to blend the impersonal reason and the individual will, the finite and the infinite in perfect oneness, entitles him to a place among the champions of mysticism. Similar cases of doubt occur in several instances upon the confines of skepticism and mysticism, where the faith-element preponderates, but it is hard to say whether in its negative or its positive bearing, whether in the denial of philosophical truth as such, or in the maintenance of a doubly transcendental philosophy. De Maistre furnishes a case in point. He would undoubtedly have been surprised beyond measure to have found himself classed among skeptical philosophers. A man of vast learning, and of credulity still more vast, he gravitated on every subject towards the least tenable opinion and the least rational dogma. He threw his speculations on all subjects, even his eulogy on the Inquisition, into what is commonly called a philosophical form, that is, into a phraseology appropriate to the discussion of intellectual phenomena. He no doubt deemed himself the expositor of a system of positive philosophy built on the basis of faith. But we look in vain, through his voluminous writings, for any filament of unity, for any ground-principle of truth, nay, for any recognition of the *immediate* agency of the Deity in the realm of intellect. With him the human faculties are all delusive, even induction can never approximate towards proof, nor is there any route of investigation, on which there is a certainty of reaching the truth. The infallible authority of the Romish church is his sole source and evidence of truth; and his philosophy consists of aphoristic theological dicta, awkwardly translated into the phraseology appropriate to the science of mind. Of course, such a philosophy is rightly regarded as a negative quantity, and takes its fit place under the head of skepticism. We have specified these instances to show how delicate a task was involved in the simple classification of authors under their respective heads, especially of recent authors, many of them with hosts of defenders and admirers, and at an age when even philosophical designations are often usurped in arrogance or conferred in reproach.

Not only in this regard, but in every thing appertaining to the philosophy of our own age, we find cause to own Mr. Morell's perfect fairness and impartiality. He indulges neither in contempt nor ridicule. He employs no invidious or disparaging epithets. His sketch of the positive side of each author's opinions is such as a disciple might have written; and objections, though fully stated, are never overstated or uncandidly urged. In fine, he endeavors, and with almost unfailing success, to take his position successively among the adherents of the several systems which he passes under review, instead of taking one unvarying position, from which the direction and distance of any given system must determine, whether it shall present a fuller or a fainter outline, whether its proportions shall be portrayed as they are, or distorted by an oblique perspective.

Part III., which professes to treat of "the tendencies of the philosophy of the nineteenth century," is little else than a brief *résumé* of the results of Part II. The direction and influence of each type of philosophy at the present moment must needs be determined by the whole past history of that type, by its aggregate forces and joint activities both in recent and in earlier times. In this portion of his work, our author assigns no distinct chapter to eclecticism; but leaves us to infer from his definition of the tendency of each of its elements, that the separate history of each is nearly written out, and that the time is close at hand when they will be indissolubly blended.

We fully accept this conclusion. We believe that the capital error of speculative philosophy has been its oversight of the essential tri-unity which governs its sphere, and its aim after simple, undivided unity. The effort has always been to reduce intellectual to the analogy of each separate class of physical phenomena. Because the whole science of celestial dynamics has been traced back to the one law of gravitation, and that of chemistry to the principle of elective affinity, it has been inferred that the laws of mind must needs be all modifications of some one universal law, its phenomena the radiations of a single central principle, its dynamics the operation of one supreme and constant force. It has not been sufficiently considered that the human intellect may possibly be a *microcosm*, embracing several classes of principles, and subject to several distinct sets of laws, even as the outward universe includes systems and atoms, and is bound alike by the mutually incommensurable laws of gravitation and affinity.

Sensationalism, in all its exclusive forms, is false, because partial and one-sided. As one of the elements of mental philosophy, it is undeniably and vitally true. Sensation is not indeed the source, but it is the essential condition, the proximate cause of all knowledge. Contact with the NOT ME can alone reveal the ME to self-consciousness. The outward world supplies the materials and the stimulus for mental activity. The external limits, and, by limiting, defines human personality and identity. Innate ideas realize themselves only through conversance with outward forms. Apart from sensation, they would be what the power of vision would be in perpetual darkness, or that of hearing in eternal silence. Even the conceptions, that transcend the region of the phenomenal, depend upon it for their development. Without perception of the Finite, Contingent, and Conditional, we could never rise to the conception of the Infinite, the Necessary, and the Absolute.

Idealism also is the truth, though not the whole truth. We can see no reason why mere sensationalism should be termed the science of the *human* mind exclusively. Its principles, honestly carried out, ought to be equally applicable to all the higher orders of animated nature. It does not begin to expound the difference between the dog and his owner, the horse and his rider. Admit its postulates, and you must acknowledge every being endowed with senses as perfect and as keen as those of man, capable of equal culture and attainment, at least, with Adam. The only appreciable distinction between the two cases results from man's possession of the instrument of speech, by which he may transmit his experience, so that each successive generation may take the point of attainment of the preceding for its starting point. Now whatever difference of native capacity there is between the man and the beast, can be accounted for only by some modification of idealism. With the same outward world before them, and the same avenues of communion with it, if the conceptions of the man are immeasurably more adequate than those of the ox, it must be by virtue of something purely spiritual in him, which precedes, attends, or follows sensation. The only idea which can be referred to sensation is that of externality, of the limitation of self, of the NOT ME. The mind is conscious of furnishing the matrices into which this NOT ME moulds itself, the forms under which it is regarded. We perceive not number, quality, or causation. The senses might take into their cognizance, and the memory retain, all the outward phenomena within the range of human experience, and still nothing corresponding to either of these ideas could have been let into the soul through eye, ear, or finger. Who ever saw a cause, or touched a quality? If we are so made that we must survey and handle objects under these modes and conditions of thought, so that they are inseparable concomitants of *human* sensation, then, in simply saying this, we add by the epithet *human* something which is not inherent in sensation itself, and that something must needs belong to a different part of the microcosm, and must bear very much the same relation to the senses, which the eye does to the telescope, or the ear to the whispering gallery. Something over and above sensation itself must look out through the eye, listen through the ear, give shape to their conceptions, and impart significance to their reports.

Again, mysticism must needs furnish an essential element of true philosophy. In the outward universe, while certain general laws connect events with the order of proximate causes through the whole range of human experience and foresight, the very existence of a personal and ever active Deity implies a discretionary Providence in the adaptation of these proximate causes to the purposes of perfect wisdom and benevolence. Thus, also, while in the intellectual universe, the connection between proximate causes and effects seems uniform and inviolable, there may be room for the divine action upon the soul in the creation of those proximate causes, in the suggestion of parent thoughts and initial impulses, in the adjustment of each individual's spiritual relations and environments, both in the present and in a future state of being. If there be a God, both Creator and Father, it is in the highest degree probable that he has reserved his own modes and avenues of access to the human soul, — that there are, so to speak, apartments of the inner man of which he holds the key. If there be a peculiarly religious life, a life which the soul may lead in spiritual union with the Author of its being, nothing is more probable, than that that life has its own laws, not superseding those which are obvious to universal self-consciousness, but working with, in, through, and above them. These laws it may be, and we believe it is, impossible to verify without the aid of revelation. The Christian revelation suggests three classes of them, which we might name under the three heads of *spiritual influences*, embracing the whole class of uncaused intellectual causes, *pardon*, including the theory of the disposition and transfer of the individual's spiritual relations in the present life, and *heaven*, comprehending the laws of the higher mode of being into which death introduces the soul that has worthily used the discipline of its earthly existence. These great doctrines of religion admit of a strictly philosophic statement, and hold an essential place among the phenomena and laws of mind; and the speculative philosophy, which denies or ignores them, is no less defective and false, than is that physical science, which acquiesces in gravitation or in elective affinity, not merely as a law of nature, but as an absolute, necessary, uncaused cause.

Sensationalism, idealism, and mysticism, thus regarded, limit and define one another. But where shall their respective boundaries be fixed? The tendency of investigation in each of these directions, as the experience of many centuries has indicated, is to mistake postulates for axioms, analogy for resemblance, coincidence for causation, and foregone theoretical conclusions for simple states of consciousness. By the aid of one or more of these common logical fallacies, all intellectual facts may be classified and accounted for under any system whatever; and thus even he, who means to be an eclectic, is rendered liable to an exaggerated or a defective estimate of some one of the elements which go to make up his philosophy. Hence the need of a rigid philosophical skepticism, which doubts all that it cannot prove or verify, takes on trust nothing that admits of evidence, receives as through intuition only what is manifest to its own inward eye, and never raises analogy from its office in answering objections and suggesting theories, to the place which it often usurps as a source of positive truth, and a ground of dogmatical affirmation.

To the eclectic, the whole history of philosophy is significant and valuable. In physical science, there may be speculations utterly vain and experiments utterly fruitless; for as to the premises employed in physical reasoning, entire ignorance and imagined knowledge are perfectly compatible. The materials for experiment or theory lie beyond the range of consciousness, and may be wholly misconceived. But the science of mind, whatever form it assumes, is founded on consciousness, which cannot lie. The facts of his own intellectual being must somehow be involved in every theory of the speculative philosopher; and the point of view which he assumes, his sources and grounds of argument, the aspects, bearings, and relations under which he regards mental phenomena, are themselves mental phenomena, facts in the history of mind, which must all be embraced and accounted for by a true philosophy. No system could grow into being and find acceptance, without a germ of truth recognizable by the individual consciousness.

But why should the science of mind have been of so slow growth, and attended with so much fallacy and falsity, while its materials are within every man's cognizance, and its truths would be stated in full in the veracious narrative of the facts of any individual's own consciousness? To the unreflecting mind, self-knowledge seems the most obvious and attainable form of knowledge. But how much difficulty and uncertainty attend the acquisition of moral self-knowledge, every moral teacher, every aspirant after goodness is painfully aware; and the chief obstacle in the way of this attainment lies equally in the way of intellectual self-knowledge. It is this; consciousness precedes reflection. Association, coincidence, and combination early change simple into complex motives and emotions, and equally simple into complex states and laws of mental contemplation and activity. Moral and mental habits alike early acquire uniformity and fixedness; and it is the essence of habit to elude analysis, and to induce oblivion of its initial steps and its component elements. Thus, when the season for introspection and reflection arrives, the most important period of the mind's history has passed away unrecorded, and the pristine elements of its condition and character no longer appear in their individuality, but in combinations so intimate as to assume an elementary aspect, and to baffle often and long the attempt to decompose them. Had man watched through the morning of creation, he never would have supposed air and water to be elements; but he first awoke in a ready made world, in which these homogeneous substances appeared so constantly as factors in manifestly complex products, as to preclude for ages the idea that any thing could be more simple than themselves. Equally does reflective self-consciousness incur the risk of philosophical falsity, from its being commenced subsequently to the formation of the mental character, and to the union of many of its ultimate elements into homogeneous mental states and activities.

This cause of self-ignorance attaches itself to the mental in common with the moral character. But the philosophy of mind also labors under some ambiguities peculiarly its own. In the first place, consciousness, the only infallible source of evidence in this department, furnishes us not with philosophy, but only with its materials, — not with laws, but with facts. The facts remaining the same, theories must vary with the juxtaposition of those facts, with the smaller or larger groups in which we contemplate them, with the relative importance which we assign to them. The Ptolemaic system embraced the same facts with the Copernican, only it grouped them differently, and contemplated them from a different point of view. In like manner, Locke, Kant, and Cousin recognized precisely the same phenomena in the interior world of thought, motive, and activity; but their systems differed, because from their different centres, and under their different angles of vision, these phenomena presented unlike aspects of affinity and mutual dependence.

Then, again, a philosophical theory may be both true and false; true in its negative and false in itspositive significance and bearing. Philosophy is generalization, and a particular generalization may be more comprehensive than any which preceded it, and may therefore mark an essential stage of progress, and yet it may exclude so many facts, as to appear utterly paltry and inadequate when a more extensive induction shall have revealed larger principles and more embracing laws.

Then, too, a philosophical system may assume a positive form, when it is wholly negative in its character and mission; and its protest against the errors of previous systems may be accepted and never need to be repeated, while its affirmations shall be rejected almost as soon as proffered, or, if adopted, shall lead to errors only less gross than those which it supplanted. Thus, the true value of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding is as a protest against the *objective* philosophy, which had prevailed alike among the ancients and in the scholastic ages. Ideas had, down to his day, been regarded and treated as detached and independent essences, as much so as the objects of physical science. The effort had been to analyze not the states, but the products of the intellect, — not to sound the source, but to define the forms of ideas. That the mind itself is the subject-matter of true philosophy was a discovery the honor of which is due to Locke alone. He is the father of *subjective* philosophy. With this discovery, his positive system gained extensive and enduring currency; and its sensationalistic, divorced from its idealistic, element led, by routes which he neither indicated nor contemplated, to infidelity, materialism, and fatalism. But Kant was as much indebted to him as Condillac; and modern idealism, no less than sensationalism, has pursued the truth in the route which he first opened.

Again, the vague and fluctuating use of philosophical terms has undoubtedly given the aspect of falsehood and absurdity to many speculations, to some entire systems, which only needed a worthy expositor to win extensive regard and credence. Different writers adopt different standards for the signification of words. Some refer at once to the root of a word for its meaning, others look to authority more or less recent or general, while others pair their words and ideas almost at hap-hazard. Some love to employ words borrowed from sensible objects; others coin, where they cannot find, terms appropriate to intellectual objects only. Some strive for scientific accuracy; others, in the attempt at ease and grace, forfeit explicitness and precision. Many speculative philosophers wholly omit the definition of terms; and of those who deem this essential, there are not a few who vaguely approximate to definition by examples or analogies, instead of giving the generic character and the specific difference, which belong to terms in mental no less than in physical science, and without which the attempt to elucidate a term only deepens its obscurity. Had the word *idea* early borne, as it might, a definite and constant signification, rivers of polemic ink would have been spared. The controversy about innate ideas has often been a mere war of words. The doctrine has been impugned by many, who never doubted that the conceptions of the understanding took their shape from within, and has been defended by as many, who never denied that these conceptions drew their materials from the outward world. Before the philosophy of mind can take its place among the accurate sciences, it must have a fixed and universally recognized terminology. Nor is this intrinsically impossible, as some would represent it; for there are certain elementary states and powers, which, logically defined, are unfailingly recognized by individual consciousness; and a terminology created by the modification and combination of the names of these states and powers would be free from all ambiguity, and would perform a most essential ministry in the elimination of the truth.

In every department of natural science, the corps of philosophers divides itself into three classes. First, there are the few, very few discoverers, who have developed new principles and laws, made new generalizations, and enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge. Then there are those who have wrought as journeymen under the master-builders, following out their indications, applying their theories, verifying their principles. And, thirdly, there have been those, who have built false theories on groundless premises, and whose researches, often ingenious and elaborate, have added nothing to the scientific attainment of the race. In speculative philosophy, from the nature of its materials, those who have belonged exclusively to this third class have been few, while, as to a portion of their labors and results, the great majority of philosophers might seem to merit enrolment in its catalogue. But almost all have aided in the development or illustration of some portions of truth, and thus, with however large an admixture of error, proffer decided claims to grateful commemoration in the history of philosophy.

Among the few actual discoverers in the speculative philosophy of modern times, Bacon occupies the first place. He, indeed, aspired to no such honor. His attention was directed solely to the outward world; and such was his distrust of the application of his own method to mental science, that, were we to judge him by his own confession of faith, his name would lead the list of modern skeptics. Pascal himself could not have framed a more complete summary of all that skepticism has to offer in this department, than Bacon, when he says, "Mens humana si agat in materiam, naturam rerum ac opera Dei contemplando, pro modo naturæ operatur, atque ab eâdem determinatur; si ipsa in se vertitur, tanquam aranea texens telam, tum demum indeterminata est, et parit telas quasdam doctrinæ, tenuitate fili operisque mirabiles, sed quoad usum frivolas et inanes." But the Philosophy of Induction has been no less essential to the progress of intellectual than of physical science; and the great legislator for the whole realm of human knowledge belongs to those departments in which he labored little, no less than to that which he deemed exclusively his own. The name or the idea of Induction was not, indeed, original with Bacon. Aristotle uses the term, (ἐπαγωγή,) to denote the process by which a general proposition is inferred from a number of individual instances. But in his method, induction was no more fruitful than syllogism (from which it differed very slightly in form) in the development of new truth. He recognized no ideas independent of sensation, — no abstract principles. He deduced from the colligation of facts no idea which was not involved in each individual fact; but barely affirmed of all the individuals in a species, or of all the species in a genus, what he had observed in yman of them. The discovery which we owe to Bacon is, that the property which is common to any number of individuals or species is itself an independent conception, an object of knowledge, an immaterial fact, capable of being colligated with any number of similar facts, so that from what is common to them all may be deduced an independent conception of the second order, and so on indefinitely. Aristotle simply indicated the method, yet without legitimatizing the result of the first generalization of sensible objects; Bacon developed the law of successive generalizations in an ever ascending series, to which the infinite unity of the divine mind presents the only limit. Aristotle's induction does not reach the philosophy of mind; Bacon's can hardly take its second step without entering upon it. The speculative philosophy of modern times, under whatever type, has ostensibly founded its theories on the observation and colligation of facts, and has risen step by step through successive generalizations. Skepticism has either ignored or denied the inductive philosophy, in order to obtain leave to utter its universal negative; and De Maistre, the master skeptic of the last generation, boldly essayed its entire demolition, in that unanswerable, because unreasoning work, his "Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon." We quote from the work before us a part of the very lucid exposition of Bacon's agency in the department of knowledge now under consideration.

"And, first, we may remark that the influence of Bacon upon the progress of *speculative* philosophy was for the most part *indirect.* A few pages, comparatively, would suffice to contain every thing he wrote of a strictly metaphysical character. The *spirit* of his whole philosophy, however, was such as could not fail to leave an indelible impression upon every subject lying within the range of human research. In his early life, Bacon had studied the Aristotelian philosophy as it was then taught in the "schools;" from them he emerged into the toils of active duty, and devoted the extraordinary powers with which he was endowed to the service of his country in the department of law and government. A life thus spent could not but give a strong practical turn to his mind, and suggest to it a philosophy very different from that which would have resulted from so many years of calm and solitary study. When, therefore, he was led, by circumstances too well known, to withdraw himself from public life and devote himself again to philosophical labors, it was almost inevitable that his thoughts should flow in a peculiar direction — that, namely, which was imparted to them, on the one side, by his keen observation of the practical uselessness of the scholastic philosophy, and on the other, by his long experience in the wants of a mind that is to take an active part in the realities of human life. He saw that, in ordinary cases, the keenest logic could not supply the place of observation and experience; and carrying out this principle generally to the whole department of philosophy, he came to the conclusion, that pure scientific knowledge, as well as all other, must take its start from an induction of facts.

Had Bacon, however, stopped here, he would have accomplished little or nothing beyond what others had done before him. From Aristotle downwards, the importance of observing facts was clearly enough acknowledged; but herein consists the originality of the Baconian view, — that whilst others had simply collected *particular* facts, and from these had been accustomed at once to construct their theories and deduce general laws, Bacon saw that we must ascend gradually and cautiously through the several stages of generalization until the highest point be attained. "Duæ viæ sunt," such are his own words, "atque esse possunt ad inquirendam et inveniendam veritatem. Altera a sensu et particularibus advolat ad axiomata maximè generalia, atque ex iis principiis eorumque immota veritate judicat, et invenit axiomata media; atque hæc via in usu est. Altera à sensu et particularibus excitat axiomata ascendendo *continentèr* et *gradatim*, ut ultimo loco perveniatur ad maximè generalia: quæ via vera est sed intentata." In pointing out these "axiomata media," Bacon unfolded the secret of all the success which has attended modern physical investigations. Had he seen that they might in many instances be obtained by reasoning downwards from general principles, which had been previously arrived at, as it were, per saltum, and then cautiously tested by an appeal to facts, as well as by the slower process of reasoning upwards step by step, he would have left nothing to be desired with regard to the method of physical research.

Now, the spirit of the Baconian or inductive method manifestly points out two movements in the march of philosophy. The first movement is the *observation of facts;* and by this observation is intended, not merely noticing and marking down those that may spontaneously offer themselves to our view, but likewise the instituting of experiments — the *search* for facts, or, as he himself terms it, the "dissection and anatomy of the world." This "*interrogation of nature*" is, in fact, that which we should now more properly term *analysis.* The second movement included in the Baconian induction is that by which these particular facts, when they have been well observed and authenticated, are bound together by some distinct conception or combined into a general law or principle. This process is that which, in the language of the present day, we should term *synthesis.* To Bacon, therefore, we must attribute the honor of having sketched out the true order of philosophical research, and foreseen the splendid results which its application has educed in the increase of all the comforts and facilities of human life, as well as in the general progression afforded by it to the intellectual culture of mankind. It was under the deep impression of the truth and importance of these views, that he announced them as the "great instauration," which was to introduce a new era into the intellectual history of the world."—Vol. I. pp. 79-82.

The next place on the list of discoverers belongs of right to Locke, whose crowning glory was, as we have already said, that he pointed out the mind itself as the prime subject of investigation, and as furnishing scope for a science in which all other sciences should culminate. His sensationalism was not new. Aristotle had promulgated it in its objective form; but he confined his researches to the sensations as philosophical data, while Locke led the way in the investigation of the sentient being, and sought to legitimatize human knowledge by an analysis of the powers and functions of the human mind. Yet, though he had been anticipated in the sensational element of his philosophy, it is no doubt owing in a great measure to the lucidness and thoroughness of his analysis, that the intellectual facts involved in man's connection with the outward world, have ever since his time been so fully recognized as to preclude the prevalence of untempered idealism.

Our author accuses Locke of resolving the idea of *causation* into the perception of the universal precedence and subsequence of certain phenomena. The first part of Locke's Essay is occupied with an inquiry into the *origin* of our ideas. Now the term *origin* may denote either the *producing force*, or the *invariable condition*, — the *means by which*, or the *circumstances under which*, the phenomena in question occur. This distinction Locke does not clearly define, though we see ample ground for supposing him to have virtually recognized it. He rightly asserts sensation to be the invariable condition of ideas, and consequently the perception of a uniform order of sequence, and the sensation thence resulting, to be in each individual case the invariable condition of the idea of causation. But how little chargeable he is with denying the ultimate conception of cause and effect, as implying a producing force and its product, will appear from the following sentence: "I doubt not, but if we could discover the figure, size, texture, and motion of the minute constituent parts of any two bodies, we should know without trial several of their operations one upon another, as we do now the properties of a square or a triangle." We understand Locke as simply maintaining, that the idea of causation involved in this statement is not a condition of thought connate with and inherent in the mind, but the result of reflection upon our experience, — the extension to external phenomena of the idea of force derived from the relation between our own will and our active powers. That the "Essay on Human Understanding" should be liable to occasional misconstruction even by candid and careful readers is no more than was to be expected from the "discontinued way of writing," which, while not necessarily fatal to philosophical consistency, precluded rhetorical unity and harmony.

Locke's philosophy confessedly failed to establish the validity of perception, and thus the objective reality of the knowledge derived from sensation. His fundamental principle was that "all our knowledge consists in ideas as the immediate objects of consciousness." This principle Berkeley carried out to results, which must either be admitted as beyond question, or regarded as an absolute *reductio ad absurdum.* Assuming that our own states of mind are the only facts in the universe of which we can have assurance, he by logical consequence denied, not the existence, but the possibility of proving the existence, of the outward world; for, if our mental faculties take no direct cognizance of external objects, it is certainly as easy for the Deity to produce our sensations by his direct action on the mind, as to create and sustain the material universe, to which we habitually refer our sensations. The airy fabric, which he thus reared on the corner-stone of Locke's philosophy, had no doubt an important agency in generating distrust in all antecedent theories of perception. Yet, prior to Reid, no philosopher had wholly emancipated himself from Aristotle's ideal theory of perception, according to which the senses take cognizance not of outward objects, but only of their *ideas,* their immaterial *species,* their *representatives,* as they were variously termed, by way of distinction without difference. Reid claims a place among the great names in intellectual science, on account of his theory of immediate perception. According to this, we perceive not the ideas or the representatives of objects, but the objects themselves. In behalf of his theory, Reid appeals to "the common sense of mankind; and, though this appeal can never be successfully gainsaid, the phraseology in which he couched it, no doubt, lies open to the cavils of skepticism, and needs to be remodelled in a more strictly scientific form, in order to defend against objection the fundamental truth which it embodies. On this point, we refer the reader to the judicious and well-considered commentary of Mr. Morell, which we have not room to quote.

For the next great stage of philosophical progress, at least in its formal development and scientific statement, we are indebted to Kant. According to him, the *sensitive* faculty furnishes simply the materials of knowledge. With this alone, the mind would be in a chaotic state, pervaded by vague feelings, without distinct conceptions. It is the office of the *understanding* to give form and distinctness to the materials furnished by sensation. It contemplates these materials under several definite conditions or *categories*, — first, as to *quantity;* secondly, as to *quality;* thirdly, as to *relation;* and lastly, as to *modality.* Under the category of quantity, it contemplates objects as *one, many,* or *all;* under that of quality, it *affirms, denies,* or *limits;* under that of relation, it takes cognizance of *substance,* or the internal relations of objects, *causality,* and *reciprocity* of dependence or action; under that of modality, it regards existences as *possible, actual,* or *necessary.* Under these categories, the understanding forms individual conceptions or judgments, and thus gains its knowledge of individual facts or phenomena. But these modes of thought reside not in the understanding, nor do they depend for their existence on the outward world, or on any faculty that connects man with it. They are furnished to the understanding by the *reason,* which is the third and highest in the series of human faculties. It is the province of the reason to combine the judgments of the understanding, to generalize, and thus to form ideas. It perpetually strives after unity, — after the absolute and unconditioned. According to the route which it pursues, it arrives at one of three unities. In generalizing subjective phenomena, rejecting at every stage the accidental, it reaches the absolute subjectivity, the *soul.* In generalizing the objective, it reaches through mutual dependencies and harmonies the absolute object, the *universe.* In generalizing both the subjective and the objective together, it reaches the idea of absolute and unconditioned being, the *Deity,* who possesses every possible perfection, and excludes every possible negation.

In establishing the distinction between the understanding and the reason, and thus between the contingent and the absolute in human knowledge, Kant claims a distinguished place among the creative minds in the department of speculative philosophy. But no sooner has he brought his comprehensive analysis to its consummation, than he plunges again into chaos, by maintaining that the ideas of the pure reason are merely formal, and cannot be regarded as possessing any objective reality. He thus denies the possibility of demonstrating any of the higher truths, which appertain to the indestructible being of the soul, or to the existence and attributes of the Deity. He admits a *practical reason,* to be sure, which may take cognizance of theology and ethics, and maintains that its dictates are imperative upon the moral nature of man; and our author speaks of this as "the best, the most satisfactory, and by far the most useful part of the Kantian philosophy." From this estimate we dissent *toto cœlo.* The practical reason, according to Kant, has no assignable place in the human microcosm, no ground for its conclusions, no validity as established by any fixed laws of belief. It is a lower faculty, if it be a faculty, and not merely a traditionary habit of thinking, judging, and acting. It seems to have been in his own mind a mere afterthought, an excrescence, not even from, but on his philosophy; a sop, though not to Cerberus, designed to propitiate the religious sensibilities of his countrymen, who were not yet ready for a system, which denied the possibility of an objective theism. But this degradation of the whole department of ethical and religious truth offends our judgment and our moral sense much more than the bold, bare confession of atheism. We therefore prefer regarding his philosophy, as it doubtless lay in his own mind, without this unseemly appendage. Viewed in this form, it presented, so far as it went, unquestionable truth. Yet it needed another hand to perform for the theory of pure reason the same office which Reid had performed for the antecedent theories of sensation.

This last step was almost taken, first by Reinhold and then by Fichte, who both, however, receded from it into regions of pantheistic speculation, into which our limits will not permit us to follow them. But it had been virtually taken nearly a century earlier by a writer, whose name we are not accustomed to find in the history of philosophy, but in whom we trace the germ of all that Kant established, and of what he left unsaid in his "Kritik reiner Vernunft." We refer to Fenelon, in his masterly treatise, too little known, on the Existence and Attributes of God. He draws a sharply defined distinction between our partial and contingent conceptions and our absolute and universal ideas, between the fallible judgment and the infallible reason, between belief founded on argument and intuitive knowledge; and, from those portions of our knowledge which exist independently of sensation, experience, or demonstration, and which reach towards the Unconditioned, the Infinite, and the Perfect, he infers the objective reality of the one idea, to which they all point and in which they all harmonize, that of a supreme and omnipresent personal Deity. Thus had he applied the theory of immediate perception to the pure reason, and deduced from it the existence and perfections of the Supreme Intelligence, long before sensation was legitimatized, or the line of demarcation between the understanding and the reason scientifically drawn.*

Our proposed limits will not permit us, even had we the arrogance to make the attempt, to complete the list of discoverers in speculative philosophy. Among recent works in this department, Mr. Morell attaches to none a higher value than to Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, a work belonging no less to intellectual, than to physical science, inasmuch as it essays to place the latter under the wing of the former, and thus to make mental philosophy what it must be, would it fulfil its mission, the *science of sciences.* Whewell traces each separate science to some fundamental conception innate in the human mind. This conception, in every case, tends to realize itself in the objective, and to develop itself through conversance with material forms. It attracts, as by an elective affinity, such facts in the outward world as need it for their interpreter, colligates and compares them, and, by a series of inductions, eliminates the principles which unite, and the general laws which govern them. Thus the inductive sciences are constructed by the union of the subjective and the objective, by the application to the material universe of forms of thought which lie in the region of the pure reason.

Were not all, whose attention will be drawn to an article like the present, familiar with Cousin, at least, through translations of the prefaces to his Philosophical Fragments, and of his Lectures on the History of Philosophy, we should attempt an analysis of his system. Deeming this, however, a work of supererogation, we will content ourselves with what we fear is not so, — the quotation of our author's *caveat* against those portions of Cousin's speculations, which cross the sacred limits to which true philosophy can only point "with trembling finger and shaded eyes."

---

*It was undoubtedly from this work of Fenelon, that Benjamin Constant derived the fundamental conception, which, in his "De la Religion," he develops in the religious history of mankind. In his first Book, there are many passages which seem merely transfusions of Fenelon's thoughts and reasonings into a different rhetorical style.

"There is one part, however, of the system now before us, which we must distinctly except from the eulogy we have pronounced upon the rest; and that is the part, in which our author carries the results of his philosophy into the region of theological truth. There are two points in particular, which touch very closely upon the ordinary sentiments of the Christian world, and which open the door for an almost boundless advocacy of religious skepticism. These are, first, the notion he has given of Deity itself; and, secondly, that which he has given of inspiration.

"With regard to his notion of Deity, we have already shown how closely this verges upon the principle of Pantheism. Even if we admit, that it is *not* a doctrine like that of Spinoza, which identifies God with the abstract idea of substance; or even like that of Hegel, which regards Deity as synonymous with the absolute law and process of the universe; if we admit, in fact, that the Deity of Cousin possesses a conscious personality, yet still it is one which contains in itself the finite personality and consciousness of every subordinate mind. God is the ocean — we are but the waves; the ocean may be one individuality, and each wave another; but still they are *essentially* one and the same. We see not how Cousin's Theism can possibly be consistent with any idea of moral evil; neither do we see how, starting from such a dogma, he can ever vindicate and uphold his own theory of human liberty. On such Theistic principles, all sin must be simply *defect*, and all defect must be absolutely fatuitous.

"But the most dangerous door into religious skepticism is the use which Cousin makes of the spontaneity of the human reason, in order to explain the phenomena of inspiration. Reflection alone is considered to be the source of error; while that pure apperception, that instinctive development of thought, which results from spontaneity, is absolutely infallible. Now this spontaneity, it is said, is the foundation of religion. Those who were termed seers, prophets, inspired teachers, of ancient times, were simply men who resigned themselves largely to their intellectual instincts, and thus gazed upon truth in its pure and perfect form. They did not reason, they did not search, they did not reflect deeply and patiently, they made no pretension to philosophy; but they received truth spontaneously, as it flowed in upon them from heaven. Now, in one sense, all this may be true; but, according to Cousin, this immediate reception of divine light was nothing more than the *natural* play of the spontaneous reason; nothing more than what has existed, to a greater or less degree, in every man of great genius; nothing more than what may now exist in any mind which resigns itself to its own unreflective apperceptions. This being the case, revelation, in the ordinary sense, loses all its peculiar value; every man may be a prophet; every mind has within it the same authority to decide upon truth, as those minds had, who dictated the Bible; we have only to sit and listen to the still small voice within, to enjoy a daily revelation, which bears upon it all the marks of absolute infallibility.

"This doctrine, of course, may seem very plausible and very flattering; nay, it may arraign some evidence, and boast the explanation of many facts; but, assuredly, it can only be erected and established upon the ruins of all the fundamental evidences of Christianity. When the advocates of this natural spontaneous inspiration will come forth from their recesses of thought, and deliver prophecies as clear as those of the Hebrew seer — when they shall mould the elements of nature to their will — when they shall speak with the sublime authority of Jesus of Nazareth, and with the same infinite ease rising beyond all the influence of time, place, and circumstances, explain the past, and unfold the future — when they die for the truth they utter, and rise again, as witnesses to its divinity — then we may begin to place them on the elevation which they so thoughtlessly claim; but, until they either prove these *facts* to be delusions, or give their parallel in themselves, the world may well laugh at their ambition, and trample their spurious inspiration beneath its feet."

It will be perceived, from our analysis, that the work under review confines itself chiefly to the history of that portion of speculative philosophy, which relates to the cognitive faculties. We wish that the same office could be as faithfully performed for the philosophy of the moral powers, and could desire no safer or more pleasant guidance in this portion of the field of investigation than that which we have now endeavored to commend to our readers. Another work of our author is already published, and yet another is announced as in press. As we have welcomed the first fruits of his research and acumen, we trust that we may find frequent occasion to chronicle the results of his continued investigations and still maturer wisdom.

Art. VII. — 1. *The American Female Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices.* By Caroline May. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1848. 8vo. pp. 532.

2. *Read's Female Poets of America.* Philadelphia: E. H. Butler. 1848.

3. *The Female Poets of America.* By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Philadelphia: Cary & Hart. 1849. 8vo. pp. 400.

The profusion of poetry published nowadays is a subject of general remark. Some are disposed to regard it as a discouraging symptom for the prospects of American literature, as tending to lower the standard of merit and take away the stimulus of ambition: others, on the contrary, augur well from it, as showing that there exists a widely spread aspiration after the poetical, with a steady improvement in taste, and a corresponding elevation in the range of art. And truly there is something of compensating advantage in the assurance that the sense of beauty is nourished by these frequent delineations of a more vivid life, and that we can perceive a rapid development of that instinctive perception of the relation of external things to thought and emotion, which is essential to the existence of poetry. There is also encouragement in the evident fact, that the spontaneous utterance in verse of ideas, feelings, and opinions has become a habit with us. The newspapers throughout the country afford abundant proof of this, especially at periods when popular excitement prevails on any subject; and the fact is the more remarkable, as the cultivation of poetry as an art cannot be made profitable.

Perhaps the fairest index to a knowledge of national character and tendency may be found in the habits and tastes of the women; and when a large number of these are engaged in literary pursuits, we can measure our progress, and form some estimate of what is to be expected in literature. The less absorbing nature of female occupations is favorable to wanderings through the gardens of the imagination and the fancy. In seclusion, too, reflections and emotions spring up, that naturally seek expression; while the fair poet is freely encouraged by the example of others to make her pen the exponent of her feelings. Thus, taking into view the finer susceptibility and more ready sympathies of woman, which dispose her to find enjoyment in the creations of art, it is not surprising that the spirit and feeling of the times, at different periods, should be reflected in the writings of women more than in those of men. In the dark days of the Revolution, female eloquence and female satire aided the patriots; and now, the brightest flowers of poetry are twined around the shrine of the domestic affections. And while poetry receives its tone from the prevalent temper of the period, taking the tone of what it illustrates and adorns, it wields in its turn a powerful influence, infusing into the heart a love of the highest truth and beauty, and invigorating with new energy the life which it is its province to embellish.

Three different works on the subject of the female poets of this country,* all published within a few months, afford a fair opportunity of tracing the gradual improvement in taste and composition from the earliest advent of poetry to these shores. The field is a wide one, and a brief glance over it is all that can be attempted.

The poems of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, who was born in 1612, and came to this country when about seventeen years of age, afford "illustrations of a genius suitable to grace a distant province, while the splendid creations of Spenser and Shakspeare were delighting the metropolis." Both her father and husband were governors of the colony of Massachusetts. In New England, her productions gained large store of fame, as is evident from the praises bestowed upon them by distinguished writers. Cotton Mather says they "have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument to her memory beyond the stateliest marbles;" the reprint of her first collection in London bore this title, — "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America;" the learned and pious John Norton declares her "the mirror of her age and the glory of her sex;" John Rogers, one of the presidents of Harvard, wrote a fine poem in her praise; and many other tributes, from different authors, set forth her merits. These poems, which the writer of her preface says "are the fruit but of some few hours, curtailed from her sleep and other refreshments," show that she possessed no small share of imagination, and occasionally much fervor and feeling. She wrote a poetical description of the Four Elements, the Four Humors in Man's Constitution, the Four Ages of Man, and the Four Seasons of the Year, with a History of the Four Monarchies of the World, and divers other pleasant and serious poems. The one entitled Contemplations has been frequently quoted.

---

* Mrs. S. J. Hale's *Ladies' Wreath*, which appeared in 1837, was the first work of the kind; it was followed, in 1844, by a small volume entitled *Gems from American Female Poets;* and in 1848, by the three under notice.

Another poet who lived before the Revolution was Jane Turell, of Boston, whose verses show considerable learning and poetical feeling. The talents and character of Mercy Warren gave her an influence so powerful and extended, that she must be awarded a place among our female writers to which, as a poet, she is scarcely entitled. The success of her poems must be attributed in great measure to the fact, that they reflect the feelings of the time. The patriot's spirit burns in all; America, in the dark days of her affliction, is ever near her heart; and her country's wrongs and woes are her theme, whether she adopts the passionate or satirical mood. "The Group," a satirical drama, humorously introduces many of the leading tory characters of the day, some of whom, especially the royal governor, are treated with great severity. Several of her miscellaneous pieces are devoted to the praise of America's defenders, or the condemnation of her oppressors; and her tragedies on foreign subjects are deeply imbued with the same spirit, which breaks forth irrepressibly whenever an occasion presents itself. Her satire upon the follies of her countrywomen in the lines to a friend, who, on the determination to suspend all trade with Great Britain except for the necessaries of life, requested a poetical list of the articles the ladies might comprise under that head, is perhaps the best specimen of her talent.

This distinguished woman was the sister of James Otis, the great leader of the Revolution in Massachusetts; she was the wife of James Warren. Her youth was passed in retirement, her early education being directed at first by the Rev. Jonathan Russell, the minister of the parish, from whose library she was supplied with books; in later years, her brother

James was her adviser and companion in literary pursuits. Her correspondence with him in subsequent years, and with the leading patriots of that era, Adams, Jefferson, Dickinson, Gerry, Knox, and others, who frequently consulted her in political matters, would form a valuable contribution to our historical literature. It is in the possession of her descendants, as well as her correspondence with some of the remarkable women of the day, Mrs. Macauley, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Winthrop, and Mrs. Montgomery. Mrs. Warren's house was the resort of officers and statesmen, and as she says, "by the Plymouth fireside were many political plans originated, discussed, and digested." She kept a faithful record of the transactions of the war, with the design of transmitting to posterity a portraiture of the distinguished characters of the day; an intention which was fulfilled in her admirable History of the Revolution. Vigor of thought and clearness of expression are her characteristics in this work and in her other writings. But her style often humors too much the artificial tastes of the day, many passages in her familiar letters being curiously elaborated.

Another female poet who has figured in American history is Elizabeth Ferguson, the daughter of Dr. Thomas Græme. The high position of her family in the best society of Philadelphia, with her brilliant talents and fascinating manners, gave her an influence the tradition of which has not yet passed away. A pleasing, though rather fanciful memoir of her, from which the sketch in one of the volumes before us is abridged, was published in the Port Folio, and may be found in the third volume of Hazard's Register. All the historians of the period mention her agency in conveying to General Joseph Reed the overtures of Governor Johnstone, afterwards the cause to her of so much annoyance and mortification. The narrative drawn from her, with her letters on the subject, are preserved in the Remembrancer. A monument to her industry and ability remains in her metrical translation of Fenelon's Telemachus, a work undertaken as a diversion from low spirits, and completed in three years. It has never been printed, but the manuscript has been deposited by the author's heirs in the collection of the Philadelphia Library Company. Some of the minor poems and letters of Mrs. Ferguson have been published, and evince taste and a talent for versification. Among the manuscripts belonging to the late Mrs. Stockton, in the possession of her descendants, is a volume of some two hundred and twenty pages, in the handwriting of Mrs. Ferguson, consisting of her poems copied into the book by herself at the request of her friend. These poems are accompanied by occasional explanatory notes. A prefatory notice to one of them has the following anecdote: "When the writer of the following little essay was in London, in 1765, on the 18th of March, Dr. Fothergill, who was both her friend and physician, called in to pay her a visit. 'Betsy,' said he, 'yesterday you were made a slave of.' 'Me, sir? I am slave to no man; my heart is my own!' was the reply; for, girllike, she thought some little raillery on the subject of matrimony was meant. He answered, 'No, no! *heart* has nothing to do with it. You and all your country people were yesterday enslaved; for on that day the bill passed the House for the American Stamp Act.'"

The events in the life of Mrs. Ann Eliza Bleecker, as her biographer truly remarks, confer an interest on her few productions that have been preserved, which they would not have had through their intrinsic merit. "A female cultivating the elegant arts of refined society at the ultima thule of civilized life, in regions of savage wildness, and among scenes of alarm, desolation, and bloodshed, is a spectacle too striking not to fix our attention." The memory of her own trials and sufferings doubtless gave vigor to the pen which so vividly portrayed those of "Maria Kittle." Mr. Griswold, the editor of the largest of the volumes before us, in his extended notice of Mrs. Bleecker, makes not the slightest mention of this remarkable production. The narrative is said by the author, in a letter subsequently written, to be "altogether fact," and to record the experience of one of her neighbors, who was taken captive by the savages in the French and Indian war. It exhibits finer powers of imagination and description than appear in any of her poems, with a pathos which belongs only to the simplicity of truth. Some of Mrs. Bleecker's poems are full of nature and feeling, though they have not much originality. Those of her daughter, Margaretta V. Faugeres, published in the same volume, are far superior. Her pleasing lines on the Hudson have been much admired; her version of part of a chapter in Job may have been the expression of her own sorrows, for her short life was one marked by misfortune. In 1795, she published a historical tragedy, entitled Belisarius.

Many other women who lived at this period appear to have indulged themselves in the expression of feeling in verse; but little has been preserved in proportion to what was written. Mrs. Stockton left a request that her poetry should not be printed; and probably others were prevented by the same feeling of diffidence from giving theirs to the world. The literary career of Phillis Wheatley, the negro slave and poet, has been illustrated in several biographical notices, while her intellectual character has been discussed by distinguished critics. Among the partizans are Mr. Jefferson and the Abbé Gregoire, who give different judgments respecting her. If the inspiration of genius be denied her, it must be acknowledged that her productions, in sentiment and diction, equal those of her contemporaries. A volume of her poems, published first in England, in 1772, went through several editions in both countries.

The same faults are evident in the productions of all the poets who belonged to our heroic age; but the succeeding period was marked by decided improvement. Among those whose names are remembered are Mrs. Rowson, the author of "Charlotte Temple," and the popular national song, "America, Commerce, and Freedom;" Sarah Porter; and Mrs. Morton, who ranked fifty years ago among the first writers of the country, and whose poem, "The African Chief," is as familiar as our nursery rhymes. Somewhat later wrote Mrs. Little, of Rhode Island, whose "Thanksgiving" is full of truthful pictures of home happiness on that festival day in New England; the melancholy Mrs. Stoddard; and the dignified and pious Eliza Townsend, of whose noble poem on "The Incomprehensibility of God," it has been remarked, that "it will not suffer by comparison with the most sublime pieces of Wordsworth or of Coleridge." She contributed to several of the periodicals that flourished in the earlier part of the century, but no collection of her writings has been published.

Coming to the present day, our attention is first called to Maria Brooks, better known as 'Maria del Occidente,' whose works have gained for her a brilliant reputation. Her taste for poetry and learning appeared at an early age: in childhood she committed to memory the finest passages of the old English poets. Her education was carefully attended to, and she had the advantages of associating with persons of cultivation and refinement. Her first publication, "Judith, Esther, and other Poems, by a Lover of the Fine Arts," which appeared in 1820, gave promise of the powers that afterwards shone so brightly in the work on which her reputation chiefly rests, "Zophiël, or the Bride of Seven." This work appeared in London, in 1833, under the auspices of Robert Southey, the friend of the author, whom he described as "the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses." Zophiël was published in Boston the following year, but was not appreciated, and excited so little attention, that Mrs. Brooks caused the edition to be withdrawn. The occasional allusions of foreign critics to the poem, however, attracted notice, and the power, passion, and command of poetical language it exhibited, impressed it on the memory of those who read it as an original and striking production.

The limits of an article like the present forbid an analysis of this poem, and permit but one or two brief extracts. The story was probably suggested by the similar one in the Apocrypha; but the materials are such as might be furnished by many different systems of religion. The superstition of all ages and countries has created beings of superior intelligence, whose interest in the human race has been personal and active. The beautiful belief

> "That Heaven intrusts us all to watching spirits"

admits that of the intervention of fallen angelic natures, for malevolent purposes; and the Scriptures themselves open sources whence rich materials of this kind might be drawn for poetry. The fallen spirit, Zophiël, though involved in the guilt and ruin of Lucifer, has not lost altogether his original brightness, but having been deceived into sin through the strength of his affections, is again half redeemed by them. He says to the archangel who beguiled him, —

> "Oh! had thy plighted pact of faith been kept,
> Still unaccomplished were the curse of sin;
> Mid all the woes thy ruined followers wept,
> Had friendship lingered, hell could not have been."

This weary exile from heaven, 'all flame' and formed for love, becomes enamored of a mortal, Egla, a Hebrew maiden, who lives with her parents not far from Ecbatana. His first appearance in her presence is in a silvery cloud, lightening the dusky apartment: —

"The form it hid
Modest emerged, as might a youth beseem;
Save a slight scarf, his beauty bare, and white
As cygnet's bosom on some silver stream;
Or young Narcissus, when to woo the light
Of its first morn, that flowret open springs;
And near the maid he comes with timid gaze,
And gently fans her with his full spread wings,
Transparent as the cooling gush that plays
From ivory fount. Each bright prismatic tint
Still vanishing, returning, blending, changing
About their tender mystic texture glint,
Like colors o'er the full-blown bubble ranging.
. . "Rosy light,
Like that which pagans say the dewy car
Precedes of their Aurora, clipped him round,
Retiring as he moved; and evening's star
Shamed not the diamond coronal that bound
His curling locks. And still to teach his face
Expression dear to her he wooed, he sought;
And in his hand he held a little vase
Of virgin gold, in strange devices wrought."

The death, one by one, of the youths who enter the bridal apartment of Egla, is the consequence of the spirit's love. One of the most beautiful passages in the poem is that describing the fate of Altheëtor, the king's favorite, and the last victim, over whom Zophiël sings a melodious lament.

"Touching his golden harp to prelude sweet,
Entered the youth, so pensive, pale, and fair;
Advanced respectful to the virgin's feet,
And lowly bending down, made tuneful parlance there.
Like perfume, soft his gentle accents rose,
And sweetly thrilled the gilded roof along;
His warm, devoted soul no terror knows,
And truth and love lend fervor to his song.
She hides her face upon her couch, that there
She may not see him die. No groan — she springs
Frantic between a hope beam and despair,

And twines her long hair round him as he sings.
Then thus: 'Oh! being who unseen, but near
Art hovering now — behold and pity me!
For love, hope, beauty, music — all that 's dear,
Look, look on me, and spare my agony!
Spirit! in mercy make not me the cause,
The hateful cause, of this kind being's death!
In pity kill me first! He lives — he draws —
Thou wilt not blast! he draws his harmless breath!'

"Still lives Altheëtor; still unguarded strays
One hand o'er his fallen lyre; but all his soul
Is lost — given up. He fain would turn to gaze,
But cannot turn, so twined. Now all that stole
Through every vein and thrilled each separate nerve,
Himself could not have told, all wound and clasped
In her white arms and hair. Ah! can they serve
To save him! 'What a sea of sweets!' he gasped;
But 't was delight, sound, fragrance, all, were breathing.
Still swelled the transport: 'Let me look and thank!'
He sighed (celestial smiles his lips enwreathing;)
'I die — but ask no more,' he said, and sank —
Still by her arms supported — lower — lower —
As by soft sleep oppressed; so calm, so fair,
He rested on the purple tapestried floor,
It seemed an angel lay reposing there."

Zophiël declares himself guiltless of his death.

"'He died of love, of the o'erperfect joy
Of being pitied, prayed for, pressed, by thee!
Oh, for the fate of that devoted boy,
I 'd sell my birthright to eternity.
I 'm not the cause of this, thy last distress;
Nay! look upon thy spirit ere he flies!
Look on me once, and learn to hate me less!'
He said, and tears fell fast from his immortal eyes."

The description of Egla's introduction into the royal banqueting hall, and of the visit of Zophiël and his companion angel to the domain of Tahathyam in search of the elixir of life, by which he would bestow immortality upon his beloved, are full of beauty, but too long for quotation. The power of conception displayed in this poem will strike the reader, no less than the richness of fancy, and the energy of its passion. So great is the variety of description and incident it contains, that no just impression can be conveyed by extracts; it must be read as a whole. The same power of imagination, and the same fervor and depth of feeling, are shown in the minor productions of Mrs. Brooks. She wrote also a romance entitled "Idomen, or The Vale of the Yumuri."

Miss Gould has for many years been one of the most popular of our poets. Short as her pieces are, their grace, fancy, and sprightliness have rendered them familiar to the lovers of piquant varieties in the poetical banquet, and endeared her name as that of a lively household friend, whose delicate wit and benevolent cheerfulness can enliven dulness or despondency. Her "Pebble and the Acorn," "Jack Frost," and other poems equally charming and characteristic, are among the most perfect of their kind.

To Mrs. Sigourney we might apply her own lines to Mrs. Hemans —

"every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities;
The hoary sire shall bow his deafened ear,
And greet thy sweet words with his benison;
The mother shrine thee as a vestal flame
In the lone temple of her sanctity;
And the young child who takes thee by the hand
Shall travel with a surer step to heaven."

We say no more of her poems here, as a separate article is devoted to them in this number.

"Three Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and other Poems," is the latest collection published by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Some of the poems included have won for her a high reputation. One of the best is "Alice Ray," remarkable for its delicate fancy, touches of nature, and felicity of expression. Others have more force and energy, while they evince much artistic skill in the disposition of imagery, with pure and elevated thought; and a religious spirit breathes through the whole. It is plain that Mrs. Hale's constant aim is to show the true source of strength and cheerfulness amid the trials of life, and to inspire the hope that looks beyond it. The following lines are from her fine poem on "Iron:"

"Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes;
Truth could tread a footing stable
O'er the gulf of mysteries!

Words the prophet bards had uttered,
  Signs the oracle foretold,
Spells the weirdlike sibyl muttered
  Through the twilight days of old —
Rightly read, beneath the splendor
  Shining now on history's page,
All their faithful witness render —
  All portend a better age.

"Sisyphus, forever toiling,
  Was the type of toiling men,
While the stone of power, recoiling
  Crushed them back to earth again!
Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,
  Imaged man in mental chain,
While the vultures, on him feeding,
  Were the passions' vengeful reign;
Still a ray of mercy tarried
  On the cloud, a white-winged dove,
For this mystic faith had married
  Vulcan to the Queen of love!

"Rugged strength and radiant beauty —
  These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty —
  These will form the perfect man!
Darkly was this doctrine taught us
  By the gods of heathendom;
But the living light was brought us
  When the gospel morn had come!
How the glorious change, expected,
  Could be wrought, was then made free;
Of the earthly, when perfected,
  Rugged iron forms the key!"

There is more of imagination in the "Three Hours," some of the scenes in which are vividly painted, and the expression is occasionally very happy. The line,

"The sound — it died in the arms of night,"

has been borrowed by a writer of some notoriety. The story is simple, — that of a lady watching for the return of her husband, a state criminal who has fled from England to this country, — and haunted, while the storm rages without, by recollections of tales of dread, wild stories heard in childhood, and other phantasms of a distempered imagination. The grouping of these, the heightening of her fears by the mysterious shadows that flit like dreams before her sight, the struggles of hope through gathering terrors, her varying emotions, and the joy that triumphs over them when the absent one is restored, are the materials, and they are managed with admirable effect. Much of the same power and fancy appears in some of the minor poems.

The South is represented as yet by few writers in elegant literature; but the wider diffusion of a cultivated taste promises greater results in future years. The names of Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. Dana, Miss Lee, and a few others, are familiar; and their illustrations of Southern life show that it does not want materials for poetry, although there is no just appreciation of the art. Mrs. Gilman is chiefly known by her prose works; yet her sprightly and graceful lyrics have found their way to many a heart. She has frequently illustrated striking scenes in the early history of the country, or portions of its rich scenery, and these are among the most pleasing of her productions. A volume of poetry, entitled "Verses of a Lifetime," has lately appeared from her pen.

In the West, on the other hand, song flows with great freshness and freedom, if we may judge by the promise of young poets who have there sprung up and blossomed. The names of Amelia Welby, and "The Sisters of the West," are already well known; and others have sent forth lyrics heard on the distant Atlantic shores. The grace and elegance of Mrs. Welby's poetry, and her ardent love of beauty and of nature, gave celebrity to her signature of "Amelia," when she was yet very young; and the volume containing her poems passed rapidly through several editions. They evince little creative power, but a rich and delicate fancy, and an ear exquisitely attuned to harmony. Her lines "On entering the Mammoth Cave," on "The Presence of God," and "Musings," are pleasing specimens of her powers. We quote the last, as exhibiting her chief characteristics.

"I wandered out one summer night,
   'T was when my years were few;
The wind was singing in the light,
   And I was singing too;
The sunshine lay upon the hill,
   The shadow in the vale,
And here and there a leaping rill
   Was laughing on the gale.

" One fleecy cloud upon the air
  Was all that met my eyes ;
It floated like an angel there
  Between me and the skies ;
I clapped my hands and warbled wild,
  As here and there I flew,
For I was but a careless child,
  And did as children do.

" The waves came dancing o'er the sea
  In bright and glittering bands ;
Like little children, wild with glee,
  They linked their dimpled hands ;
They linked their hands, but ere I caught
  Their sprinkled drops of dew,
They kissed my feet, and, quick as thought,
  Away the ripples flew.

" The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
  As lightly and as free ;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
  Ten thousand on the sea ;
For every wave with dimpled face,
  That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
  And held it trembling there.

" The young moon, too, with upturned sides
  Her mirrored beauty gave,
And as a bark at anchor rides,
  She rode upon the wave ;
The sea was like the heaven above,
  As perfect and as whole,
Save that it seemed to thrill with love,
  As thrills the immortal soul.

" The leaves, by spirit voices stirred,
  Made murmurs on the air,
Low murmurs, that my spirit heard,
  And answered with a prayer ;
For 't was upon that dewy sod,
  Beside the moaning seas,
I learned at first to worship God,
  And sing such strains as these.

" The flowers, all folded to their dreams,
  Were bowed in slumber free

By breezy hills and murmuring streams,
Where'er they chanced to be;
No guilty tears had they to weep,
No sins to be forgiven;
They closed their leaves and went to sleep
'Neath the blue eye of heaven!

"No costly robes upon them shone,
No jewels from the seas,
Yet Solomon upon his throne
Was ne'er arrayed like these;
And just as free from guilt and art
Were lovely human flowers,
Ere sorrow set her bleeding heart
On this fair world of ours.

"I heard the laughing wind behind
A-playing with my hair;
The breezy fingers of the wind —
How cool and moist they were!
I heard the night-bird warbling o'er
Its soft, enchanting strain;
I never heard such sounds before,
And never shall again.

"Then wherefore weave such strains as these,
And sing them day by day,
When every bird upon the breeze
Can sing a sweeter lay?
I'd give the world for their sweet art,
The simple, the divine —
I'd give the world to melt one heart
As they have melted mine!"

"The Wife of Leon, and other Poems, by Two Sisters of the West," which appeared in 1843, was very favorably received, and much praised by New York critics. Some of the poems published by these gifted sisters — Mrs. Warfield and Mrs. Lee — as they appear in another volume, "The Indian Chamber and other Poems," exhibit considerable freshness and vividness in painting. Their energy of expression and harmony of versification show not only talent, but cultivation by acquaintance with the masters of song.

The Misses Fuller, whose poems have lately been much commended, reside in the northern part of Ohio. There is much of hopeful promise in the budding genius of two other sisters of that state, Alice and Phœbe Carey. Having had only the limited advantages of an obscure country school for their education, being orphans, without literary guidance or companionship, and fettered by adverse circumstances, there is something peculiarly interesting in the offerings of their leisure won from graver duties. The poems of Alice evince no ordinary power of imagination. We make room for one of her woodland lays as a specimen.

"Among the beautiful pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
  That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
  Dark with the misletoe;
Not for the violets golden
  That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
  That lead from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
  And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
  Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
  It seemeth to me the best.

"I once had a little brother,
  With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest
  He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
  Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
  The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
  And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
  A bed of the yellow leaves.

"Sweetly his pale arms folded
  My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
  Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
  Lodged in the treetops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
  Asleep by the gates of light.

> Therefore, of all the pictures
> That hang on Memory's wall,
> The one of the dim old forest
> Seemeth the best of all."

Miss Sara J. Clarke, better known by her *nom de plume* of "Grace Greenwood," belongs by her residence to the list of Western poets. Her lively and brilliant letters published in the New Mirror first drew attention to her, and by a variety of prose contributions to different periodicals, she has earned reputation as a graceful and vigorous writer. Her poems are not numerous, but they exhibit the characteristics of her nature, a quick apprehension, earnest enthusiasm, and a freshness and freedom caught from the bold scenery of her home. Her "Ariadne" has been often quoted, and is certainly a remarkable poem; but the sentiment of "Darkened Hours" pleases us better. Miss May compares her to Eliza Cook, as having "the same high-spirited independence, the same generous and far-reaching sympathy, and the same love, — bold, free, and fearless, — of nature and adventure."

Our prescribed limits permit not even the enumeration of many writers of cleverness and promise, of whom the Eastern and Middle States can boast, but merely a brief notice of the most prominent. They sing from the impulse of untaught nature, and their song spreads cheerfulness around their homes, and lingers in the hearts of those who, passing, chance to catch its melody. Now and then, a spot more favored than others is linked with dearer associations for their sake. The beautiful scenery of Easton, Pennsylvania, has been illustrated by some of the sweetest effusions in these collections, from the pens of Mrs. Gray, Mrs. E. S. Swift, and Miss Junkin. Mrs. Gray's poem of "Morn," having been attributed in England to James Montgomery, that poet says, in a letter to her husband, "The critics who have mistaken the beautiful stanzas 'Morn' for mine have done me honor; but I willingly forego the claim, and am happy to recognize a sister poet in the writer." "Sabbath Reminiscences" and "Two Hundred Years Ago," written for the bi-centennial celebration of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, are noble religious poems. One of Mrs. Swift's, entitled "The Plague of Blood," published in one of the early annuals, is a fine specimen of her ability; "A Christmas Carol" is among the more perfect of her shorter pieces.

The brief yet beautiful career of Lucretia Maria and Margaret M. Davidson is well known, having been illustrated by distinguished writers both at home and abroad. Southey's high estimate of the genius of the elder sister might properly be applied to the younger; for there is, in the productions of both, "enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power," to justify the most sanguine expectations from their matured efforts. There are few readers who have not dwelt upon the promise of their early powers, or mourned over its untimely blight, while it could scarcely be regretted that death, in the first bloom of their youth, had removed those two lovely spirits to a region of lasting purity and happiness.

Many of the productions of Mrs. Oakes Smith evince imagination and strength of passion. Her "Sinless Child" is a work of undoubted genius, and won for its author a wide reputation. Its sustained elevation of thought and beauty of imagery, with its graceful delineation of nature and the human soul, cannot fail to continue the popularity it merits. An analysis would do no justice to the poem, from which only a brief extract can here be presented. The episode of the Stepmother is a striking passage, reminding us of the old German legend so full of terror and beauty.

" One night the boy his mother called;
  They heard him weeping say —
' Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,
  And wipe his tears away!'
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,
  And yet she feels a strife
Of anger and of terror too,
  At thought of that dead wife.

" Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,
  The watch-dog howls with fear;
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall;
  What form is gliding near?
No latch is raised, no step is heard,
  But a phantom fills the space —
A sheeted spectre from the dead,
  With cold and leaden face!

" What boots it that no other eye
  Beheld the shade appear?

The guilty lady's guilty soul
Beheld it plain and clear!
It slowly glides within the room,
And sadly looks around,
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek
With lips that gave no sound!

"Then softly on the stepdame's arm
She laid a death-cold hand,
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh
Like to a burning brand;
And gliding on with noiseless foot,
O'er winding stair and hall,
She nears the chamber where is heard
Her infant's trembling call.

"She smoothed the pillow where he lay,
She warmly tucked the bed,
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls
That clustered round his head.
The child, caressed, unknowing fear,
Hath nestled him to rest;
The mother folds her wings beside —
The mother from the blest!"

"The April Rain" and "The Brook," and others in a style altogether different, show the versatile genius of our author, happy alike in the grave and gay. "Ecce Homo" is a poem on which alone any writer might be willing to rest a reputation. Mrs. Smith has published many of her poems and essays under the name of "Ernest Helfenstein," and her Christmas legend, "The Salamander," is set forth as found among his papers. The contributions to different periodicals of "this quaint, but deep-souled, mellow-voiced writer," attracted much notice, even before it was known from whose pen they came.

Mrs. Smith has shown a partiality for the form of verse generally called the sonnet, but which is not entitled to be so called, according to the strict rules of that invented by Guittone d'Arezzo, and consecrated in Italian literature by Petrarch and the early poets. A true sonnet must not only consist of fourteen lines in heroic measure, but there must be a pause, either a colon or a period, at the end of the first quatrain, and also of the second. These stanzas must contain but two rhymes, and are employed to open the subject and prepare the mind for what succeeds. The two stanzas of three lines each, which succeed, must also contain not more than two rhymes, and move more rapidly, completing the image ; and the poem should terminate with some striking or epigrammatic turn of thought. The law of but two rhymes in the last two stanzas must be regarded as essential to the perfection of the regular sonnet ; though Petrarch and many other Italian poets frequently assume the license of three rhymes. In general, Petrarch, as well as Guittone, Lope de Vega, and Warton, adheres to the above rules. Milton, whose sonnets are good specimens in English of this species of verse, seems to prefer the same arrangement, but takes the liberty of departing from it ; and the same may be said of Wordsworth. Shakspeare neglects the prescribed recurrence of rhymes. Gray, like many of the Italians, has varied the arrangement in the first two stanzas, by interlacing alternate rhymes. Those who wish to have a perfect idea of the sonnet, so as fully to appreciate its harmony and grace, are recommended not to take as a model any English writer. In this country, the rules seem to be set at defiance, only that of the number of lines being regarded. But although not perfect sonnets, the following poems of Mrs. Smith have much merit.

" Outwearied with the littleness and spite —
The falsehood and the treachery of men,
I cried ' Give me but justice ! ' — thinking then
I meekly craved a common boon, which might
Most easily be granted ; — soon the light
Of deeper truth grew on my wandering ken,
(Escaped the baneful damps of stagnant fen,)
And then I saw that, in my pride bedight,
I claimed from weak-eyed man the gift of Heaven ;
God's own great vested right ! — and I grew calm,
With folded hands, like stone to Patience given,
And pityings of meek love-distilling balm ;
And now I wait in hopeful trust to be
All known to God, and ask of man sweet charity."

" Earth careth for her own ; the fox lies down
In her warm bosom, and it asks no more.
The bird, content, broods in its lowly nest,
Or, its fine essence stirred, with wing outflown,
Circles in airy rounds to heaven's own door,

And folds again its plume upon her breast.
Ye, too, for whom her palaces arise,
Whose Tyrian vestments sweep the kindred ground,
Whose golden chalice Ivy-Bacchus dies,
She, kindly Mother, liveth in your eyes,
And no strange anguish may your lives astound.
But ye, O pale, lone watchers for the true,
She knoweth not. In her ye have not found
Place for your stricken head, wet with the midnight dew."

Mrs. Frances S. Osgood is like no other poet in her peculiar way, — simple and impulsive, but very graceful and sprightly, with a melody of versification so unstudied that it seems the natural overflowing of a soul attuned to music. She excels in light and sportive sallies, but her graver poems have a tenderness and depth of thought that show her power to touch and elevate the heart as well as to captivate the fancy. Her fine poem, "Labor," which we quote, is occasionally marred by less striking or beautiful images, as if a careless hand had snatched at random from the rich abundance in the writer's mind. A little more attention to the rules of art would render perfect what is so well worthy of elaboration.

"Pause not to dream of the future before us ;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
　　Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven !
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
　　Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"'Labor is worship !' — the robin is singing ;
'Labor is worship !' — the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen ! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
　　Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower ;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower ;
　　Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

"Labor is life ! 'T is the still water faileth ;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth !
　　Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory ! — the flying cloud lightens ;

Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

"Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world Syrens that lure us to ill.
Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work, thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow —
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

"Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod!
Work, for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!"

Mrs. Osgood published her first collection of poems in London, under the title of "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England;" and another volume, including her later productions, appeared in New York in 1846. She has also edited "The Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry," "The Floral Offering," and other works; and she is a constant contributor to the magazines.

A collection of the poems of Anne Charlotte Lynch has recently been published, illustrated with engravings after original designs by Durand, Cheney, and other artists. Of these poems Miss May says, "Hope, faith, energy, endurance, victory, are the noble lessons they nobly teach." Miss Lynch has ease and grace of expression, with purity and elevation of thought. Some of her pieces have an unaffected tenderness and depth of feeling, that cannot fail to touch the reader's sympathies. The "Lines to Frederika Bremer" are illustrated by a portrait of that lady, from a sketch sent by herself to Miss Lynch. The "Incident on the Mississippi," of an eagle stung by a serpent, soaring upward, though wounded, and forced to sink at last "a captive in that writhing, living chain," affords occasion for a moral that is delicately introduced: —

"O, majestic, royal eagle,
Soaring sunward from thy birth,
Thou hast lost the realm of heaven
For one moment on the earth!"

"The Wasted Fountains" is a fine specimen of thoughtful poetry in which the sentiment is appropriately illustrated by the imagery. "Bones in the Desert" and "The Wounded Vulture" are of the same kind. The sonnet is a favorite form of verse with Miss Lynch, and some of her attempts in this form are very pleasing, though not constructed according to rule. Her prose writings are marked by a cultivated taste and considerable knowledge of general literature.

Mrs. Judson, or Fanny Forester, as she chose to call herself, obtained a wide popularity in a short time by her graceful writings in prose, a collection of which was published under the title of "Alderbrook," when she was on the eve of sailing for India. Of her poems, which are not numerous, the longest is "Astaroga, or The Maid of the Rock," in four cantos. Some of the shorter ones, as that "To My Mother," have much grace and feeling. One of the best is that sent as a farewell exhortation to those who thought a sense of "stern duty" impelled her to quit her native land.

The productions of Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman indicate considerable talent, with a taste cultivated by intimate acquaintance with the literature of other nations. In her beautiful legend of "The Sleeping Beauty," and two other fairy ballads, she was assisted by her sister, Miss Anna M. Power. The harmony of versification and richness of coloring in these, and other, poems of Mrs. Whitman have made her a favorite with many readers. Her command of poetical language is remarkable, and her brilliant thoughts are never without an appropriate vesture. In translation, also, she excels.

To the author of "Miriam," Mrs. Louisa J. Hall, pages should be devoted instead of the tribute of a few words. This beautiful dramatic poem illustrates the same subject which was treated by Milman, in The Martyr of Antioch, — the struggle of early Christianity with pagan prejudice and power. The character of Miriam, the young convert to the new faith, "the lofty, calm, and O, most beautiful," is a noble one, and is sustained throughout with dignity; and many of the scenes are full of poetry and pathos. That in which Miriam separates from her lover, Paulus, whom she has failed to win from his heathen unbelief, is especially worthy of admiration. The scene where she confronts the tyrant, Piso, after pleading with him for her father's life, is also a spirited one, and finely develops her character. The language throughout the poem, for it cannot be called a play, is elevated, expressive, and poetical, though it wants the concentrated energy and forceful imagery of Milman. Mrs. Hall has written also a "Dramatic Fragment," illustrative of a scene in the sad life of the "pale Rose of England," Lady Catharine, the wife of Perkin Warbeck.

We have frequently been attracted by the earnest thought and clearness and strength of expression in the poems of Mrs. Eames, appearing at intervals in different periodicals; and we venture to predict success, should she try her powers in a more sustained flight. But we must take leave of her, as well as of the remaining host whose names complete the list of "The Female Poets of America."

From the hasty view now taken, it will be seen that there is ground enough for complacency in what has been done, and for pleasing anticipations for the future. In literature we owe much to the women of America, and may yet be more deeply indebted to them; for the day is past when female genius was forbidden to shine, and if clouds hang here and there about its way, they are readily dispelled. The general interest in the subject, shown by the almost simultaneous publication of so many works relating to them, is an encouragement for further efforts.

We must say a word concerning the volumes before us, which appear in a style of great elegance. In general, much taste is displayed in the selections, though each book has the fault of including many whose claims to a rank among poets are not established by any thing they have published. In the smallest collection are productions that might well have been excluded. Miss Caroline May, herself a pleasing writer of verse, has taken great pains in collecting her facts from original and trustworthy sources, — in every practicable instance, from the writers themselves, — and in writing clearly and with proper brevity, so as to give all necessary information without wearying the reader with minute details. Her biographical notices are excellent, and her critical estimates just and appropriate; they are marked by a loving appreciation of merit and graceful expression, that show her fitness for the pleasing task she has undertaken. Mr. Griswold's book is larger, containing not only more names, but a more copious selection from the writings of each poet. Some of the notices evince considerable scholarship and literary dexterity. Mr. Read has not entered into biographical details, but contented himself with brief critical remarks in introducing each poet. His taste is shown not only as a critic, but as an artist, in the engraved portraits of a number of the lady writers from paintings by his own hand.

ART. VIII. — *Significance of the Alphabet.* By CHARLES KRAITSIR, M.D. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1846.

"It is impossible," says Volney, "in passing in review the different alphabets of Europe, to see without surprise, that nations proud of their progress in the sciences and arts have remained so far behind in the most elementary science of all, the science indeed which serves as the base of this vast, complicated edifice of civilization. The alphabetic methods of our Europe are true caricatures.* Irregularities, incoherences, deficiences, redundancies appear in the Spanish and Italian alphabets, in the German, the Polish, and the Dutch; as for those of the French and English, they are disorder itself."

The English alphabet is the most confused and disordered of all. Yet no modern tongue began its career as a written language under better auspices than the Anglo-Saxon. The Roman alphabet was adapted to this language with excellent judgment. The characters of this alphabet were employed to denote the sounds which the two languages had in common; while, to represent those which were wanting in the Latin, characters were invented or were borrowed from other alphabets. The disorder which prevails in the notation of our language is not to be attributed to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. It is to be ascribed chiefly to the Norman ascendency in England, and to the influence which the superior civilization of the French gave them over the higher classes in that country, who not only imitated their more refined neighbors in matters in which they were worthy to give example, but, — led by that blind devotion to a vague idea of fashion, which, it must be confessed, is the weakness of the English, and, by inheritance, our own, — followed them in their errors with equal zeal. Nowhere are the effects of this idle subserviency more evident, or more injurious, than in the disorder which it has introduced into the notation of our language. Our alphabet, indeed, as at present pronounced,* would appear to be framed for the service only of that inconsiderable portion of our language which is derived from the corrupted Latin; and we have in a manner, shut ourselves out from all chance of detecting and reforming our errors, by adopting, in our pronunciation of Latin, all the Frankish corruptions, and by even adding to these the numerous irregularities and caprices which, — the standard of reason being once abandoned, — have continually introduced themselves unchecked into the English language. We have already spoken, in a former article, of the defective and disordered state of the English alphabet, and of the increased difficulty which we experience in the study of other languages, and in the pursuit of the science of language itself, from the false and imperfect manner in which the groundwork of our education is laid.

---

* An exception should here be made in favor of the Russian and some other of the Sclavonic alphabets. The author refers to those nations using the Roman alphabet.

To introduce at once a radical reform into the writing of the English language is a task hardly possible of accomplishment; and, even if it were possible, we believe that it is very little desirable that such a reform should be attempted at the present time, when the very low state of philological science among us leaves little room to hope that such a plan would be judiciously executed. Amendments in the spelling or pronunciation of a living language can only take place very gradually, and are to be brought about only by such a general diffusion of knowledge, as shall bring the people whose property the language is to a sense of the necessity of them. A great deal may be done to this end by the introduction of a very simple reform recommended by Dr. Kraitsir. He proposes that in teaching the alphabet, the letters shall be called by the names given to them in the Roman and in the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, and which express the sounds which these letters invariably represented in those languages.* By this means the correct pronunciation would be the rule, and the deviations from it would be known as the exceptions. Another advantage arising from this reform would be, that it would draw attention to the derivation of our words; the very defects of our alphabet would, in this way, become instructive; the discrepancy between the character and the sound would suggest the history of the mispronounced word, and even the common reader would readily trace the affinities between our Latin-derived words, and the older and more original part of our language, from which they now appear almost wholly disconnected.

---

* We refer here more particularly to the mispronunciation of the letters which, with the Romans, represented the gutturals, and which still represent them with us, in all pure English words, as in *can*, *get*, &c. We now attribute to *c* in our alphabet the sound of *s*, though its name in the Roman alphabet was that which we give to the *k* in ours. This was also the sound which it denoted in all Anglo-Saxon, as well as in all Latin words. We give to the *g*, whose proper sound in English, as well as in Latin, is that which it has in *get*, *give*, &c., the sound which is also denoted in our alphabet by the character *j*, a sound unknown to the Anglo-Saxon, and also to the pure Latin, though it is supposed to have existed in some of the rustic dialects.

Dr. Kraitsir proposes another measure of reform, yet more easy of introduction, since its adoption depends upon the more educated classes. This is the restoration of the correct pronunciation of Latin in our schools. The Latin is a language of the utmost importance to the student of philology. Forming, as it does, the groundwork of an important class of the languages of modern Europe, and being, at the same time, intimately allied with the Teutonic and the Celtic, it forms the connecting link between these several classes; and as these have each contributed to the formation of our language, a correct knowledge of the Latin is peculiarly important to the English student. But, by forcing upon the Latin the corruptions which have found place in the languages derived from it, we destroy its utility in this respect, while at the same time, we rob it of all that its antiquity should give it of venerable and dignified.

---

* The proportion which the Teutonic part of the English language bears to that which is taken from the Latin, and the modern languages derived from it, is somewhat more than that of three to one. When, from the foreign portion of our language, we deduct those words in which the root letters remain uncorrupted, — the gutturals retaining, even in Latin-and French-derived words, their original power before three of the vowels, and before the liquids *l* and *r* — it will be apparent, that it is only to a very small portion of our language that our alphabet, as at present pronounced, is applicable.

The restoration of the correct pronunciation of the Latin would also be found of great advantage in giving a knowledge of the true nature and purpose of an alphabet.

The learning to spell and pronounce any one language correctly would, indeed, have a great effect in clearing from our minds that perplexity in regard to all matters connected with the study of language, which, involving them, as it does, from earliest infancy, is a fatal hinderance to our progress, clogging every step with doubt and insecurity. The ancient languages offer greater advantages, in this view, than any modern tongues that come within the ordinary compass of our study ; inasmuch as the notation of sounds in them is regular and consistent, the same character never being employed to represent articulations belonging to different classes. For, with the ancients, the office of letters was truly — as Quintilian expresses it — to preserve sounds, and render them up to the reader, as a pledge entrusted to their care. But we lose entirely the benefit we might derive, in this respect, from the study of the ancient languages, and more especially of the Latin, by carrying into our pronunciation of that language all the errors and inconsistencies that perplex our own. We introduce the same confusion among the vowel sounds.* The character which, in one position, represents the short sound of one vowel, in another position, denotes the long sound of quite another.† We pronounce diphthongs as simple vowels, simple vowels as diphthongs.‡ *C* and *g*, when they come before *e* and *i*, no longer stand for gutturals ; the proper sound of *c* is displaced by a sibilant; that of *g* is changed to a harsh palatal.[*] We give to *i*, when it stands before a vowel, the same harsh sound.[†]

---

* In the Roman alphabet, the *a* has the sound which we give it in *ah ;* the *e* as the *a* in *came ;* the *i* as we pronounce *e* in *be.* The diphthongal sound which is given to *i* in the English alphabet was denoted in Latin by *ae*, and, more anciently, by *ai*, as in the Greek.

† Thus in *pava*, we give to the *a*, in the first syllable, the long sound of *e ;* in the second its own short sound. In *decem*, the first *e* is pronounced as *i ;* the second has its proper short sound.

‡ The *i* of *dico* is pronounced *ai ;* the *ae* of *caedo*, *i.* In *primaevus*, the diphthong and the simple vowel are made to change places. The simple vowel *i* in the first syllable becoming a diphthong ; the diphthong *ae*, in the second syllable, taking the sound of *i.*

The barbarous manner in which the Latin language is pronounced by the English has long been the subject of the animadversion of foreigners, and the regret of their own scholars. It is allowed, on all hands, that this pronunciation of Latin not only carries into that harmonious language many harsh and discordant sounds which are wholly foreign to it, but that it perplexes the student with a vast number of irregularities that have no place in the language itself; and that it is destructive of the beauty of Latin poetry, since it is absolutely incompatible with the just quantity of syllables. These objections to the mode of pronouncing Latin now prevalent in England and this country are obvious to all who will yield an unprejudiced attention to the subject; there are other evils involved in it, which lie deeper, and which, in the view of the philologist, are yet more serious.

This corruption of the pronunciation of Latin, which took place very gradually in England, has, within a recent period, been reduced to a system; and the abuses which at first crept in through negligence, and were continued through the indolence or bigotry of incompetent teachers, in spite of the remonstrances of scholars and men of letters, are in this country actually inculcated in the manuals of instruction. The learner is now informed, upon his first introduction into Latin, that the ancient pronunciation being in a great measure lost, the different nations follow, in their pronunciation of this language, the principles which govern that of their own. This is all the information that is afforded him at this period of his studies. No hint is given him that the English pronunciation of Latin differs more from the ancient than that of the other nations of Europe. No means are furnished him of learning what points are doubtful in the ancient pronunciation, and what are ascertained. There is an absolute silence as to the proofs by which the correct sounds of the Roman letters have been established; proofs drawn from the language itself, and from the testimony of ancient grammarians and rhetoricians. All fuller information is reserved for the more advanced student, who, if his curiosity prompt him, may inform himself on these points; but this knowledge comes, if it come at all, only after his vicious pronunciation has become so fixed that he cannot readily disuse it. In the meantime, the pupil is informed, that the absence of any other guide leaves him full liberty to conform his pronunciation to what is termed the "English analogy." He is not, however, abandoned to his own discretion; but, to ensure an absolute uniformity in error, a set of rules, purporting to expound this "English analogy" is placed before the learner. In these he is instructed, to introduce into the Latin, not only those irregularities and anomalies of pronunciation which have undeniably established themselves in our own language, but accidental deviations from correct sounds, and petty vulgarities which we condemn while we allow, and which no child, well trained, even in English pronunciation, would think of carrying into another language. Thus many coarse and unpleasant sounds are conveyed into the Latin which are wholly foreign to it, and which are plainly corruptions in our own language. Of these is the sound given to s and t before i followed by a vowel.* This harsh sound — so displeasing to a refined ear, that, even in English, every elegant speaker is careful to avoid it, where this can be done without the appearance of affectation, — is strenuously insisted on, and its use amply illustrated by examples. We even go beyond the English in this respect; for whereas they exempt from change the t preceded by s, our grammarians instruct us to pronounce *Sallustius, Salluscheus; mixtio, mixcheo,* &c. Even these preliminary rules are not deemed sufficient; but, since the unwarped mind of a child is continually liable to err into the right, his memory is continually refreshed by foot notes, which instruct him that *ar-ti-um* is *arsheum,* and that the comparative of *mit-is* is not *mit-i-or,* as he might reasonably suppose, but *misheor.*

---

[*] As in *duc-o*, *duc-ere;* which we pronounce *duco*, *dusere;* *leg-o*, *leg-ere*, which we pronounce *lego*, *lejere*.

[†] As in *iung-o*, *iung-ere*, pronounced by us, *jungo*, *junjere*. It is impossible to imagine a more unpleasant combination of sounds than that heard in these words and the English ones directly derived from them; as *junction*, &c. The older English words from the same root still keep the original sound; as *yoke*, &c. This mode of pronouncing the *i* consonant is likewise a fertile source of perplexity to the young student, who attempts to fathom the mysteries of scanning. He is told, for example, that the *a* of *magis* is short; but that the *a* of *major* (*maiior*) is long, in virtue of the consonant which follows it. Yet he is taught to give to the *j* of the one, and the *g* of the other, the same sound. *Major* or *maiior* is in fact the regular comparative of *magnus;* (the *n* of *magnus* being casual,) the *g* softened into *i* (as in *royal* from *regalis*) makes a diphthong with the vowel *a*, and it is this which gives its long quantity to the first syllable. The sound which the *i* in Latin had before a vowel is represented in English by *y*. The only word, we believe, in which we stillrepresent this sound by *j*, is *hallelujah*.

---

* As in *pen-si-o*, *na-ti-o*, which our youth are directed to pronounce *pencheo*, *nasheo*.

But, although the English analogy is announced as the guide for the pronunciation of Latin, and is followed, for the most part, with such scrupulous fidelity through its least excusable irregularities, yet we find this analogy occasionally most capriciously deserted. Thus, *ch* is always to have the sound of k; *charta, machina,* for example, are to be pronounced *karta, makina.* This is certainly not according to the English analogy, for we have both these words in our language (*charter, machine,*) and k is heard in neither of them. Can it be in compliment to the Greek origin of these words? We can hardly suppose it; for why should the sound of *k* be conferred on ch, which stands for the Greek *χ*, when it is denied to the c, — the representative of the kappa itself, — not only in words derived from the Greek, but even in Greek proper names, as in *Cimon,* (Κίμων,) *Alcibiades,* (Αλϰιβιάδης)? Besides this deliberate departure from the English analogy, we indulge ourselves in sundry odd little freaks of pronunciation, which conform to the analogy of no known tongue; such, for example, as our pronunciation of *cui* and *huic;* and these deviations are not only kindly allowed by our grammarians, but actually enjoined. The rules thus laid down for the perversion of the pure sounds of the Latin tongue are commonly given in a chapter on Orthoëpy, which begins with the sarcastic announcement, that "Orthoëpy treats of the right pronunciation of words."

It would not be uninstructive to compare the rules given in these chapters on Orthoëpy in our modern manuals, with the cautions against falling into vulgar errors of speech, found under the same head in the Latin grammars formerly in use in England. In these the greatest attention to the pronunciation of his pupils was urged upon the teacher.

> "Ante omnia deterrendi sunt pueri ab iis vitiis quae nostro vulgo pene propria esse videntur."

Among the errors especially marked out for avoidance, we find several which are now enjoined as the rule of pronunciation; as for example, the sound which we give to the *s* between two vowels.*

> "*S* vero, mediam inter duas vocales corrupte sonant nonnulli, pro *laesus*, *visus*, *risus*, pronuntiantes *laezus*, *vizus*, *rizus*."

The omission of the aspirate in the ch is likewise condemned.

> "Male pro *Christus*, *chrisma*, *Chremes*, efferimus *Cristus*, *crisma*, *Cremes*."

These citations are from Lily's Latin Grammar, first published in the reign of Henry the Eighth, a period when the study of Latin was highly cultivated in England. Great attention was, at that time, paid to the pronunciation of this language. In the elementary works, not only is the pupil warned against palpable errors of the kind above referred to, but slight faults of enunciation are pointed out; and the pupil is warned against carrying into the Latin that inelegant haste which is the vice of English pronunciation. It is undoubtedly true, that, even then, grave errors had entered into the pronunciation of Latin in England, as well as in France. Philology, as a science, had not then even an existence, and the importance of preserving the sound of root letters was a thing unknown. But the value of pure and harmonious sounds was fully appreciated; and, in all that regarded the euphony of the Latin language, the scholars of that day were careful guardians of its purity. The most eminent men of that time did not disdain to interest themselves in its preservation. We have proof of this in a letter addressed by Cardinal Wolsey to the masters of his school at Ipswich, in which he exhorts the teachers to use great diligence in forming the speech of their pupils to elegance and correctness. In order that they may be trained to accuracy in this respect, from their first steps in learning, he directs that especial care shall be bestowed on the pupils of the first or youngest class.

> "Quorum os tenerum formare praecipua cura vobis sit, utpote qui et apertissima et elegantissima vocis pronunciatione, tradita elementa proferant."

But the injury which we offer to the euphony of the Latin language is not the only injustice it suffers at our hands. Our wanton changes in the sounds of the consonants, and especially of the gutturals, introduce a vast number of irregularities that have no real existence in the language; separating not merely words sprung from the same root, from each other and from their original, but estranging cases of the same noun and tenses of the same verb; nay, in the same tense, varying with the person, the root letters of the verb itself; thus, in fact, changing with the time or the speaker, the nature of the action described. Thus, the perfect of *vinco* is *visi.** The effect of this change of sound is sometimes so absurd, that, but for the general habit of laying down all right of private judgment in matters connected with what are called the learned languages, the common sense of even the least observing would take offence at it. For example, in verbs which take the syllabic augment in the perfect, we often make the reduplication consist of a sound totally different from that of the first root letter of the verb. Thus, from *cano*, instead of *cecini* (*kekini*) we have *sesini;* from *cado*, instead of *cecidi*, (*kekidi*) we have *sesidi.* But perhaps the absurdity of this capricious change in the sound of the guttural is nowhere better shown than in the case of verbs compounded with prepositions, where the final letter of the preposition has assimilated itself to the initial of the verb, as in *accipio*, from *ad* and *capio*. In such cases, when we have substituted the sound of *s* for that of *c*, as the initial of the verb, we neither restore to the preposition its original final letter, nor suffer it to follow the law of attraction, and adapt itself to the change, by assuming a sibilant. On the contrary, we leave the accidental prefix in possession of the root letter of which the verb has been robbed, and, in this way, produce a compound which offends both the ear and the judgment. Thus, of *ad* and *cado*, we make *ac-sido;* of *sub* and *cedo* (*kedo*,) *suc-sedo.*

---

* The Romans pronounced the *s* always hard, as the Spaniards do to this day.

Again, by this system of varying the sounds of the consonants according to the vowel by which they are followed, a slight variation in the spelling of a word, such as the transposition or elision of a letter, or a change in the vowel, are sufficient to make a wholly new word of it. When we meet *fac* and *dic* in their uncontracted form, we say *fase, dise;* *certus* and *cretus*, as we pronounce them, will hardly pass for different forms of the same participle. It is manifest how greatly all these irregularities and discrepancies must increase the difficulties of the study of Latin, especially to a child, whose natural perception of fitness is not yet perverted. Nor is this inconvenience confined to the study of Latin. The other ancient languages connected with it, whether more or less nearly, are separated from it, and we lose a great part of the benefit which a previous knowledge of the Latin might yield us in their acquisition. Greek, having suffered less than the Latin from these corruptions, is, for us, rather a new language, than another dialect of the same family. Not only are words of the same origin in Greek and Latin made to forget their affinity, but even proper names, as often as they are written in Roman characters are wholly metamorphosed. Nothing can be more ludicrous than, in the construing of Greek, to hear names of persons and places translated by words wholly dissimilar; as, Κίμων, *Saimon;* Κιλικία, *Sailishya.**

---

* Cæsar's laconic despatch, delivered in our pronunciation, would have been very unsatisfactory. It would simply have stated that he came, saw, and *visited.*

Our false pronunciation of the Latin, moreover, separates many Latin words from words of the same root, in our own language. For example, if we change the first root letter of C*ae*DO to a sibilant, we no longer hear in it our word C*u*T, with which it is identical. *Ceva* is of the same elements with our H*ei*F*er*, C*o*W, and C*al*F; but if we pronounce it *seva*, we miss this analogy, as well as its coincidence with V*acca*, of which it is but an inversion. In C*e*RV*us*, (a *fork* and a *stag*,) when pronounced *servus*, we no longer hear our word FORK; nor do we feel the force of this word as the name of an animal with furcated horns. The name of Ceres, in our pronunciation, ceases to be emblematic; it loses its connection with CR*eo* † and GR*ow*, and their derivatives, C*o*R*n*, GR*ain*, and GR*ass*.

We, indeed, speak inaccurately when we call this alteration of a root letter, a mere change of pronunciation. The pronunciation of words is varied by raising or lowering the vowel tones, or by the interchange of different powers of the same articulation, — as when a Welchman says *coot* for *good;*

---

* It can hardly be thought that we make amends for the diversity we introduce between the sounds of the two languages, by that forcible assimilation of the accent, by which we rob the Greek of that which, according to Quintilian, constituted its chief superiority over the Latin, as the language of poetry.

† The older form is *cereo.*

but if we make *s* the radical, instead of *c*, we substitute one word for another. When we say that *sensus* means *a valuation* (census,) we say what is not; *servus* is not *a stag* (cervus); *sedo** does not mean *I cut* (caedo,) but *I soothe*; when we call *cicer*, *siser*, we call a chick-pea a parsnip.

The change of the sound of the guttural *c* to a sibilant is commonly called, by English grammarians, a *softening* of that sound. But wholly without propriety. *S* is not the soft sound of *c* (*k*).† It is a letter of another class, and of far inferior value. The guttural may be said to be softened, when it passes from its hard sound *c*, to the milder *g*, and from this again to the *j* consonant (English *y*.) If not carried to excess, these changes hardly deserve to be branded with the name of corruptions; since, by this softening process, language, while it resigns something of its rude strength, yet gains in softness and delicacy. It is a change in harmony with man's progress in civilization; an amelioration of manners leading to an increased refinement of speech, and gentler ideas calling for corresponding sounds for their expression. But the further change into the coarse sounds represented in English by the characters *ch* and *j* is a true deterioration. Yet even these corruptions, however unpleasant to a refined ear, follow the regular laws of change, and throw no obscurity over the origin of words. It is otherwise with the change from the sound of *k* to that of *s*. The guttural is the most important and the most deeply significant of articulate sounds. The *s*, on the contrary, is most commonly a servile. It is used in grammatical formations; or, employed as an affix to roots composed of other elements, it acts as a privative or as an intensive. It cannot be a matter of indifference, that we substitute an inferior element for one of the highest dignity. The suppression of an important root letter, or the substitution of a letter of another class, destroys the inherent significance of the word, and reduces that to be a mere arbitrary notation of thought which was its most expressive emblem.

It will perhaps be satisfactory to the general reader, who may not have leisure or inclination to collect the evidence on this subject for himself, to see a brief summary of the principal proofs by which it has been established, that it was not the practice of the ancients to vary the pronunciation of the *c* and *g*; but that these letters had with them one uniform sound before all the vowels.

---

* We pronounce *caedo*, *cedo*, and *sedo*, precisely alike.

† The *s* is itself the hard sibilant, whose softer sound is *z*.

One strong proof is the evident correspondence between the Roman *c* and the Greek Κ. When the Romans wrote Greek words in Latin characters, they used *c* to represent Κ before the vowels *e* and *i* as well as before the other vowels and the liquids; as Cecrops, Κέκροψ; Cibyra, Κίβυρα. The Greeks, on their part, evidently supposed their Κ to have the force of the Roman *c* in all cases; since in writing Latin names they write the syllables *ci*, *ce*, with Κ and not with Σ; as Κικέρων, *Cicero*; Σκιπίων, *Scipio*. Suidas, speaking of the crescent the Roman senators wore on their shoes, calls it, τὸ Ρωμαικὸν κάππα. In like manner the Greek Γ precisely answered to the Roman *g*. The Romans wrote Γερύων, *Geryon*; γίγας, *gigas*. The Greeks wrote Οὐιργίλιος, *Virgilius*. We have, in the words of St. Augustine, evidence that the Greek Γ and the Roman *g* were pronounced alike. He says, "Cum dico *lege*, in his duabus syllabis, aliud Græcus, aliud Latinus intelligit; showing that the Latin *lege* and the Greek λέγε were the same to the ear.

We find, in contracted words, evidence that *c* and *g* retained invariably their guttural sound; as in the supines of *docere*, *facere*, &c. If these words had been pronounced *dosere*, *fasere*, the supines would have been *dositum*, *fasitum*, which, contracted, would have made *dostum*, *fastum*; not *doctum*, *factum*. If the *g* of *lego* had taken the sound of the English *j* before *i* in the perfect tense, the supine must have undergone the same change; and *legitum* must have been pronounced *lejitum*, which plainly could not have been contracted into *lectum*.*

---

* The change from *g* to *c*, in the contracted supines of *legere*, *regere*, &c. takes place by a law which forbids a surd to be immediately preceded by a sonant. It is for the same reason that the *b* of *scribo*, &c. becomes *p* before *s* in the *preterite*, and *t* in the supine. This is a law, not of grammar, but of speech, and is observed even where the change of sound is not indicated by the spelling. Quintilian tells us that, though it was customary to write *obtineo* with a *b*, it was yet pronounced as if written with a *p*. In our own language, we more commonly make the second letter conform to the first, sometimes altering the spelling to suit the change of sound, sometimes neglecting this. Thus *slept* is written as well as pronounced with the surd dental; while *decked*, though it retains the spelling which was used

If *cerno* had been pronounced *serno*, the preterite and supine would have been *srevi*, *sretum*, not *crevi*, *cretum* ; nor could the participle have been written both *certus* and *cretus*, if, in the one case, it had been pronounced *sertus*, in the other, *cretus*.

Further, *c* and *g* were constantly interchanged by the Romans, as well before *e* and *i* as the other vowels ; as, *tricesimus* or *trigesimus* from *triginta ;* and again, as *c* was substituted for *g* before *s* or *t*, so, *n* immediately preceding, *g* sometimes took the place of *c* ; as in *quadringenti*, for *quadrincenti*, &c. The earlier Romans used *c* in words which were afterwards written with *g* ; on the Duillian column, the words *Legiones*, *pugnando*, *magistratos*, are written *Leciones*, *pvcnando*, *macistratos*.

C is also sometimes found in the place of *qu* before *e* and *i ;* as, *coci* for *coqui ; collicias* for *colliquias*.

Again, the same word is found variously written as regards its vowels; thus, *decimus* is sometimes written *decumus*. Quintilian tells us, that Cato wrote *dicem* for *dicam*. This diversity could not have existed, if a change in the vowel sound had required a change in a radical consonant. We must suppose that the *c* in *decimus*, *decumus*, and in *decem*, had one uniform sound; and this sound, without question, must have coincided with that of the *κ* in *δέκα*.

We have already touched upon some of the other proofs ; such as that afforded by the syllabic augment, which frequently took a different vowel from that of the first syllable of the verb; also, that found in the case of prepositions, which, when compounded with verbs, drop their final consonant, and assume the initial of the verb. To these proofs, found in the Latin language itself, we may add the evidence given by the traditionary pronunciation of many words in modern languages, for example, we still find the name of Cæsar * with its ancient sound in the German, *Kaiser*, *an emperor*. The *cicer*, from which the cognomen *Cicero* has

---

when this word was pronounced as two syllables, is pronounced as if written *deckt*. On the other hand, *robbed* and *digged*, though contracted in pronunciation, retain the sound of the sonant *d* after the sonants *b* and *g*.

* This name is, in the Gothic translation of the New Testament, spelt *Kaisar ;* as, *Kaisaragild*, *Cæsar-tribute*. Our Anglo Saxon ancestors commonly spelt it *Casere*.

been supposed to be derived, is still *Kicher* in German. We find the Latin *carcer* in German *Kerker*, and in Welch *carcar, a prison.*

The writings of the Latin grammarians contain the most elaborate disquisitions upon the sounds of the letters ; every variation even of the vowel sounds being commented on, and the exact position of the organs in the enunciation of each letter, as exactly as possible, described. The entire silence, then, of these authors with regard to so remarkable an irregularity in the notation of the Latin language, as the use of one character to denote totally distinct sounds, would be, in itself, sufficient proof that no such irregularity existed. We are not, however, left to this negative evidence. The discussion of the question whether the *k* was to be numbered among the letters of the Roman alphabet, gave occasion, on the part of Latin writers, to the most explicit declarations of the perfect identity of the *c* and *k* as regards the sound they represented. Quintilian, in the chapter on Orthography in his Institutio Oratoria, condemns the use of the *k* in writing Latin words.

"Nam K quidem in nullis verbis utendum puto. . . . . . Hoc eo non omisi quod quidam eam, quoties A sequatur, necessariam credunt ; cum sit C litera, quæ ad omnes vocales vim suam perferat."

Priscian concurs with Quintilian in regarding the use of the *k* as an unnecessary irregularity, and adds that the *q* would be, in like manner, superfluous, but that it seems to distinguish words in which the *u* was silent, — as in *qui* — from those in which it was pronounced, as in *cui*.*

"K enim et Q, quamvis figura et nomine videantur aliquam habere differentiam, cum C tamen eandem, tam in sono vocum quam in metro continent potestatem. Et K quidem penitus supervacua est." L. I. c. iv.

---

* We reverse this rule. Our pronunciation of *cui* makes the nominative feminine (*quæ*) the dative. The custom of writing *cui* with a *c*, in order to distinguish it from the nominative, was introduced in the time of Quintilian. He tells us that, in his youth, it was written *quoi*. It is found on inscriptions written *quoiei*, *quoei*, and *quei*. That the difference between the pronunciation of *qui* and *cui* was anciently correctly observed in England is proved by the directions given by Beda in his treatise on Orthography.

"Q litera tunc recte ponitur, cum illi statim U litera et alia quælibet pluresve vocales coniunctæ fuerint, ita ut una syllaba fiat, cætera per C scribuntur. *Qui* syllaba per *qui* scribitur ; si dividitur per *cui* scribenda est."

And again : —

. . . . . . " quamvis in varia figura, et vario nomine sint K et Q et C, tamen, quia unam vim habent tam in metro quam in sono, pro una litera accipi debent. L. I. c. iv.

" K supervacua est, ut supra diximus ; quæ quamvis scribatur, nullam aliam vim habet quam C." L. I. c. viii.

Most of the other old grammarians concur with Priscian in rejecting the *k*, except in the case of abbreviations. Donatus, Scaurus, and some others, however, defend the use of the *k*, which they contend should be employed before *a*, as the *q* before *u*, the *c* before *e*, *i*, and *o*. But they allege no reason for its use other than the custom of some older writers.* If there had existed so sufficient a reason, as that which occasioned the introduction of the *k* into the English alphabet, they could not have been silent respecting it.

If the wanton changes we make in the sounds of the consonants rob the Latin tongue of much of its force and energy, our false pronunciation of the vowels is equally detrimental to its euphony, and is absolutely fatal to the measure of ancient verse. Such a confusion, indeed, has it introduced into our ideas upon this latter subject, that few persons have any distinct idea of the difference between accent and quantity ; and this is true even of many who, if called upon, could define both terms very accurately. The constant habit of observing the quantity of that syllable only, which gives the rule for the accent, leads naturally to this result. So far is this the case, that it is customary to call the placing of an accent wrongly, giving a " false quantity ; " and such a slip is considered to cast a grave imputation on the scholarship of the offender, who would yet have avoided all reproach, if he had placed the accent of the word rightly, though he had violated the quantity of every syllable. English and American scholars attach vast importance to this matter of accent ; it is indeed the only thing in which they pique themselves upon a conformity with ancient custom. The ear of an English latinist is keenly alive to this horror of a "*false quantity;*" and this, though it is manifest that no one, pronouncing according to the English custom, can read five lines of Latin poetry without giving as many false quantities as he utters words. Is this an exaggeration? We believe it will not be found so, when it is considered that it is only in words having the penultimate long, that we are sure of having the quantity of even one syllable correctly given; and there is still room for one or more errors, according to the number of syllables of which the word is composed. For example, in *dīvīnus* we indeed give the quantity of the second syllable correctly, but we vitiate that of the first, making it short, whereas it should be long; and, in the dative and ablative plural of this word, we add yet another error in the final syllable; again giving a short for a long, and thus depriving the word of onethird of its just proportion of sound.

---

* The origin of this custom was a mode of abbreviation common with the Romans, which consisted in denoting a syllable by a single consonant, when the vowel of this syllable was the same with that by which the consonant was pronounced in the alphabet. Thus *b* stood for the syllable *be ; bne* was read *bene ; c*, in like manner, stood for the syllable *ce ;* but, as the vowel *a* was contained in the name of the *k*, this letter was used to denote the syllable *ca ;* thus *cra* would be read *cera ; kra, cara.*

In words of more than two syllables, where the accent falls on the antepenultimate, it is usual with us to shorten the accented syllable, whatever be its real quantity; as, *frīgidus*, which we pronounce *frĭgidus*, though the accented vowel is long. We except from this rule, however, words in which the vowel of the penultimate is followed by another vowel. In these, we lengthen the accented antepenultimate, unless the vowel of the accented syllable be *i;* in this case we shorten it without scruple. Thus, *măneo, căreo*, &c., have their first syllable pronounced long, though it is short; while in *frīgeo, vīnea*, &c., the first syllable is made short, though in reality long. The *i* then, as the accented vowel of an antepenultimate is always short; the *u*, on the other hand, in the same position, enjoys the privilege of being always long, whatever its just claims in this respect; as in *dŭbito, fŭgito*, &c. But, with regard to words of this class, let Mr. Walker speak.* We will only premise that the passage quoted was not written, as might be supposed, to warn the student against the errors of the English pronunciation of Latin, but, on the contrary, to instruct him how he may more accurately conform himself to them. These directions are particularly designed, as the preface informs us, for the benefit of self-teaching students, whose undirected reason might otherwise, perhaps, have led them to seek the rules of Latin pronunciation in the language itself; or, in the works of ancient grammarians, and who, in the simplicity of ignorance, might even have supposed that quantity had something to do in Latin verse.

---

* We refer to Mr. Walker, in this connection, because we observe that his rules for Greek and Latin proper names have been made the basis of the system of pronunciation inculcated in the grammars used in our principal schools. Mr. Walker is, moreover, we believe, the highest authority for the mispronunciation of words, whether Greek, Latin, or English.

"Every accented antepenultimate but *u*, even when followed by one consonant only, is, in our pronunciation of Latin, as well as of English, short; thus *fabula*, *separo*, *diligo*, *nobilis*, *cucumis*, have the first syllables pronounced as in the English words *capital*, *celebrate*, *simony*, *solitude*, *luculent*, in direct opposition to the Latin quantity, which makes every antepenultimate vowel in all these words but the last, long; and this we pronounce long, though short in Latin. But if a semi-consonant diphthong succeed, then every such vowel is sounded long but *i* in our pronunciation of both languages; and *Euganeus*, *Eugenia*, *filius*, *folium*, *dubia*, have the vowel in the antepenultimate syllable pronounced exactly as in the English words *satiate*, *menial*, *delirious*, *notorious*, *penurious;* though they are all short in Latin but the *i*, which we pronounce short, though in the Latin it is long.

In words of two syllables it is our custom to make the first syllable long, without regard to its actual quantity. The *a* of *vădor*, *I give bail*, and of *vādo*, *I march;* the *e* of *lĕgo*, *I read*, and of *lēgo*, *I depute;* the *i* of *dĭco*, *I dedicate*, and of *dīco*, *I say;* the *o* of Nŏtus, *the South wind*, and of *nōtus*, *known*, receive all the same quantity. The masculine and neuter of *idem* are long alike; *dŭcis*, the genitive of the noun, and *dūcis*, the second person of the verb; *sĕdes*, *thou sittest*, and *sēdes*, *a seat*, know no distinction.

Our method of pronunciation very seldom allows us to give the just quantity to final syllables and monosyllables. These last are commonly pronounced short. *Ōs*, *the mouth*, and *ŏs*, *a bone*, are not distinguished from each other in the nominative; *nihil* becomes *nĭl*, whenever, the sign of the aspirate being omitted, it is written *nîl* (*niil*); although we pronounce the uncontracted form, not only distinctly as two syllables, but change the short vowel of the first syllable to a diphthong (*naihil*); thus depriving this word, at one time, of one half its just measure of vowel sound, and giving it one half more than its due at another. The termination *es*, however, whether as a monosyllable or a final syllable, enjoys the privilege of being always long; thus *ĕs* from *esse*, has the same quantity with *ēs* from *edere;* the last syllable of *milĕs* is as long as that of *quiēs.*

The capricious manner in which the sounds of the vowels are varied in our pronunciation of Latin leads to countless irregularities that have no real existence. The vowel of the nominative case of the noun is sometimes shortened, sometimes lengthened, and not unfrequently changed for a wholly different sound in the other cases. Thus the *o* which we shorten in the nominative of *ōs*, becomes long in *ōris;* the *i* of *mīles,* which is expanded into the sound of the diphthong *ai,* in the nominative, is forced to contract itself to that of short *i* in the genitive *militis.* The verbs also have frequently one vowel sound in the present, and quite another in the imperfect; and, again, recover the first in the perfect; the sound continually shifting, and the quantity expanding or contracting, as the number of syllables is increased or diminished. But, though we thus vary the sounds of the vowels without scruple, where there is no authority for it, yet when these changes actually take place, distinguishing contracted from uncontracted forms, or denoting difference of tense, we either neglect them altogether, or apply them according to the rule of contraries. Thus we make no distinction between the *e* of *pēs* and that of *pĕdis,* but pronounce both long alike; we shorten the *o* of *bōs,* which, as the vowel of a word originally a dissyllable, is long, and yet lengthen the short *o* of the genitive *bŏvis.* We do not observe the distinction between the short *e* of the present and the long *e* of the perfect of *venire;* yet, in the tenses formed from the perfect, we indeed change the quantity, and, as we have made the *short* first syllable of the present *long,* so we make the *long* first syllable of the pluperfect *short.*

If there yet remain any doubt in the mind of the reader, as to the incompatibility of the English mode of pronouncing the vowels with the just quantity of Latin words, let him compare the rules laid down for the sounds of the letters, in the grammar of Andrews and Stoddard, now used in the principal schools in New England, with those given in the same volume for the quantity of syllables. The first direction which is given for the sounds of the vowels is the following: —

"An accented vowel, at the end of a syllable, has always its *long* English sound."

The italics are not ours. It was probably deemed the more essential to impress this rule on the mind of the youthful aspirant for knowledge, inasmuch as, of the six examples given under this rule, of words in which the vowel of the accented syllable is to be pronounced *long*, four, namely, *pă-ter, dĕdit, tŭba, Tўrus*, have the accented vowel *short;* and the bewildered pupil will hereafter find, under the rules for the quantity of first and middle syllables, *dedi* specified as one of seven perfects that have the first syllable *short*. Again,

"*I* is long in the first syllable of a word the second of which is accented, when it stands alone before a consonant, or ends a syllable before a vowel."

The example which illustrates the first part of this rule is *ĭdoneus*, in which the initial *i* is *short*. With the second part — *i is long when it ends a syllable before a vowel* — let the reader compare the first general rule of quantity, "A vowel before another vowel is short." Again,

"When a syllable ends with a consonant, it has always the short English sound."

Well may the student who, reading this comprehensive rule, has begun to flatter himself that the difficulties of Latin quantity have been exaggerated, stand confounded, when, turning over his grammar, he meets with two pages of rules in large print, and exceptions in fine, all devoted to this very subject of the quantity of syllables ending in consonants. Still more will his perplexity increase, when the fourth general rule of quantity meets his eye. This instructs him, that "*a vowel naturally short, before two consonants is long;*" but, turning to the examples which illustrate the rule of pronunciation, that "*a syllable ending with a consonant has its vowel short,*" he finds that, in five of these, namely, in *regnum, magnus, fingo, fustis, cygnus*, the vowel to be pronounced short is precisely in the position, which by the rule of prosody should entitle it to be long. It is but just to state, however, that this rule of pronunciation allows of some exceptions; and the second and third of these chance to agree with the *rule* on page 278, that *es and os, as final syllables are long.* This coincidence, indeed, is but partial; for the rule of pronunciation declares *os* to be long only in plural cases, while the rule of quantity admits, in Latin words, of but three exceptions. On the other hand, the direction to make *es* final long, which, when a rule of quantity, has many exceptions, as a rule of pronunciation has none. But let not the student complain of this slight discrepancy, nor let him ask why that which is the rule on one page of his grammar is reduced to be an exception to an opposite rule on another; let him rather be grateful, that he is allowed to find even this perverse and imperfect conformity between the pronunciation of Latin words and their quantity.

A single word enjoys, under the rules for pronunciation, the dignity of an exception to itself. The word *post,* — in virtue of there being in English a word *post,* in which the *o* is pronounced long *— is entitled to have its vowel long. But this privilege is not extended to the words derived from it; and here the student may again compare what is said of the pronunciation of *postremus,* on p. 4, with the rule of quantity on p. 262, which declares that "derivative words retain the quantity of their primitives."

The labors of the Latin Grammar at length accomplished, the laws of quantity known by theory, and those of pronunciation familiarized by use, the student, perhaps, attempts to put in practice these contradictory rules, and, by their aid, to fathom the mysteries of ancient song. Now is it that, with Mr. Melmoth,† he is lost in wonder at the "exquisite sensibility of the ancient ear," that could find distinctions in the length of syllables in which the duller modern organ can detect no inequality. He has heard, perhaps, that it has been said by some one of elder time, that if, in the first line of Virgil, *primus* had been *primis,* the harmony of the line would be destroyed.‡ He may read the line again and again, but rests in the conviction that, to his ear, the harmony is in no way affected by the change. He feels, indeed, a secret misgiving that all the words in the *Æneid* might be varied indefinitely as to their sound, without its making any particular difference to him. If he be an ingenuous youth, he contents himself with lamenting the obtuseness of his own faculties, and resigns the hope of ever discovering the charm of Latin verse. If he be a bit of a quack, or if his imagination be capable of uncommon flights, he puts a good face on the matter, talks of the melody of Latin poetry, for the benefit of the less imaginative or the more frank, to the end of his Latin-reading days, which most commonly, except with men professedly literary, extend no farther than the term of the academic course.

---

* Yet the pronunciation of the word *post* is in English rather the exception than the rule; most words spelt in this way change the sound of *o* to a sound lying betwen *a* and *o*, but nearer to the first; as, *lost*, *frost*, &c.

† Author of *Fitzosborne's Letters.*

‡ The last syllable of *primus* being short, and that of *primis* long, in Roman mouths; — in the English pronunciation of Latin, both are short alike.

Even in the scanning of verses, according to the English and American mode of practising it, the just quantity of the syllables is wholly neglected. Nothing more is done than to divide the line into the proper number of feet, and the feet into the due number of syllables, these being arbitrarily called long or short, as the case may require; though the ear can discover no such distinction, or, more often, perceives the short to be long, and the long to be short. For an example, we need go no further than the two first feet of the first line of Virgil: —

Armă vĭ | rumquĕ că |

The last syllable of both these dactyls is, by English and American scholars, pronounced long; in the first, the short *i* of *virum* is changed to a diphthong; in the second, the short *a* of *cano* receives the long sound of *e*. But to understand fully what fate the labored lines of Virgil must find in an American mouth, we have but to read the concluding observations on the pronunciation of penultimate and final syllables in the received Latin Grammar.

> "To pronounce Latin words correctly, it is necessary to ascertain the quantities of their two last syllables only; and the rules for the quantities of final syllables would be unnecessary, but for the occasional addition of enclitics. As these are generally monosyllables, and, for the purpose of accentuation, are considered as parts of the words to which they are annexed, they cause the final syllable of the original word to become the penult of the compound. It is necessary, therefore, to learn the quantities of those final syllables *only* which end in a *vowel*."

Nothing more is necessary, then, in order to pronounce Latin, than to know the quantity of the penultimate syllable.

Nothing more is necessary in order to read correctly the elaborated works of those poets whom,* as Cicero tells us, the laws of measure so strictly bound, that no syllable in their verse might be, even by a breath, longer or shorter than was fitting. Well might Mitford assert, that English scholars "seem resolved to confine the doctrine of quantity as something mysterious or cabalistical, to be locked up in the mind, and forbidden in practice."

Yet the whole subject of quantity is extremely simple, and may be easily comprehended by any boy of ten years old. The truth is, all these rules upon rules, and exceptions upon exceptions, would be superfluous, if children were taught from the beginning to pronounce Latin properly; they would, in that case, never err in the quantity or accent of a word, any more than the Romans themselves did. Most of the general rules of quantity would, if the language were correctly pronounced, be deduced from it by the pupil himself. For example, the rule which declares a diphthong to be long. If the learner had been accustomed to sound the two vowels of the diphthong, he would no more need to be told that a diphthong is longer than a simple vowel, than that two syllables are longer than one. But if, instead of pronouncing the diphthong as a double sound, he has been used to give to the broad, full sounds *ae* and *oe*, the sound of *i*, the slenderest of all the vowels, there is no diphthong there, and the rule, which at first seemed superfluous as a truism, now becomes doubly superfluous from the want of any thing to which to apply it. But in truth, we understand by a diphthong not two vowel sounds in one syllable, but two vowel characters written one into the other. So absolutely is this the case, and so coolly taken for granted to be so, that Walker talks, in all seriousness, of "ocular di*phthongs*," and di*phthongs* to the *eye*." It must have been in prophetic vision of the fate his cherished language was hereafter to meet, that Cicero wrote, — "Omnium longitudinum et brevitatum in sonis, sicut acutarum graviumque vocum judicium, nátura in *auribus* nostris collocavit;" a truth which otherwise it had seemed the world hardly needed a Cicero to tell it.

---

* Quos necessitas cogit, et ipsi numeri et modi, sic verba versu includere, ut nihil sit, ne spiritu quidem minimo, brevius aut longius quam necesse est. *De Orat.* L. III. c. xlviii.

Syllables were not arbitrarily called long or short by the ancients. This distinction was founded on fact. Nor was it a nice distinction, perceptible only by a delicate ear;* the difference between a long vowel and a short one was as the difference between two and one. It is well known that the Romans anciently wrote the long vowels with two vowel characters, as *amaabaamus, musaa* (abl.) The genitive of *Pompeius* was written *Pompeiii.* The temporal augments were originally written in full, as *eedi, eemi,* &c. This custom continued, according to Quintilian, until the time of Accius, and even somewhat later. Subsequently, for greater expedition in writing, one of the vowels was omitted, and the apex was placed over the remaining vowel, to mark the omission.† These contractions were made merely for the convenience of the scribe; the syllable lost nothing of its just quantity of sound in consequence.

In order to read Latin, and especially Latin poetry, with propriety, it is necessary that each syllable of each word should receive its just measure of sound. Children should be taught to pronounce accurately, in this respect, from their first entrance into the study of Latin. To facilitate this, it is desirable that, at least in all the books intended for the instruction of youth, every long vowel should be marked as such. All these minute rules for finding the quantity of syllables would be extremely useful to an editor in this view, but it is surely superfluous for each individual to learn by rote a set of tedious rules, of which he is never to make any application, when, by a little pains in his early instruction, all that these are designed to teach might be familiarly known to him by practice. Thus trained, the student would afterwards read Latin poetry, as the Romans themselves read it, without the aid of rules; and, if the composition of verses in a foreign and dead language be deemed a thing desirable, even for this, he would have a guide within himself more unerring than any written laws. It is to be remembered, that the poets did not compose their verses by these rules of prosody, but in conformity with their own poetic sense. — Ante enim carmen ortum est, quam observatio carminis. — The rules were deduced from the writings of Greek and Roman poets; and were thus carefully elaborated at a later time, when the pronunciation having been corrupted, the ear alone could no longer judge of the harmony of ancient verse. Those, therefore, who were ambitious of writing after classic models, studied exactly the compositions of the ancient masters. The labors of the expositors of ancient prosody are most valuable, since, by their help, the student may read the Greek and Roman poets; but they are of use only so far as they are put in practice; enclosed within the covers of a book, or stowed away, with other scholastic lumber, in some unfurnished corner of the brain, they are absolutely valueless.

---

* Longam (syllabam) esse duorum temporum, brevem unius, etiam pueri sciunt. Quint. *Inst. Orat.* L. ix.

† In the case of the *i* this mark of abbreviation was not used; the long or double *i* was denoted by a lengthened character; as in this line from an inscription of the time of Tiberius:

NIL PRO′SVNT LACRIMAE NEC POSSVNT FATA MOVERI.

The omission of a vowel character was also sometimes noted by a slight space and a mark like that of the acute accent; as in *prosunt* in the above line; but this was not common.

Some difficulty may, perhaps, be at first experienced in restoring the just quantity of the syllables in Latin, arising from the fact that we are not, in our own language, accustomed to give the vowel sounds with any fulness or distinctness, except in syllables where the accent falling on a vowel compels us to make some slight rest upon it. Even in this case, we make the delay as short as possible; while, to an unaccented vowel, we allow barely that amount of sound which is necessary to give voice to the consonant which precedes it. The ancients gave to the long vowels their full measure of sound, even in their common discourse; and so sensitive was the Roman ear to these distinctions of quantity, and so little license was permitted to the poets in this respect, that Cicero, speaking of the just, intuitive sense of harmony and number possessed even by those who were wholly ignorant of the rules of versification, says that if, on the stage, the smallest offence was offered to the laws of measure, so that even a single syllable was made either shorter, or longer, than was just, the whole theatre clamored against it.* The moderns, not less than the ancients, are endowed with this discriminating sense; but to enable them to exercise it upon Greek and Latin poetry, it is necessary that the just quantity of syllables should be exactly observed. The first step towards this must be the restoration of the correct sounds of the vowels.

---

* De Orat. L. III. c. l.

It is a little remarkable, that while we alter the sounds of the Latin vowels to accommodate them to the supposed rule of pronunciation in our own language, we have a number of Latin words in common use among us that still retain, by tradition, their original sound. Thus we pronounce the word *dōs* always short in Latin, though we have in English *dose*, the same word with the same meaning; namely, *something given.* We give to the short *i* of *bĭbo* the sound of the diphthong *ai*,* though we have the word *bibber*, which might have been a guide to the Latin word from which it is derived. The *a* of *draco* takes, in our pronunciation, the sound of the long *e;* yet our English *dragon* has preserved the sound and the short quantity of this vowel, and that without the hint of a double consonant. A child's first book is still called his *primer*, though, to agree with the pretended rule of English pronunciation by which the *i* of *primus* is changed to a diphthong, it ought to be called his *praimer*. The *i* of *vinum*, and also of our *wine* and *vine*, is made to suffer this change; but the sound which this vowel originally had, both in the Latin and the English words, is still heard in the compounds *vinegar* and *vineyard.*

It is not now easy to ascertain at precisely what period this corruption of the vowel sounds entered into the English pronunciation of Latin. The change probably took place, as in the English language itself, very gradually. It did not, however, escape the censure of English scholars. Many attempts were made, at various periods, first to arrest the progress of these corruptions, and afterwards to reform them. We find, scattered through the writings of men of letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, complaints of the deterioration of the pronunciation of Latin, and the inconveniences resulting from it; this language no longer serving as a medium of oral communication between English scholars and those of the continent of Europe. From among those who have censured the barbarous pronunciation of Latin among their countrymen, and have desired to reform it, we cannot select a higher authority than that of Milton. In the letter addressed by him to Mr. Hartlib on the subject of education, among the first rules which he lays down for the exercises of the pupils in his model school, is the following in regard to their instruction in Latin:

---

* See first note on p. 439.

> " Their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as possible to the Italian, especially in vowels. For we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a Southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward; so that *to smatter Latin with an English tongue is as ill a hearing as Law-French.*"

Ainsworth does not neglect to call attention to this subject.*

> " With much reluctance, I remark that foreigners hold us little better than barbarians in many parts of pronunciation."

He particularly reprehends the neglect of the quantity of the vowels, and the " depraved sound " of the *c* and *g* before *ae*, *oe*, *e*, *i*, and *y*.

> " The irregular and uncertain pronunciation of these letters proves often a great discouragement to those who desire to learn our tongue; and this, together with our different sound of the vowels, makes our Latin almost as unintelligible as our English. . . . . This I leave to the consideration and redress of the learned schoolmasters of this kingdom, as well deserving it."

Philipps,† in his " Method of teaching Languages," published 1750, speaks of the very faulty and unpleasant manner in which Englishmen pronounce Latin. He describes his mode of teaching this language to a youth placed under his care, and tells us that he took " special care " to wean him from his awkward manner of pronouncing.

> " He gave me a great deal of trouble for some months on this head; so that I had much ado to persuade him to open his mouth; for he pronounced the vowels very badly, especially the *a* and *e;* for instead of *amo*, he pronounced *emo;* and when he pronounced *emo*, *to buy*, he called it *imo;* and instead of *imo*, *yes*, he said *aimo*."

---

* In the later school editions of his dictionary, the remarks on pronunciation have been omitted.

† Philipps was preceptor to some of the princes of the royal family. He was a man of excellent classical attainments, and possessed, what was even then rare among the scholars of England, a familiar acquaintance with many modern tongues.

Philipps speaks of this inelegant mode of pronouncing Latin as of a thing common, indeed, yet not, even in his time, universal. For he says, "Many gentlemen in England still speak Latin like men, *ore rotundo*." *

The learned and able Dr. Foster, in his Essay on Accent and Quantity, animadverts upon the violence done to the quantity of the ancient languages by the English mode of pronunciation. After commenting on the attachment to quantity professed by modern scholars, he says: —

> "And yet this very quantity they do all (most of them without knowing it,) most grossly corrupt. This assertion, I am aware, is very repugnant to the prejudices of many persons, who have long flattered themselves with an opinion, that, in their pronunciation of Greek and Latin, they strictly adhere to the right quantity, and will therefore startle at the very mention of their violation of it. Yet this, I am persuaded, will appear to an attentive English reader, who shall make trial of a few lines, either in verse or prose, in any ancient author with this view. He will find, I believe, that he pronounceth as *long* every short penultimate of all dissyllables, and every *short* antepenultima of all polysyllables that have their penultima short too."

Mitford, in his "Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language," published towards the close of the last century, points out the absurdity of introducing into the Latin the eccentric pronunciation of the English, represents its incompatibility with the true quantity of syllables, and proposes the restoration of the ancient sounds of the vowels as still heard in the Italian. These attempts at reform, however, had to encounter the opposition offered by the prejudices or vanity of those, who, educated under the old system, were unwilling to find themselves left behind by the progress of improvement. They were likewise distasteful to many persons engaged in the teaching of Latin, who found both their interest and their reputation for learning involved in the proposed change. Another obstacle was found in the very narrow attainments of English scholars, "many, or perhaps most, of the most learned of them," as Mitford writes, "being little acquainted with any living language but their own, and wholly unpractised in any other pronunciation." This obstacle to reform probably no longer exists in England, and certainly cannot now impede it in our country. Our scholars are familiar with the languages and literature of continental Europe, and there are, indeed, few persons among us, who acquire a knowledge of the Latin, that do not add to it, at least, that of the French and Italian.

---

* The correct pronunciation of the Latin vowels was taught in Winchester College until the middle of the last century.

We quote Dr. Kraitsir's views of the importance of the restoration of the pronunciation of Latin.

> "It may still be well to answer the question, which indolence and a want of taste for truth so often put. Of what importance is this subject? If it is not enough to answer, that, in a universe which is a universe because it turns round one centre, the truth must be useful, because it is truth; we can but refer our reader to all we have said of the science of philology, and all we have implied. The philosopher whose single aim is truth, and who devoutly believes that there is no fact which does not cover an infinite depth, no truth without infinite living consequences, will need nothing more. On the other hand, the man of the world and the tender mother will be satisfied to know, that the true pronunciation of languages brings out their intrinsic affinities, their approximation as they approach their origin in time, and their identification, at the centre of mind; so that many languages can be learnt, when treated in this way, at once more rapidly and more thoroughly, than any one language can be acquired isolated, and consequently cut off from the principles of universal language.
>
> "But a sufficient reason for recovering the true pronunciation of Latin is *its beauty*. To put the vowel sounds in such harlequin costume, as they are found in the English language, is a crime against Roman taste, which should terrify us with the expected ghosts of a nation, so devoted to order and symmetry."

The difficulty of making this change is not so great as might be thought, even to those who have for years accustomed themselves to a false pronunciation. The reading Latin aloud, correctly, an hour or two a day, for a few weeks, will be quite sufficient to banish the old method from our regard. The true sounds are so harmonious in themselves, and so consistent with the genius and structure of the language, that they recommend themselves at once, both to the ear and the judgment. As they become familiar, we feel, for the first time, the dignity of Roman eloquence, the melody of ancient verse. It is as if a shrivelled mummy had suddenly started into life and vigor, and re-indued itself with the bloom and charm of youth.

We have dwelt thus at length upon this topic, because we wish to make the matter clearly understood by that large class of persons in this country, of intelligent and cultivated minds, who, yet, not having passed through the regular course of scholastic studies, are obliged, in the education of their children, to take things very much upon trust. If it be desirable that such a number of years, and these taken from that period of life most valuable for the acquisition of knowledge, should be devoted to the study of the ancient languages, it is surely desirable that, in compensation of all this toil, at least a knowledge of these languages should be acquired.

There is no branch of education which stands in greater need of the quickening touch of reform, than the study of the ancient languages. It is freely allowed, both in this country and in England, that notwithstanding the disproportionate amount of time bestowed on the study of Latin, very few Latin scholars are formed. Yet the language itself certainly presents no greater difficulties now, than when it was readily spoken and written by all educated persons; nor is there any good reason why it should be a harder task to us, than to the Germans of the present time. The unsatisfactory result of our efforts is then to be attributed to the erroneous system of instruction. Nothing, it must be allowed, can be more wearisome or pedantic than this system; nothing could be better adapted to disgust the learner with the study, before he reaches an age at which he could judge of its importance. Children of tender years are required to oppress their memories with grammatical rules and disquisitions, which would tax severely a mature intellect. These are so obscurely, often so inaccurately worded, that they are intelligible only when read by the light of a previous knowledge of the facts they pretend to expound. Many of these rules, when disrobed of their cumbrous phraseology, appear mere truisms; they are, in many cases, so trivial, so often resting on no other foundation than the whim of some ancient pedant, that they make us realize fully the good sense of Quintilian's assertion, that it is one of the first requisites of a grammarian, to know that there are things which are not worth the knowing.

There is no reason, except the unnatural manner in which they are taught, that the ancient languages should be so much more difficult of acquirement than the modern. On the contrary, as they are more regular, more complete in their grammatical forms, and no longer subject to the empire of caprice, a knowledge of them may be acquired with greater ease and certainty. These languages are not dead; or, if dead, yet so choicely embalmed, that they miss of life only the power of growth and the chances of decay.

Reform in matters connected with teaching, and especially the teaching of the ancient languages, has been impeded in this country by the superstitious deference we pay to the practice of the English universities, to which we are accustomed to look as to the well-heads of learning. In this connection, we may quote the words of Dr. Foster, himself a son of one of these time-honored institutions, and one of those whose scholarship has reflected honor on their Alma Mater. He speaks thus of the *Academiæ auctoritas.*

> "Although the name of a university be weighty and venerable, yet, when we consider it as consisting of fallible individuals, it greatly abates of that awe its name might otherwise inspire."

We make no quarrel with a respect for things old and established; nor would we willingly see lessened that love and reverence with which our transplanted England turns to her elder home. But the European England of the nineteenth century has no more claim to this title of "the Old," than ours of the Western world. The relation in which these countries stand to one another is not that of parent and child, but that of brother to brother. It is for each to give and take mutual example of zeal for the cause of truth and progress; it is for neither to form itself slavishly by the other. Let, rather, both turn to that venerable England, whose children we, as they, truly are, and among whose sons we may find men on whose pattern it might, indeed, not misbecome us to model ourselves; men who looked to right, and not to custom; who sought for truth, and did not ask after authority.

Art. IX. — *Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley.* By E. G. Squier, A. M., and E. H. Davis, M. D. From the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge. Published for the Authors. New York: Bartlett & Welford. 4to. pp. xxxix. and 306.

The volume before us worthily commences the series of the publications of the Smithsonian Institute. In its character and execution it does credit to the auspices under which it has appeared. The subject to which it relates, besides being of great interest, and hitherto but little explored, is exclusively an American subject, but at the same time one that presents claims to the attention of scholars in other countries. The researches and discoveries which the work details are not merely fitted to excite temporary wonder and surprise, but have an important bearing on the ancient history of our Continent, and the much vexed question of the origin and extent of the Mexican semi-civilization.

For a long time it had been known, that there was a vast number of ancient earthworks spread over the western part of our country. But the ideas with regard to them were, for the most part, vague and confused. Ignorance and charlatanism had combined to obscure the subject. It had not been understood, whether they were the remains of tribes of the present Indian race, or of some ancient and unknown people. Few of them had been carefully examined. Their objects, the differences in their construction, their relation to ancient remains in other countries had never been studied. The crowding occupations of frontier life allowed little attention to be devoted to these remains of the past, while the plough and the spade often aided the efforts of time to obliterate their traces.

At length, Mr. Squier, with an enlightened zeal, determined to investigate the extent and character of these works. In his researches, he was aided by Dr. Davis, of Ohio. They commenced their operations in the spring of 1845, and continued them, with slight intermission, until the summer of 1847. They brought to their undertaking the qualities necessary to its successful accomplishment; and the volume which contains the results of their labors gives evidence of their intelligence, energy, and accuracy. We shall attempt to present, in a concise form, the more remarkable features of their investigations and discoveries.

"The ancient monuments of the Western United States," says Mr. Squier, who is the writer of the volume, "consist for the most part of elevations and embankments of earth and stone, erected with great labor and manifest design." In connection with these works are found relics of art, consisting of ornaments and utensils of various kinds, and formed of stone, copper, clay, shells, bone, and other substances. They are spread over a vast extent of territory, from the Lakes on the North to the Gulf of Mexico on the South, and from the base of the Alleghanies on the East to the Rocky Mountains, and perhaps, but this is very doubtful, to the Pacific, on the West.* They are by no means uniformly distributed over this immense district, but are found most numerous in the valleys of streams, or on the summits of the neighboring hills; and it has been noticed in many cases, that they occur in great numbers near points which have become the sites of the most flourishing towns of the present inhabitants.†

"Nor is their magnitude less a matter of remark than their number. Lines of embankment, varying in height from five to thirty feet, and enclosing areas of from one to fifty acres, are common; while enclosures of one or two hundred acres are far from infrequent. Occasional works are found enclosing as many as four hundred acres. The magnitude of the area enclosed is not, however, always a correct index of the amount of labor expended in the erection of these works. A fortified hill in Highland county, Ohio, has one mile and five-eighths of heavy embankment; yet it encloses an area of only about forty acres. A similar work on the Little Miami river, in Warren county, Ohio, has upwards of four miles of embankment, yet it encloses little more than one hundred acres. The group of works at the mouth of the Scioto river has an aggregate of at least twenty miles of embankment; yet the entire amount of land embraced within its walls does not probably much exceed two hundred acres."

---

* Mr. Squier states in a note to the opening chapter, that "the mound-builders seem to have skirted the southern border of Lake Erie, and spread themselves in diminished numbers over the western part of the State of New York." This opinion later investigations have led him to modify. In an interesting paper, read before the New York Historical Society and reported in the N. Y. Daily Tribune of January 3d, 1849, giving a brief description of the earthworks of New York, he says, "I am driven to a conclusion, little anticipated when I started upon my trip of exploration, that the earthworks of Western New York were erected by the Iroquois or their western neighbors, and do not possess an antiquity going very far back of the discovery."

† For instance, at Marietta, Portsmouth, Cincinnati, &c., in Ohio; Frankfort in Kentucky; St. Louis in Missouri.

Such are the embankments.

"The mounds are of all dimensions, from those of but a few feet in height and a few yards in diameter, to those which, like the celebrated structure at the mouth of Grave Creek in Virginia, rise to the height of seventy feet, and measure one thousand feet in circumference at the base. The great mound in the vicinity of Miamisburgh, Montgomery county, Ohio, is sixty-eight feet in perpendicular height, and eight hundred and fifty-two in circumference at the base, containing 311,353 cubic feet. The truncated pyramid at Cahokia, Illinois, has an altitude of ninety feet and is upwards of two thousand feet in circumference at the base. It has a level summit of several acres area. The great mound at Selzerstown, Mississippi, is computed to cover six acres of ground. Mounds of these extraordinary dimensions are most common at the South, though there are some of great size at the North. The usual dimensions are, however, considerably less than in the examples here given. The greater number range from six to thirty feet in perpendicular height, by forty to one hundred feet diameter at the base." pp. 4, 5.

These earth and stone works fall naturally into the two classes, of Enclosures and Mounds. Mr. Squier has subdivided these clases under the heads of Enclosures for defence, and for sacred and miscellaneous purposes, and Mounds of Sacrifice, of Sepulture, and Temple Mounds. In this division we shall follow him. The enclosures vary as much in form as in size.

"Perhaps the larger portion of them are regular in outline, the square and the circle predominating. The regular works are almost invariably erected on level river terraces, great care having evidently been taken to select those least broken. The irregular works are those which partake most of the character of defences, and are usually made to conform to the nature of the ground upon which they are situated, running along the brows of hills or cutting off the approaches to strong natural positions. The square and the circle often occur in combination, frequently communicating with each other or with irregular works, directly, or by avenues consisting of parallel lines of embankment. Detached parallels are numerous." p. 6.

It is a fact well worth noting, as one from which an inference may be drawn with regard to the state of knowledge among the builders of these works, that many of them are geometrically perfect in shape, the squares and circles being accurate squares and circles, and in some cases polygonal works being equilateral. It is the more remarkable, as these works often embrace areas of many acres, and the embankments necessarily extend to great length. In connection with this fact, it is deserving of mention that five works in the valley of the Scioto river, Ohio, exhibit a combination of the square and two circles of corresponding dimensions, the sides of each of the squares being ten hundred and eighty feet in length, and the diameters of the circles being a fraction over seventeen hundred, and eight hundred feet respectively.

The works which have a defensive character occupy, as has already been noticed, the strongest positions; either upon the summits of hills difficult of access, or cutting off the peninsulas and headlands formed by the rivers and large streams. The positions appear to have been chosen with great care. On the hills, they always occupy the highest points, and are never commanded by neighboring elevations. "The embankment is thrown up along, and a little below, the brow of the hill, varying in height and solidity as the declivity is more or less steep and difficult of access." At the entrances and the points most easily approached, the walls overlap each other; and there are frequently interior lines of embankment. In many cases, a mound is situated near these points, within or without the walls, apparently to serve as a lookout, from which an approaching enemy might be observed.

From the numerous descriptions of defensive works which are given by Mr. Squier, we select one which will convey a general idea of the features of the class. It is a work in Highland county, Ohio, known as Fort Hill. "The defences occupy the summit of a hill which is five hundred feet above the bed of Brush creek at its base. Unlike the hills around it, this one stands detached and isolated." "Its sides are steep and precipitous; and except at one or two points, if not absolutely inaccessible, extremely difficult of ascent." "The top of the hill is level and has an area of not far from fifty acres, which is covered with a heavy primitive forest of gigantic trees. One of these, a chestnut, standing on the embankment, measures twenty-one feet in circumference; another, an oak, which also stood on the wall, though now fallen and much decayed, still measures twenty-three feet in circumference. All around are scattered the trunks of immense trees in every stage of decay; the entire forest presenting an appearance of the highest antiquity."

"Thus much for its natural features. Running along the edge of the hill is an embankment of mingled earth and stone, interrupted at intervals by gateways. Interior to this is a ditch from which the material composing the wall was taken.* The length of the wall is eight thousand two hundred and twenty-four feet, or something over a mile and a half. In height, measuring from the bottom of the ditch, it varies from six to ten feet, though at some places it rises to the height of fifteen feet. Its average base is thirty-five or forty feet. It is thrown up somewhat below the brow of the hill, the level of the terrace being generally about even with the top of the wall, but in some places it rises considerably above. The outer slope of the wall is more abrupt than that of the hill; the earth and stones from the ditch, sliding down fifty or a hundred feet, have formed a declivity for that distance, so steep as to be difficult of ascent even with the aid which the trees and bushes afford. The ditch has an average width of not far from fifty feet; and in many places is dug through the sandstone layer upon which the soil of the terrace rests. The inner declivity of the ditch appears to have been terraced." pp. 14, 15.

There are thirty-three openings in the wall, most of which appear to have been designed to let off the water which might otherwise accumulate in the ditch. There are three depressions or ponds within the enclosure, the water in the largest of which, when full, must have covered nearly an acre.

"Such are the more striking features of this interesting work. Considered in a military point of view, as a work of defence, it is well chosen, well guarded, and with an adequate force impregnable to any mode of attack practised by a rude or semi-civilized people. As a natural stronghold, it has few equals; and the degree of skill displayed, and the amount of labor expended in constructing its artificial defences, challenge our admiration and excite our surprise. With all the facilities and numerous mechanical appliances of the present day, the construction of a work of this magnitude would be no insignificant undertaking." p. 16.

---

* Lest it should occur to our readers that the builders of this work were no greater adepts in the art of military defence than one of our distinguished generals in the late war with Mexico is said to have been, it should be observed that, in building such a work on the slope of a hill, the earth would naturally be thrown from the inside, outwards. In the case of these ancient defensive works on level ground, the ditch is on the outside.

> "The evidence of antiquity afforded by the aspect of the forest is worthy of more than a passing notice. Actual examination showed the existence of not far from *two hundred* annual rings or layers to the foot, in the large chestnut tree already mentioned, now standing upon the entrenchments. This would give nearly *six hundred* years as the age of the tree. If to this we add the probable period intervening from the time of the building of this work and its abandonment, and the subsequent period up to its invasion by the forest, we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that it has an antiquity of at least *one thousand years.* But when we notice, all around us, the crumbling trunks of trees half hidden in the accumulating soil, we are induced to fix upon an antiquity still more remote." p. 16.

There is a curious work built of stone on Duck river, Tennessee, cutting off a peninsula formed by the junction of two branches of the river. It encloses an area of thirty-two acres, and the labor in constructing it must have been enormous, as it appears that the walls are from eight to ten feet high, and sixteen feet in thickness at the base by five at the top. The wall, stretching across the point of the peninsula, is guarded by two ditches, one sixteen to twenty feet in width by six or eight in depth, and the other, in some places, seventy to eighty feet wide, and from twenty-five to thirty feet deep.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that almost invariably provision seems to have been made for a supply of water within the walls of these works. This fact, together with their vast size, leads to the supposition that they must have been used as the retreats of great numbers of people, obliged to withstand a long siege, and that, perhaps, the largest of them may have been defences raised around the villages of the nation.

Such are some of the principal features of these ancient defensive works. We now pass to the description of the sacred enclosures.

The structure, the form, and the position of many of the earthworks conclusively prove, that they could not have been intended for defensive purposes; and the situations in which they are found, and the character of the mounds which are associated with them, in most cases afford satisfactory evidence, that they were in some manner related to the religious observances of the people who erected them.

"They are mostly regular in their structure, and occupy the broad and level river bottoms, seldom occurring upon the table lands, or where the surface of the ground is undulating or broken. They are usually square or circular in form; sometimes they are slightly elliptical. Occasionally we find them isolated, but more frequently in groups. The greater number of the circles are of small size, with a nearly uniform diameter of two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet, and invariably have the ditch interior to the wall. These have always a single gateway, opening oftenest to the east, though by no means observing a fixed rule in that respect. It frequently happens that they have one or more small mounds, of the class denominated sacrificial, within the walls. These small circles occasionally occur within larger works of a different character. Apart from these, numerous little circles, from thirty to fifty feet in diameter, are observed in the vicinity of large works. They consist of very slight embankments of earth, and have no entrances or passage-ways. It has been suggested, that these are the remains of ancient lodges or buildings. The accounts which we have of the traces left of the huts of the Mandans and other Indians, at their deserted villages, render this supposition not improbable. It sometimes happens that we find small circles embracing large mounds; these can hardly be regarded as of the same character with that numerous class already noticed.

"The larger circles are oftenest found in combination with rectangular works, connected with them directly, or by avenues. Some of these circles are of great extent, embracing fifty or more acres. They seldom have a ditch; but whenever it occurs, it is interior to the wall. As in the case of the square and rectangular works to which they are attached, (which, it is believed, never have ditches, exterior or interior,) the walls are usually composed of earth taken up evenly from the surface, or from large pits in the neighborhood. Evident care appears in all cases to have been exercised in procuring the material, to preserve the surface of the adjacent plain smooth, and as far as possible unbroken. This fact is in itself almost conclusive against the supposition of a defensive design, especially as we have abundant evidence that the mound-builders understood perfectly the value of the external fosse in their works of defence. The walls of these works are for the most part comparatively slight, varying from three to seven feet in height. Sometimes they are quite imposing; as in the case of the great circle at Newark, Licking county, Ohio; where, at the entrance, the wall from the bottom of the ditch has a vertical height of not far from thirty feet. The square or rectangular works attending these large circles are of various dimensions." p. 48.

"Another class of works, probably akin to those here noticed are the parallels, consisting of slight embankments, seven or eight hundred feet in length and sixty or eighty feet apart."

The variety of these works is so great that it would be impossible, from a detailed description of any one of them, to gain a general idea of the whole. The larger and more remarkable of them present also such a complication of embankments, that it would be difficult, without the assistance of the admirable plates by which they are illustrated in the volume before us, to give an intelligible account of their construction. The work at Newark, referred to in the extract above quoted, covers an extent of about two miles square, and exhibits a combination of all the different forms which have been described. A still more remarkable work near Portsmouth, at the confluence of the Ohio and Scioto rivers, consists of three divisions or groups, extending for eight miles along the Ohio river, and connected by parallel lines of embankment, measuring about four feet in height by twenty feet base. The walls of the principal works are about twelve feet high by about thirty-five or forty feet base. In the whole, there are upwards of twenty miles of embankment.

The number and magnitude of such works convey a striking impression of the character of their builders; of their populousness, their power, and their spirit of combined action.

A singular class of earthworks has been met with at the West, the object of which is not understood. It consists of *graded ways*, which are found proceeding from one river terrace to another, or from the terraces to the banks of the rivers. A work of this description occurs in Piketon, Ohio. "It consists," says Mr. Squier, "of a graded ascent from the second to the third terrace, the level of which is here seventeen feet above that of the former. The way is ten hundred and fifty feet long, by two hundred and fifteen wide at one extremity, and two hundred and three feet wide at the other, measured between the bases of the banks." The embankments upon the outside, vary from five to eleven feet in height, while at the lower extremity upon the inside they are twenty-two feet high. It is a little curious, that the easy ascent thus formed has been made use of in the construction of a turnpike which now passes between these walls. "From the end of the right-hand wall, upon the third terrace, extends a low line of embankment, (now much obliterated by the construction of the turnpike,) two thousand five hundred and eighty feet long, leading towards a group of mounds," and connected with another line of embankment of less length. We must wait for further investigations to explain the object of a work exhibiting so great labor, and the relation in which it stands to the others we have described.

A few earthworks have been found in the Ohio valley, which do not come under the head of enclosures, and yet which cannot technically be designated as mounds. They are erections of earth in the form of animals, clearly distinct from the animal-shaped works occurring in some of the North-Western States, and of which we shall have to speak hereafter, but like them difficult to account for in respect to their origin and their object. The most extraordinary work of this kind which has yet been discovered is what is called the Great Serpent, in Adams county, Ohio. It is situated on the summit of a hill; the head rests near one end, while the body stretches back in snake-like undulations for seven hundred feet, the tail terminating in a triple coil. The embankment of which it is formed is about five feet in height by thirty feet base at the centre of the body, but diminishing somewhat toward the head and tail.

> "The entire length if extended would be not less than a thousand feet. . . . . . The neck of the serpent is stretched out and slightly curved, and its mouth is opened wide, as if in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure which rests partially within the distended jaws. This oval is formed by an embankment of earth without any perceptible opening, and is perfectly regular in outline, its transverse and conjugate diameters being one hundred and sixty and eighty feet respectively. . . . . Upon either side of the serpent's head extend two small triangular elevations ten or twelve feet over. They are not high, and although too distinct to be overlooked, are yet too much obliterated to be satisfactorily traced." p. 97.

The coincidence is striking between the form of this remarkable work and those superstitions both of the ancient world and of the Mexicans, in which the serpent appears as a symbol of divinity or an object of worship.

In Licking county, Ohio, is another work of a similar character. It is a rude representation of a lizard. The figure is about two hundred and fifty feet long by forty wide, the legs extending on each side thirty-six feet. "The framework is composed of stones of considerable size. The superstructure is of fine clay, which seems to have been brought from a distance, as no signs of excavation are apparent in the vicinity."

Such are these "wild enormities of ancient magnanimity." No other works resembling them have as yet been discovered in Ohio or the Southern States. We can only speculate on their origin and object. Nothing is known with regard to them but their existence.

The investigations of Mr. Squier having been confined to the Middle States, his work furnishes comparatively scanty information in respect to the ancient remains in other parts of the country. The facts concerning them which he has been able to collect are, however, of so interesting a nature, that it is much to be hoped that he may extend his researches through the Northern and Southern States, or that his example may incite others, more favorably situated, to undertake the necessary investigations.

The character of the ancient monuments in the Southern States seems to differ essentially from that of those which we have already described. Very few, in comparison with their great number, seem to have been erected for defensive purposes. Few enclosures of any kind occur, but in their place are found mounds of various forms, distinguished for their extraordinary regularity and great size. The truncated pyramid having a graded ascent to the top, and strikingly resembling, if not identical in shape with, the Mexican *teocalli*, is a form of frequent occurrence. The great mound at Seltzertown, Mississippi, "consists of a truncated pyramid six hundred feet long by about four hundred broad at its base, covering nearly six acres of ground. Its sides correspond very nearly with the four cardinal points, its greatest length being from east to west. It is forty feet in perpendicular height, and is surrounded by a ditch at its base of variable dimensions, but averaging perhaps ten feet in depth. It is ascended by graded avenues. The area on the top embraces about four acres." There are upon it ten mounds; two of large size, represented to be nearly forty feet high, and eight much smaller.*

We must conclude, from the form of this and other similar works, that they were the sacred places, the temples, of their founders. We shall refer again to the inference to be drawn from their resemblance to the religious structures of Central America and Mexico.

The remains in the North Western States, so far as they have been examined, offer features entirely peculiar. It is doubtful whether enclosures for defence exist, and lines of embankment of any sort are rare. The ground, however, has been little explored, so that we possess too few facts at present to admit any positive generalization. The tract of country lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, through which the great Indian trail passes, is crowded with curious remains. "They consist of elevations of earth, of diversified outline and various size, for the most part constituting effigies of birds, beasts, reptiles, and of the human form; but often circular, quadrangular, and of oblong shape." Although very frequently extending to more than a hundred feet in length, they are rarely elevated more than one or two feet above the ground. They are seldom found isolated, but generally in groups arranged in various figures. Sometimes they are placed one after the other in long succession, on the level prairie; and sometimes in circular or irregular clusters. Most of the groups have one or more conical mounds connected with them, from which the whole collection of works may be overlooked.

Some of these works have been excavated, and have been found to contain human remains, while others have been opened without affording traces of any deposit. It is not unlikely that the existing tribes of Indians have used these earthworks as burial places; and that the bones which have been found have been placed in them within a comparatively recent period. However this may be, we are as yet entirely unable to explain the purposes of these curious works. They present an enigma to be solved, if at all, only by careful and extended research.

---

* This curious feature is found in many of the ancient Mexican religious works. See Prescott, *Conquest of Mexico*, vol. i. p. 72; and it presents a general coincidence with the shape of many of the sacred structures of India and China.

We have deferred thus long the account of the mounds of the Ohio valley, that we might speak of them in connection with the relics of art which have been found in them. There is as yet no accurate account of the similar relics found in other portions of the country.

We have already noticed, generally, the great number of these mounds and their various dimensions. Like the enclosures, they are formed of earth, and, in some rare cases, of stone or clay, which must have been brought from a distance. They are situated, for the most part, within or near enclosures, though in some cases they are detached far from any other work. Till a late period, they have been believed to have served no other purpose than as places of sepulture; but the investigations of Mr. Squier have brought to light many curious facts, which prove that a comparatively small proportion of them are mounds of sepulture. The first class, according to Mr. Squier's arrangement, is that of the Altar or Sacrificial mounds. These occur only within, or in the immediate vicinity of enclosures, and are distinguished by two very remarkable circumstances. First, they are what, for want of a better term, may be called stratified.

Secondly; they cover altars of burned clay or stone, "on which are deposited various remains, which in all cases have been more or less subjected to the action of fire."

The stratification always conforms to the convex outline of the mound; and gives evidence of great care in their erection, by its regularity and completeness.

The altars are of various symmetrical shapes. "Some are small, measuring barely two feet across, while others are fifty feet long by twelve or fifteen feet wide. The usual dimensions are from five to eight feet." They appear, for the most part, to have been modelled of fine clay, and are usually burned hard, sometimes to the extraordinary depth of ten, fifteen, and even twenty inches. Some altars have been found but slightly burned, and it is remarkable that these are destitute of remains. The altars usually rest on the surface of the earth, or are raised slightly above it, on a layer of sand.

In a mound near Chillicothe, seven feet high by fifty-five base, a shaft five feet square was sunk from the apex. It passed first through a layer of coarse gravel and pebbles of a foot in thickness, then through a stratum of earth about two feet thick. Beneath this occurred an even layer of sand, a little over an inch in thickness. Then came another deposit of earth eighteen inches deep, succeeded by another layer of sand; this was followed by a similar deposit of earth above one of sand, which rested on still another stratum of earth, a few inches thick, beneath which was an altar, or basin of burnt clay.

This altar was perfectly round. On the outside, it measured nine feet in diameter. It was hollowed in the middle, and the cup was five feet across. Its greatest height was twenty inches.

> "The body of the altar," says Mr. Squier, "was burned throughout, though in a greater degree within the basin, where it was so hard as to resist the blows of a heavy hatchet, the instrument rebounding as if struck upon a rock. The basin, or hollow of the altar was filled up evenly with fine dry ashes, intermixed with which were some fragments of pottery, of an excellent finish, and ornamented with tasteful carvings on the exterior. One of the vases of elegant model, taken in fragments from this mound, has been nearly restored. A few convex copper discs, much resembling the bosses used upon harnesses, were also found. Above the deposit of ashes, and covering the entire basin, was a layer of silvery or opaque mica, in sheets, overlapping each other; upon which, immediately over the centre of the basin, was heaped a quantity of burned human bones, probably the amount of a single skeleton, in fragments. The layer of mica and calcined bones, it should be remarked, to prevent misapprehension, were peculiar to this individual mound, and were not found in any other of the class." p. 145.

About two feet below the surface of this mound, a human skeleton was found; and in many other mounds that were opened, skeletons were found resting near the summit. The strata are always broken and confused above them, showing that they have been buried since the completion of the mound. In relation to this point, Mr. Squier says: —

> "It is a fact well known, that the existing tribes of Indians, though possessing no knowledge of the origin or objects of the mounds, were accustomed to regard them with some degree of veneration. It is also known, that they sometimes buried their

dead in them, in accordance with their almost invariable custom of selecting elevated points and the brows of hills as their cemeteries." p. 145.

A long mound, situated very near to that which we have described, presented, upon being excavated, several features of much interest. The altar, owing to its great size, was not completely uncovered, but enough was exposed to show that it must have been about sixty feet long, while its breadth at the base was fifteen feet, and eight feet at the top. Near the centre of the altar, two partitions were carried across it transversely, forming a small basin about eight feet square. Within this the relics which had been deposited in the mound were found.

"Upon penetrating the altar," says Mr. Squier, "(a task of no little difficulty in consequence of its extreme hardness) to ascertain its thickness, it was found to be burned to the depth of twenty-two inches. This could hardly be accounted for by the application or continuance of any degree of heat from above, and was therefore the occasion of some surprise. A more minute examination furnished the explanation. It was found that one altar had been built upon another; as if one had been used for a time, until from defect or other causes, it was abandoned, when another was *recast* upon it. The process had been repeated three times, the outline of each successive layer being so distinct as to admit of no doubt as to its cause. The partitions were constructed subsequently to the erection of the altar, as is evidenced from the fact that they were scarcely burned through." p. 150.

An even layer of earth was heaped up to the height of the partitions, all over the altar, and upon this were traces of numerous pieces of wood, four or five feet long and six or eight inches thick. "They had been somewhat burned, and the carbonized surface had preserved their casts in the hard earth, although the wood had entirely decayed. They had been heaped over while glowing, for the earth around them was slightly baked." The remains which were found on the altar were very numerous and of great variety. They had evidently been subjected to an intense heat, which had cracked to pieces the articles of pottery and most of those of stone, so that from more than a bushel of pieces of quartz and manganese garnet, which had been formed into "spear heads," only four perfect specimens were recovered. A single arrow point of *obsidian** was found, and a number chipped out of limpid quartz.

"One of these was four inches in length, and all were finely wrought. Judging from the quantity of fragments, some fifty or a hundred of these were originally deposited on the altar. Among the fragments were some large pieces of the same material, shaped like the blade of a knife. Two copper gravers or chisels, one measuring six, the other eight inches in length, also twenty or more tubes formed of thin strips of copper, an inch and a quarter long by three-eighths of an inch diameter, were found among the remains. A large quantity of pottery, much broken up, enough perhaps to have formed a dozen vessels of moderate size, was also discovered. Two vases have been very nearly restored. They resemble, in material and form, those already mentioned, and have similar markings on their exterior. Also a couple of carved pipes; one of which, of beautiful model and fine finish, is cut out of a stone closely resembling, if indeed not identical with, the Potomac marble, of which the columns of the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington are made. The other is a bold figure of a bird, resembling *the toucan*, cut in white limestone." p. 151.

The appearance of the basin upon which these remains were lying, gave evidence that human bones had been burnt upon it.

In the character of this altar and the remains which rested upon it, we again, as in so many instances, meet with facts for which we are unable to account. We are at a loss to conjecture what could have been the object in forming one altar over another, or why divisions, such as have been found in no other case, should have finally been made within the basin. Still more curious is the question which the calcined bones upon this and other altars suggest. Were the bodies of the dead burned here? or were living victims committed to the flames upon these altars, in obedience to a horrid superstition? The human sacrifices of the ancient Mexicans may countenance the latter supposition.

Among the great number of mounds of this class which were examined, no two presented the same features in detail. Each had points of interest peculiar to itself. The character of the relics found upon the altars was extremely various, though it was noticed as a curious feature, that upon particular altars some one article seemed often to predominate. Thus, in several instances, remains of pottery, accompanied by little else, were found; in another instance, not far from two hundred pipes carved in stone were discovered on a small altar; these were accompanied by pearl and shell beads, and numerous articles of copper. The number of these pipes, however, was not so remarkable as the beauty and skill with which they were formed. The bowls were carved figures of animals.

---

* We believe that *obsidian* is not found *in situ* north of the volcanic region of Mexico on this continent.

> "All of them," says Mr. Squier, "are executed with strict fidelity to nature, and with exquisite skill. Not only are the features of the various objects represented faithfully, but their peculiarities and habits are in some degree exhibited. The otter is shown in a characteristic attitude, holding a fish in his mouth; the heron also holds a fish; and the hawk grasps a small bird in his talons, which it tears with its beak. The panther, the bear, the wolf, the beaver, the otter, the squirrel, the raccoon, — the hawk, the heron, crow, buzzard, swallow, *paroquet*, *toucan*, and other indigenous and southern birds, — the turtle, frog, toad, rattlesnake, etc., are recognized at first glance." p. 153.

These are the most remarkable relics which have been found in the mounds. Their character is so striking, and leads to such valuable conclusions with regard to the progress of art among the mound builders, that we shall speak of them again hereafter.

One of the mounds which was opened presented in place of the usual sand strata a layer of large flat stones. The altar itself was formed of earth faced with slabs of stone of regular form and thickness, and fitted closely together. In another mound which presented various features of great interest, the basin of the altar, measuring seven feet in diameter, was paved with the utmost precision with small round stones. They were firmly laid in the sand and presented a regular and uniform surface. Upon them rested a thin layer of charcoal and burned human bones. "Ten well wrought copper bracelets were also found, placed in two heaps, five in each, and encircling some calcined bones, — probably those of the arms upon which they were originally worn." These two mounds are the only ones, as yet described, which possess altars of stone.

Another mound presented features of such anomalous character as to lead to some doubts whether it should be referred to this class.

"It has two sand strata; but instead of an altar there are two layers of discs chipped out of hornstone, some nearly round, others in the form of spear-heads. They are of various sizes, but are for the most part about six inches long, by four wide, and three quarters of an inch or an inch in thickness. They were placed side by side, a little inclining, and one layer resting immediately upon the other. Out of an excavation six feet long by four feet wide, not far from six hundred were thrown. The deposit extends beyond the limit of the excavation on every side." p. 158.

But we must leave this class of mounds, although we have by no means exhausted the points of interest in Mr. Squier's chapter upon them. We pass to the Mounds of Sepulture. Scattered over the country which the mound builders occupied, these monuments occur in almost numberless profusion, sometimes standing isolated and solitary, sometimes in close connection with other works. Numerous, however, as they are, they were not the burial places of the nation, but the tombs of single favored individuals. Only one of them, the celebrated Grave Creek Mound on the banks of the Ohio, has been found to contain more than a single skeleton of the ancient race. The forms of burial throughout the nation seem to have varied but slightly. The body was enveloped in bark or coarse matting, of which the dust now alone remains, or placed in a rude sarcophagus of wood, which, although long since crumbled away, has left its impression in the earth which surrounded it. In a few instances, a sepulchral chamber has been found built up of stones. Works of art of various kinds were deposited with the dead. Bracelets and other personal ornaments were most common. Sometimes weapons and vases of pottery have been found, and often large sheets of mica cut into regular forms lie in profusion about the skeletons. These remains are alone unchanged by time; the skeletons themselves crumble into dust under the slightest touch, like those of the royal inhabitant of the Etruscan tomb. From all the mounds of this class which were opened only one perfect skull could be recovered.*

---

* Mr. Squier states that "in the barrows of the ancient Britons, entire well preserved skeletons are found, although possessing an undoubted antiquity of at least eighteen hundred years."

In most of these sepulchral mounds, a layer of charcoal has been found a few feet below their surface. It varies in extent in different cases, "and would seem to indicate," says Mr. Squier, "that sacrifices were made for the dead, or funeral rites of some description, in which fire performed a part, celebrated. This is further confirmed by the fact that fragments of bones, and some few stone implements have been discovered in the layer of charcoal. The fire in every case was kept burning for a very little time, as is shown from the lack of ashes, and by the slight traces of its action left on the adjacent earth. That it was suddenly heaped over while glowing is also certain."

In a few cases, it has appeared that the body of the dead was placed upon a funeral pile and burned, before being covered by the earth. No sign distinguishes the tomb of the chief, or the priest. The heap of earth preserves no record of the name or title of its occupant. His hope of an immortal remembrance is fulfilled, but his memory has perished.

Another chapter has been added to the history of urn-burial by discoveries made in some of the Southern States. Earthen vases have been found within mounds, buried beneath the level surface of the earth, containing human remains, generally, but not always, burned. When unburned, the skeleton appears to have been packed in the vase after the flesh had been decomposed. In the mounds near Camden in South Carolina, ranges of these vases have been disinterred; while in other places in Carolina and Georgia they have been found in still greater number. We must wait, however, for further investigations to determine over what extent of country this method of burial prevailed, and to show what inferences may be drawn from it in regard to the state of civilization among the Southern mound builders.

We have already noticed the temple or sacred mounds of the Southern States. As we proceed northward this class of mounds becomes of more and more rare occurrence. Their distinctive features are, however, clearly marked. The great truncated mound at Cahokia, Illinois, is even more remarkable than that of Selzertown, Mississippi. Its form is that of a parallelogram, seven hundred feet long by five hundred wide at the base. It is ninety feet in height. Upon one side is a terrace, to which a graded ascent leads up. Many years ago, by a strange chance, this terrace became the garden of the monks of La Trappe. The investigations with respect to these temple mounds have, as it were, just begun. Much more remains to be done than has already been accomplished, and there can be no doubt that the result of a thorough examination of them will be of great interest and value in showing the relations between the works of the ancient inhabitants of the different portions of the continent, and their comparative advance in civilization.

Many mounds have been examined in the course of the researches in Ohio, which, from some anomaly in their construction, do not appear to belong to any of the classes before described. One of the most curious of them presented the features both of an altar and sepulchral mound, while it possessed some points entirely peculiar to itself. Other mounds have been found composed of closely compacted ashes mingled with bits of charcoal and burned bones. "It has been suggested that these mounds were composed of the ashes of the dead, burned elsewhere, but finally thus heaped together."

Some small mounds have been observed, composed altogether of small stones. These differ entirely from the rude heaps of stones which are scattered through our country, and which are doubtless to be ascribed to the modern Indians. A large heap near Chilicothe, measuring one hundred and six feet in length, by sixty in width, and between three and four in height, was opened by throwing the stones out from the centre without disclosing any remains.

The last class of mounds is that of the mounds of observation. These are found on the tops of hills, and on other commanding points, their object being suggested by their position. The signs of fire which still mark some of them would seem to show that beacon fires were lighted upon them to give notice of approaching danger, and they are oftentimes so placed that the flames might have been seen for many miles around. Still, even this supposition must be received with doubt.

We have already had occasion to speak of some of the remains of ancient art which have been found in the mounds; and we shall now, following as usual Mr. Squier's text, proceed to describe some of them more particularly. They have only been found either with the dead or upon the altars before described; and such articles alone have been recovered as have been able to resist the decaying influence of time. Articles of pottery, bone, ivory, shell, stone, and metal remain unchanged, while those of wood or cloth have left nothing but their dust and their impressions to show that they once existed.

The specimens of pottery which have been recovered have been found only within the altar mounds, and always in fragments. It has been possible very nearly to restore a few of the vessels so as not only to preserve their graceful forms, but to show the character of the ornaments upon their sides. They very far surpass in elegance and beauty of finish any of the pottery of the existing Indian tribes, and resemble in their general appearance the works of the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians. They are, for the most part, made of a fine clay with a slight silicious intermixture, and present the appearance of having been moulded by the hand alone. Many of them are of such delicacy, and of so small size, that they can have been intended only for some rare service; the greater number, however, are comparatively coarse and large.

A few terra-cottas have been found in the mounds; others have been ploughed up at the South, where they are said to be abundant. Many of them are pipes shaped into the forms of animals or human heads. Some years ago an article of baked clay was found near Nashville, Tennessee, shaped into a caricatured likeness of a human head, and containing six small clay balls, which must have been inserted before the burning of the plaything. But however curious these scattered images may be in themselves, they have not as yet been collected in sufficient numbers to admit of any conclusions in regard to the progress of the arts of design among this ancient people.

The only metals which appear to have been worked by the mound builders are copper and silver, and the latter has been found in only a single undoubted instance. Galena in its native state, has been discovered in considerable quantities in the mounds. The use of iron seems to have been unknown; nor did the mound builders possess the knowledge of smelting copper, or alloying it with tin, after the manner of the Mexicans, to give it an artificial hardness. They appear to have worked it cold, and to have shaped their copper instruments by simple hammering. This is the more strange, as the heat upon the altars was often so great as to melt the articles which were placed upon them, a circumstance which could hardly have escaped the notice of their builders.

There is no doubt that the mines of Lake Superior were extensively worked by this forgotten people. The miners of the present day have found traces of their excavations and the remains of their implements, while the copper articles rescued from the mounds of Ohio, have proved upon examination to be made of the mineral from the Lakes. Axes and gouges, drills, gravers, spear-heads, and knives of this metal, some of them highly finished, are among the implements which have been found in the mounds ; and polished copper bracelets, gorgets, round discs, buttons, and beads, were ornaments with which the mound builders decorated themselves.

It would be impossible here to enumerate in detail the various articles of stone, shell, and bone, some of them designed for use, some for ornament, some uniting both these objects, and some whose purpose can only be conjectured, which have been discovered by the explorer of the mounds. Many stone weapons, arrow-points, spear and club heads, axes and knives, were laid by the side of the dead warrior, or thrown upon the burning altar. Peaceful and domestic implements and ornaments were also often buried. Stone pestles and pipes, long tubes of a fine grained slate and limestone, beautifully polished, and drilled with exquisite precision ; needles and awls of bone ; myriads of beads, the use of which must have been as extended among this ancient nation as among the modern Indians, of every shape and size, and made of shell, bone, the tusks of animals, and very many even of pearls, are some of the articles which have been disinterred.

The perforated teeth of the wild cat and the wolf, and plates of mica cut into various forms, which may have been hung as ornaments upon the dress, occur not unfrequently. Many ornaments of carved and polished stone, perforated with fine holes, have been met with, which, according to their shape, may be supposed to have been used for pendants and gorgets.

But by far the most curious and interesting class of relics are the sculptures. We have already quoted Mr. Squier's account of those which were found in one of the altar mounds, but they deserve a more detailed description. The mound builders had advanced beyond the mere rudiments of art. Their sculptures, although simple in design, exhibit the greatest fidelity to nature and delicacy of execution. They surpass in these respects any similar works of semi-civilized nations with which we are acquainted. They exhibit none of those extravagances, the caricatures of nature, in which the art of such nations usually indulges itself. They give evidence of careful observation and refinement of taste. The skill of the artist was chiefly exhibited in the construction and ornament of the pipe; indeed, scarcely any sculptures are noticed which were not designed to form this implement.* It is not too much to infer, that the pipe held the same important place with the mound builders as with the Indians of the present day.

Among the great variety of figures found in the mounds, four only represent the human head. Other sculptures of the head have been found, however, in such position as to leave little doubt that they are the work of the mound builders. The general accuracy of the sculptured representations of animals justifies us in believing these heads to be faithful copies of nature and to present with accuracy the features of this dead race. We learn from them that the mound builders tattooed or painted their faces, that they sometimes wore rings in their ears, sometimes pearls in a fillet around their heads. We are brought, as it were, face to face with them, and buried long as they have been, we find that they possessed characteristics of feature which mark them as one of the branches of the great American family of nations.

The sculptures of animals embrace many of the species which are now found within the region of the mounds. They rival the modern bronzes of Paris in their animation and accuracy. The hawk is found tearing a small bird, the swallow just springing forward for his flight, the tufted heron striking a fish. "Nothing" says Mr. Squier, speaking of this last figure, "can surpass the truthfulness and delicacy of the sculpture." The minutest feathers are shown; the articulations of the legs of the bird, the gills, fins, and scales of the fish, are all represented; yet this miniature figure forms part of a pipe which, in its greatest dimensions, is but four inches by two.

---

* The shape of the ancient pipes differed widely from that of those now in use, and can hardly be understood without an engraving. We give Mr. Squier's description. "They are always carved from a single piece, and consist of a flat, curved base, of variable length and width, with the bowl rising from the centre of the convex side. From one of the ends, and communicating with the hollow of the bowl, is drilled a small hole which answers the purpose of a tube; the corresponding opposite division being left for the manifest purpose of holding the implement to the mouth." p. 228.

Thus we might go on through the long list of birds and reptiles; but the examples we have selected will serve to give an idea of the general characteristics of the other sculptures. One important fact, however, is still to be noticed. Not only are the animals of the region of the mounds represented, but in two, and perhaps more, instances animals which could never have inhabited that part of the country are sculptured with equal accuracy and spirit. Seven representations of the *manitus*, or sea cow, have been taken from the Ohio mounds. This animal is found only in tropical waters. It is rarely met with on the coast and in the rivers of Florida, and, we have the highest authority for stating, that it can never have occupied much more extended limits on what is now the coast of the United States. Sculptures of the toucan, also, a bird known only to the tropics, and rarely occurring even so far north as Mexico, have been found with the other figures in the Western mounds. We shall speak hereafter of the inferences to be drawn from these and other analogous facts.

With the present appliances of art, it is difficult to conceive the amount of labor which must have been bestowed upon these sculptures to give them their accuracy of form and beauty of execution. The first slow process must have been to rub or grind them upon other stones, perhaps with the aid of some silicious powder, to bring them into a rough shape; they must then have been finished with sharp cutting instruments, and the hand as well as the eye of the sculptor must have been well practised, to enable him to shape the clear outline, to cut the fine marks, and to trace the delicate feathers with such beauty and finish. The material of which many of the figures are composed is a red porphyry, so hard as to turn the edge of the finest tempered knife.

The cutting instrument of the mound builders cannot have been metallic ; it was probably of obsidian, which, although capable of receiving a fine edge, is easily blunted and chipped. A high value must therefore have been placed upon works elaborated only with such difficulty and so long labor; and this inference is curiously corroborated by the care and ingenuity with which we find the sculptures, when broken, were repaired. Sometimes holes were drilled diagonally in the detached parts, into which copper wire, or wooden pegs were inserted, thus binding the pieces together. Sometimes bands of copper were placed around the fracture, while "occasionally the entire pipe, when much injured, seems to have been plated over with that metal."

We have from time to time, within a few years, had accounts of the discovery of stone tablets bearing alphabetical or hieroglyphical inscriptions. Some of them have excited much attention both in this country and in Europe. German, Danish, and French philologists and archæologists have been laboriously disputing about the character of the most noted of these tablets, the one said to have been discovered in the Grave Creek Mound. Mr. Squier shows by a few general considerations the great improbability of the mound builders having possessed an alphabetical or hieroglyphical system, and in an able paper read by him before the American Ethnological Society, and published in the second volume of their valuable transactions, he has satisfactorily proved that little credit is to be attached to the pretended genuineness of the Grave Creek tablet.

A tablet is figured in the work before us, which was found in a mound in Cincinnati. The figure engraved upon it is regular and simple. Mr. Squier suggests, that, like the stamps of burned clay in Mexico, it was "used in impressing ornaments upon the clothes or prepared skins."

In another Ohio mound, several sculptured tablets, each representing a coiled rattlesnake, were discovered. Their object must of course be matter of conjecture. It is not improbable that they were connected with the superstitions of their makers. The rattlesnake was a symbol of wide use and important signification among the ancient Mexicans and the nations of Central America, and a similar superstition may have extended among the northern race of mound builders.

Only one skull incontestably belonging to this race was recovered entire in the course of these investigations. It was submitted for examination to the eminent craniologist, Dr. S. G. Morton. It presented in a striking degree "features characteristic of the American race, but more particularly of the family which he denominates the Toltecan, and of which the Peruvian head may be taken as the type."

In his concluding chapter, Mr. Squier presents a few of the more prominent and striking inferences to be drawn from the facts he has so laboriously collected. With the same good judgment which is shown throughout his work, he indulges in no uncertain speculations. Certain general conclusions must be adopted in view of the facts presented.

The race of the mound builders was numerous and widely spread. From the general similarity of their remains in all portions of the country, we may conclude that their customs, manners, and religion were essentially the same throughout the whole of the vast territory which they covered. The number and magnitude of their works proves that they were a stationary people. When we consider the immense labor which must have been expended in erecting many of these works, labor which would be immense even with the aids of our own day, we are prepared to believe that the population must have been dense, and admitting this fact, we must admit still further, that in proportion to the density of the population must have been the practice of agriculture among the nation as a means of support. This agricultural character is shown by the very position of their more important works, which are almost universally situated in the most fertile portions of the country. This view is also sustained by the character of their works of defence. It is obvious that they were intended to resist a series of aggressions; that they are the works of a people exposed to frequent attacks, who by long experience had become skilled in the art of defence. The magnitude of their religious works likewise proves, at the same time, the fervor of their superstition and their long establishment throughout the country in which they erected such memorials of their religion.

These conclusions might be supported at great length, but they are so obvious that it would be an unnecessary labor to do more than state them. Still, they are all that can be told as certain with regard to the lives of the mound builders. As yet, all else is matter of conjecture. The people left no record of themselves on pictured or sculptured walls. No inscriptions recording the deeds of their race, are on their tombs or their temples. No hieroglyphic stones contain the history of their rulers or the narrative of their wars. There is no monument from which may be decyphered the story of their lives. All is buried in impenetrable obscurity. Their origin, their power, their disappearance are all equally unknown. They utterly passed from the memory of the succeeding races. Tradition of them had perished before history was ready to receive it.

It is not possible to determine with certainty even the period when they flourished. We have noticed some of the indications of the antiquity of their works. Trees whose positive age is six or eight hundred years are growing on their embankments, surrounded with the mouldering trunks of others still more old. The forests of which these trees formed a part, which cover the ancient enclosures, are not to be distinguished from the primitive forests where no clearing has ever been attempted. "The process by which nature restores the forest to its original state, after being once cleared," says President Harrison, "is extremely slow." It is the work not of a few years, but of centuries.

The circumstance that none of the ancient remains are found on the latest formed terrace of the Western rivers is a fact of much importance in estimating their probable antiquity. We are inclined to believe, however, that although in many cases this terrace has been formed since the occupation of the country by the mound builders, that they may have been deterred from erecting any permanent structures upon it, where it did exist, by the recurring danger of its overflow by the river.* We make this suggestion simply because we are unwilling to adduce any argument for the antiquity of these remains which may be open to question.

In some instances, the rivers in shifting their channels have encroached upon the works, and afterward receded to a considerable distance from them. "In the case of the High Bank Works, the recession has been nearly three fourths of a mile, and the intervening terrace or 'bottom' was, at the period of the early settlement, covered with a dense forest." This recession and subsequent forest growth must of necessity have taken place since the river encroached upon the ancient works.

---

* We are aware of the objection to this view, in the fact that the latest formed terrace is frequently raised so much above the level of the stream as to preclude the possibility of overflow.

From these and other similar facts, it must be left to geologists to ascertain the age of these remains. No general rule can be given with regard to the action of the Western streams, by which even their approximate age may be determined. We may be sure, however, that it is an age measured by many hundreds of years. Mr. Squier, with a spirit worthy of high commendation, has shown no desire to enhance the interest attaching to these works by ascribing to them a very high antiquity. In this respect, as throughout his book, he gives evidence that his chief object has been to present the simple truth rather than what might excite attention as extravagant or wonderful.

We have now gone through this volume, and even in the brief abstract we have given, the interest and value of the researches whose results are contained in it, has, we trust, been distinctly shown. There remain a few words yet to be added. Mr. Squier refrains from entering upon the subject of the origin of the mound builders and their relation to the other American nations. He proposes to treat of these, and of other points connected with them, in a future more elaborate work. While waiting for this with raised expectations, as it will undoubtedly add much to our knowledge of the ante-Columbian history of our continent, we would present here a few general considerations respecting the race of the mound builders.

We have already noticed the coincidences between the form of some of the more remarkable temple mounds, and that of the teocallis of Mexico. The resemblances might be traced at much greater length. We have described the Serpent Mound, and although we are ignorant of its object, it cannot but recall the important place which the symbol of the serpent held in the ancient Mexican superstition. We have seen that obsidian is not unfrequently found among the deposits in the mounds, and this mineral can only have been brought from the volcanic region of Mexico. The sculptures of the toucan prove an acquaintance among the mound builders with the birds of Central America. The pearls which form the eyes of their sculptured figures, and which were used as ornaments, can only have come from fisheries on the Gulf. These facts, and others which might be added to them, prove a connection between the mound builders and the ancient inhabitants of Mexico.

The question now arises, how intimate was this connection? Was it that of two distinct races, or was it that of branches of the same family? Resting our conclusion upon the character of the sculptured heads, and of the skull found in the mounds, setting aside all facts with regard to which a doubt might exist, we are led to the belief that the ancient inhabitants of Mexico and the ancient inhabitants of the United States belonged to the same family; that is, to the Toltecan family of races.

It is the opinion of the learned and venerable Mr. Gallatin, and his opinion in all such matters is entitled to the very highest consideration, that "whatever may have been the origin of agriculture in America, it undoubtedly began between the tropics."* Maize, which was the chief foundation of American agriculture, was, according to Mr. Gallatin's view, indigenous in Mexico, and its cultivation spread from that country north and south. It is impossible that an agricultural people, such as we have seen the mound builders must have been, could have possessed any other plant capable of yielding a sufficient supply of food for their support. Their agriculture was then of Mexican origin.

Adopting this opinion, we must conclude that the race of mound builders themselves originated from the South. It is Mr. Gallatin's opinion that they were a colony from Mexico.

The chronology of the traditions of the early history of Mexico is extremely vague and uncertain. The period of the possession of that country by the Toltecs cannot be fixed with any pretension to accuracy. It may have been, according to the doubtful opinion now commonly received, somewhere about the seventh century of our era. That they were dwellers in the country for several centuries, that they left the indelible impress of their civilization upon the races who succeeded, and then passed away mysteriously as they had come, are matters of less doubt. The mound builders may have been a colony from this race. If this were the case, it would give their works an antiquity of about a thousand years.

---

* *Transactions of the American Ethnological Society.* Vol. I., p. 198.

Another, and perhaps a more probable, opinion with regard to this forgotten race, would make them the original stock of the Toltec family. A tradition, universally spread among the ancient inhabitants of Mexico, declares that the Toltecs came from the region of the North. Much fruitless labor and research have been expended in determining the place from which they sprang. It is not impossible that they descended from the valley of the Mississippi. Migrating from the North to the South, the colder regions were left for warmer and more productive countries. The pressure of enemies may have given additional inducement to their migration, and slowly, year after year, the whole nation may have left their temples and burial places, and passed to strange lands and new abodes.

Should this view be correct, we must ascribe to their remains in the United States, at least, an equal antiquity with those of the Toltecs in Mexico and Central America, if not, indeed, a higher one. This would serve to explain the evidences of extreme age which some of them present. It is, perhaps, easier to attribute to them a greater than a less antiquity than a thousand years.

But if we adopt this view, we are compelled to give a northern origin to their agriculture. This difficulty can only be removed by the supposition that the valley of the Mississippi was as suited to the indigenous growth of maize as the plains of Mexico. We hesitate to suggest this view, in opposition to Mr. Gallatin's opinion, but the climate and soil of the valley of the Mississippi were, perhaps, as well fitted as the more southern parts of the continent for the production of maize. Future researches may determine which of these hypotheses, or whether either of them be correct.

Here we stop. The same mystery which shrouds the disappearance of the Toltecs of Mexico, shrouds that of the mound builders of the North. They laid the foundations of works for eternity,

> "But sad mortality o'erswayed their power,"

and they themselves utterly passed away. We know not what fearful pestilence, or what terrible enemy may have overcome them. Other perished nations have survived in the history of their conquerors. But no historian existed for this people. No wandering poet, singing for all ages, told the story of their deeds, or the tale of their wrongs. Ruler and subject, priest and warrior, are buried in one overwhelming oblivion. Forgotten by men, their record is with God alone.

We have already stated that Mr. Squier has in preparation a work which will contain the general results which he has deduced from his discoveries, and his subsequent studies. Such a work promises to be a very valuable contribution to the Ethnology of this country. The science of Ethnology is yet in its infancy. Embracing the results of widely separated investigations, leading to highly important conclusions with regard to the distribution and progress of our race, it is a science which may well engage the attention of students in all portions of the world. But America is the field from which the richest harvest is to be reaped. Not only does it offer for study the interesting and anomalous civilization of its ancient inhabitants, but nowhere else are to be found at present so many races, existing under circumstances so well suited for the investigation of their characteristics and destiny. Our scientific men will not permit such opportunities to be lost. Already, in different parts of the country, the science is beginning to receive the attention which it deserves.

We cannot close without expressing our hope, that Mr. Squier may be encouraged to proceed in investigations which no other is fitted to accomplish so successfully. Every year is adding to the difficulty of exploring the memorials of the mound builders. Works of the highest interest in every portion of the country are yet to be examined. Their investigation cannot but throw new light on the ante-Columbian history of America. If any thing is to be done to illustrate the dark subject of the origin of the American civilization, it is to be done in this field. No other subject presents such powerful claims to the attention of American archæologists. It is not possible for one man unaided to accomplish all that should be done. It is hardly to be expected that even one of our historical or literary societies should alone furnish the necessary aid. But why should not several of them join in a work which it is the common interest of all to have accomplished? Let them form an honorable partnership to effect it. The New York Historical Society have already shown their interest in the subject by enabling Mr. Squier to undertake the examination of the ancient works in their own State. The Historical Societies of our Southern and Western States will not refuse to do their part, and the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester could make no better disposition of their fnuds than by aiding such a work. It was proposed by this Society, at one time, to publish Mr. Squier's volume among their transactions; a second volume from him would be no less worthy of a place there than the first.

Art. X. — *Illustrated Poems.* By Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney. With Designs by Felix O. C. Darley, engraved by American Artists. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 8vo. pp. 408.

This edition of Mrs. Sigourney's Poems is uniform with the superb Philadelphia editions of Longfellow, Willis, and Bryant, the fact of a poet's appearing in so beautiful a dress being of itself evidence of fame. The reputation of Mrs. Sigourney, indeed, is so well established, that she may be said to occupy a place from which she can neither be depressed by detraction nor elevated by panegyric. Reviews are instituted to anticipate the slow decisions of time, to make "the future in the instant;" and they doubtless often do good service by speaking the moderate language of posterity about books which have been exposed to immoderate puffing or censure from contemporaries; but after a reputation has been fixed on a solid basis of public esteem, they can do little more than point out the causes of success, and leave the task of inflating or depressing it to the professors of admiration or malice. Accordingly, in noticing this collection of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, we have no intention of going into a formal review of the book, but we wish simply to perform a somewhat tardy act of justice to an accomplished countrywoman, who presents a double claim to attention as an early contributor to this Journal, and as a prominent name in American literature. This edition of her poems is composed partly of judicious selections from her former publications, and partly of new poems, and it conveys a much better impression of her powers than would be gained by a scrutiny of her complete works.

The volume contains about a hundred poems. They are on a variety of subjects, and in a variety of forms, but they all bear unmistakable marks of one mind, looking at nature and human life from one position. Their leading peculiarity is devotional sensibility, and their leading charm the extreme, the translucent purity of thought and feeling displayed in the expression of the religious and domestic affections. As is the case with most female poets, Mrs. Sigourney's powers act with intensity only on those subjects which have fallen within her own experience, or which spontaneously fasten on her womanly sympathies. She does not evince that masculine imagination, by which the mind passes out of its own individual relations of sex and person, and animates numerous and widely different modes of being. Her poems not only declare her at once to be a woman, but a woman who, as far as regards composition, has disciplined her mind into one or two moods, and persists in seeing every thing under their conditions. Though there is no lack of freedom in expression, the reader still feels certain that there will be no inconsistency of emotion and purpose, however various may be the topics of her poems, — that the passions will ever be represented in their due relations to an exacting religious sentiment, and that the rush of sensibility, by which, in a sensitive mind, the feeling of the moment, whether joyous or despairing, colors every thing with its gloomy or glittering hues, will be resolutely checked by a predominating sense of moral obligation. Her mind, therefore, is not flexible and impassioned, but didactic ; and fancy, feeling, understanding, and imagination all obey rules, — obey them, it is true, without strain or struggle, and almost with the quickness of instinct, but still in this obedience manifesting subjection, not sovereignty.

It is evident that a religious mind, thus subject to the higher powers, and at the same time confined within its own realm of thought and emotion, would perceive nature and human life always in their relations to God, but would have the range of its perceptions narrowed by the limitations of its own personality. We have, therefore, to make one or two more distinctions in considering Mrs. Sigourney as a poet of the religious and domestic affections, before we can reach the source of her merits or defects.

The truth of the all-pervading presence of a conscious Deity in nature, and of a Providence in the sorrows and joys of mankind, seems to have been fixed in her mind as a doctrine before it was felt as an overpowering conception or emotion; and, consequently, she rather goes to nature and life prepared to look and search for the signs of divine presence, than to be amazed by having the overwhelming truth suddenly flashed into her mind from without, through the vital processes of imagination. Accordingly, though she has a deep and thoughtful feeling of holy things, her hymns rarely rise to the raptures of holy passion, in which the soul, by a divine disinterestedness, seems to dissolve its whole individual being into one ecstatic song of adoration. This last mood of mind, the highest and grandest exercise of imagination, and the perfection at once of what is purely religious and purely poetical, it is no disparagement to Mrs. Sigourney to say she does not possess; for it is the loftiest and finest frenzy of the seer and the bard. But while a comparatively small number of religious poets reach this intense realization of Deity, it is approached just in proportion to the flexibility and objectiveness of the poet's imagination. Now, Mrs. Sigourney's mind being didactic rather than lyrical, her devotional feeling rarely gushes out in pure song, with the speed of an irrepressible instinct, but approaches more the character of a steady and quiet faith, in which the soul serenely believes rather than rapturously burns, and meditates more than it imagines. The poetic faculty, therefore, most at work in her thoughtful and devotional moods, is fancy, illustrating the truth *from* nature and life, rather than imagination presenting it directly *in* nature and life.

In thus speaking of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry, as didactic, we by no means insinuate that it is prosaic, but simply that it is neither lyrical nor narrative in spirit, though much of her verse is cast in these forms. Religious thought relating to divine things, considered apart from its poetic expression, is vital or mechanical according as it directly conceives the objects of contemplation, or apprehends and applies a doctrine respecting them. In Mrs. Sigourney's book, we have illustrations of both, but more of the former than the latter. She has brooded long enough over her own experience and sympathies to give them vitality, and the poems which truly represent her own mind not only possess life, but communicate it. A healthy moral energy is diffused generally through her poems, which steals into the reader's mind through subtile avenues lying beyond his consciousness, and declares the presence of a poet gifted with the power of inspiring strength in the very heart of weakness and lassitude. This is a great poetic excellence, however limited may be the range of its exercise, and that Mrs. Sigourney possesses it cannot be denied or even contested. There are pieces in this volume which reach the religious sentiment with such sure felicity of thought and phrase, that the consciousness of the reader becomes the best criticism.

The pervading devotional tone to which we have referred, finds its finest and holiest expression in celebrating the domestic affections. The mode in which her mind acts in this province, however, illustrates what we have previously said of her mental processes. The poems entitled "To-morrow," "Unspoken Language," "The Emigrant Mother," not to mention others, are full of true pathos, and reach and penetrate the heart as inevitably as any in Wordsworth; but though sufficiently tender and deep to bring moisture into the eyes even of a reviewer, we shall find, on a sharp scrutiny, that, though names are used and persons indicated, there is really nothing there but qualities. The purest types of the affections are grasped in all their firmness and delicacy, but there is no combination of them with those other human elements which, in their union, produce character. The consequence is, that we have no representations of the affections as modified by sex, age, nation, position, or character. With remarkable distinctness of conception and decision of expression, we have presented to us the type, but it is given in its simple unity, abstracted from all individuality. We assert confidently, that in this volume there is not displayed one trait of character but that of the author herself. The little poems of "Harold and Tosti," and "Bernardine du Born," fine as they are in sentiment, have nothing but the incidents on which they are founded to entitle them to their names. The long poem of "Pocahontas," the most beautiful of all the tributes to the heroic Indian princess, is still simply a fervid expression of the impression made by the story on the mind of the writer, without any clear vision of the scenes and characters of the story as they were in themselves. But perhaps we can best convey our idea of the constancy with which Mrs. Sigourney expresses the associations and sympathies awakened by things, rather than the things themselves, by a short extract from the poem entitled "Our Country." Whoever has been at Washington, or is in the habit of reading the newspapers, must discern at once the wholly imaginary character of the following.

> "'Neath thy lofty dome
> 'Tis good to linger, where, in conclave high,
> Convene the chosen from thy many States,
> Sages, and men of eloquence, who stretch
> Their line of travel through an empire's length,
> To pour their wisdom at thy shrine, and make
> Thy union perfect."

But this peculiarity of bringing out a quality at the expense of all character, which we have indicated as a limitation of Mrs. Sigourney's genius, is probably a chief source of her influence over the hearts of her readers. She is thus enabled to stamp a deep impression of one affection, at least, on the mind; and by detaching it from the other elements of character, by making a person stand simply for an emotion, she has completely mastered one prominent source of the pathetic. As an illustration of her power in this respect, and of her excellencies in many respects, we will quote the following striking poem, "To-morrow," which, of its kind, we think unmatched in American verse.

> "Once when the traveller's coach o'er England's vales
> Paused at its destined goal, an aged crone
> Came from a neighboring cottage, with such speed

> As weary years might make, and with red eye
> Scanning each passenger, in hurried tones
> Demanded, '*Has he come?*'
>   'No, not to-day;
> To-morrow,' was the answer. So, she turned,
> Raising her shrivelled finger, with a look
> Half-credulous, half-reproachful, murmuring low,
> '*To-morrow*,' and went homeward."

We must abridge the story, though very reluctant to omit any portion of it. The youthful son of a rustic couple, having been harshly treated by his father, leaves his home, vowing never to return to it.

>   "The mother wept,
> And wildly prayed her husband to forgive."

But in vain, and the youth enlists as a soldier, and goes beyond the seas. After many years, the father, when on his death-bed, relents, and wishes that his son may be recalled; but it is too late, as nothing can be heard from him. The widowed mother, after another long period of sorrow and anxiety, at last hears that her son, wounded and sick, is ordered home among the invalids, and she makes ready to receive him.

> "Again his childhood's long forsaken couch
> Put forth its snowy pillow, and once more,
> The well-saved curtain of flower'd muslin decked
> The lowly casement where he erst did love
> To sit and read.
>   The cushion'd chair that cheer'd
> His father's lingering sickness, should be his;
> And on the little table at his side
> The hour-glass stood, whose ever-shifting sands
> Had pleased him when a boy.
>   The appointed morn
> Drew slowly on. The cheerful coals were heap'd
> In the small grate, and ere the coach arrived
> She with her throbbing heart stood eager there.
> 'Has Willie come?'
>   Each traveller, intent
> On his own destination, heeded not
> To make reply. 'Coachman! is Willie there?'
> 'Willie? No! no!' in a hoarse, hurried voice,
> Came the gruff answer. 'Know ye not he 's dead,

Good woman? *Dead!* And buried on the coast,
Four days ago.'
But a kind stranger mark'd
How the strong surge of speechless agony
Swept o'er each feature, and in pity said,
'*Perchance he'll come to-morrow.*'
Home she went,
Struck to the soul, and wept the live-long night,
Insensible to comfort, and to all
Who spake the usual words of sympathy,
Answering nothing.
But when day return'd,
And the slight hammer of the cottage-clock
Announced the hour at which her absent son
Had been expected, suddenly she rose,
And dress'd herself and threw her mantle on,
And as the coachman check'd his foaming steeds,
Stood eager by his side. 'Is Willie there?
My Willie? Say!'
While he, by pity school'd,
Answered '*To-morrow.*'
And though years have fled,
And still her limbs grow weaker, and the hairs
Whiter and thinner on her wrinkled brow,
Yet duly, when the shrill horn o'er the hills
Preludeth the approaching traveller,
That poor, demented woman hurries forth
To speak her only question, and receive
That one reply, *To-morrow.*
And on that
Fragment of hope deferr'd, doth her worn heart
Feed and survive. Lull'd by those syren words,
'*To-morrow*,' which from childhood's trustful dawn
Have lured us all. When Reason sank
In the wild wreck of Grief, maternal Love
Caught at that empty sound, and clasp'd it close,
And grappled to it, like a broken oar,
To breast the shoreless ocean of despair."

In taking leave of this beautiful volume, which we have subjected to a harsher analysis than we intended, the sweet and serious face that looks out from the portrait at the commencement of it seems to rebuke us for not alluding to a class of poems in the book which refer to children, and in which that elusive thing, a child's mind, is seized and represented with singular intensity of thought and stainless purity of feeling. Indeed, the relation of mother and child, in numerous pieces in the volume, is surrounded with so many holy images, and enveloped in such an atmosphere of tenderness and love, that the only proper criticism on the felicity of its treatment would be a throng of quotations for which we have no space. There is also a number of descriptive poems, displaying a fine cheerful play and interchange of fancy and sentiment, which relieve the general tone of serious thought by which the collection is characterized. In leaving a volume laden with so many pure thoughts and sacred emotions, unstained by one compromise with passion, and consecrated with such singleness of heart to the highest objects, we cannot but hope it will receive a cordial recognition wherever poetry has a welcome, affection a home, and religion a worshipper.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *A Letter to the President of Harvard College.* By a Member of the Corporation. Boston: Little & Brown. 1849. 8vo. pp. 53.

We are sorry to have the evidence which this pamphlet affords, that the article in our last number upon the affairs of Harvard College has been greatly misapprehended. Our chief object in writing it was to induce the legislature to appropriate a large sum from the revenues of the State to meet the urgent wants of the institution, and to show the propriety of devoting this fund, if it should be obtained, exclusively to the undergraduate department, or the college proper, — the main trunk which has recently shot out into many branches. So large a portion of the article was obviously intended to have this effect, that it never occurred to us that the friendly purpose of the whole could be called in question. This purpose is avowed in the article itself; at the close of that portion of it which, as we find, appears to some persons to be animated by a hostile or censorious spirit, we observed "Our object all along has been to set forth the wants of Harvard College proper, and its claims upon the public for patronage and support." Our argument in favor of a State grant begins by showing, that the State thus far has given much less than individuals, and though the college has nominally received, from one source or another, nearly a million of dollars since 1800, yet the money has been given in such a manner, and for such purposes, that aid from the legislature is still needed in order to open the doors of the institution to a larger number of students, and thus to foster the cause of liberal studies, and to spread the generous influences of them broadcast over the whole community. We proved that most of this money did not really belong to the college proper, and could not be devoted to the support of "liberal studies," — that though the objects to which it is devoted are of great interest and importance, deserving of all encouragement in their place, they have but a remote affinity to the peculiar pursuits of a college, and, in fact, tend to interfere with them, and push them aside, when they are united under the same management.

We have no controversy, then, with the writer of this pamphlet. He is a jealous defender of the reputation and the claims of Harvard College, and ardently desires to extend and perpetuate its usefulness; we not only wish him all success, but have endeavored to be his companion and assistant in the endeavor. He argues with much earnestness, that the Corporation did right in accepting the various donations for Christianizing the Indians, founding Farm Schools, Scientific Schools, Observatories, and the like. Very well; who doubts it? There is not a word in our article which implies that these donations ought to have been rejected. But what then? Can we not, consistently, attempt to persuade munificent individuals and the legislature, when they are disposed to assist Harvard College, to give their money rather to poor students and the undergraduate department, than to Indians, Farm Schools, and "special students in chemistry?" Can we not prove, that though it is a great and good work to found an Observatory, and the Corporation did quite right to help it onward, if their aid was needed, yet Harvard College and the students in it are not — at least, not directly, — the better off for this establishment, and that, just at the present time, "liberal studies" stand more in need of sympathy and support than astronomical studies? Persons who have just subscribed, to the full extent of their means, in order to buy a great Equatorial, will not be so willing, the next day, to give an equally liberal sum to buy books for the library, or to found scholarships with; they will be likely to answer, "Why, I gave Harvard College $1,000 only yesterday." To this, it was quite pertinent for us to reply, as we did, that, in giving their money to found an Observatory, they did not give it to Harvard College, which had also contributed in its own way — and very largely, too — to the Observatory, and now stood in urgent need of aid for itself.

The writer of this pamphlet imputes to us an intention to blame the Corporation for accepting Daniel Williams's gift, now constituting a fund of more than $15,000, to be applied to the conversion of North American Indians. Certainly, it would require the perverse ingenuity of a fault-finding spirit to censure the institution for the mistaken proceedings of those who have been in their graves for at least a century. But it was not our object to censure, or even to criticize, the measures of the Corporation of 1716, or of the Corporation of 1849. We did not intend to blame either for accepting gifts that were offered to them; the common sense of mankind would pronounce such a charge to be very unreasonable. But we wished to warn the legislature against supposing that the college was rich, and therefore needed no aid, because nominally it held $750,000 of active funds. For this purpose, we dissected this fund, and taking the most striking instances first, we showed that the College was none the richer for the Williams or the Winslow donation, because the one really belonged to the Indians, and the other to the good town of Tyngsborough. Suppose the memorial of the Colleges for aid to be actually under consideration in the legislature; some economical member might rise and say, — 'Mr. Speaker, *Harvard* certainly needs no aid; her last treasury report shows that her income-producing property amounts to $750,000; Mr. Bussey has recently left her an estate worth $350,000; Mr. Lawrence the other day gave her $50,000; Edward B. Phillips left her $100,000; she has recently built and furnished an Observatory at the cost of $70,000. In short, she is as rich as Crœsus, and I won't vote for the State to give her a dollar.'

"A member of the Corporation" thinks that if a person can reason in this manner, "he must be one whom it would be more difficult than useful to enlighten." But we have known sillier arguments than these to have great effect in a legislative body, when the ostensible object was to save the people's money. In our article, then, we supposed that this member might be thus answered: — 'My good friend, you mistake; those $750,000 do not belong to Harvard, but to the Indians, to the town of Tyngsborough — to Farm Schools, to Observatories, to — the Lord knows what, — to outlying establishments which have 'as much to do with the original purpose for which the College was founded as with' — any thing else.'

The article does not consist of two parts which are contradictory and inconsistent, but is animated by one spirit and intention from beginning to end, and that one friendly to the College.

The writer of this pamphlet couples our remark, that certain things " give a rude shock to our feelings of affectionate admiration for our *Alma Mater*," with the whole " series of statements " in the article, thus making it appear as if we had confessed that the effect of the article, as a whole, would be to lower the institution in public esteem. But this is a mistake ; the remark occurs in the early part of the article, on page 105 ; it refers only to the observations which precede and justify it, and which this writer has not controverted. He sanctions by implication, also, the plan for founding scholarships, which it was our chief object to explain and recommend ; for he says, that if the reviewer had contented himself " with advocating the plan for a remedy of the evil [the great expense of living as a student at Cambridge,] which he has ably discussed in the last pages of his article, the College would have had substantial reasons to be grateful to him for his valuable aid." Now we believe, — and if we did any justice to our own intentions, we are sure, — that there is not a paragraph or a sentence in the article, which has not a bearing more or less direct upon the furtherance of this project. We do not object to this jealous regard for the reputation of Harvard ; we sympathize with it entirely. We only ask this writer to believe, that there are others who feel as deep an interest as himself in her welfare and good name, though they may pursue a different line of argument in advocating her claims upon the generosity of individuals and the patronage of the State.

We did not depreciate the character and objects of the various institutions that have recently been added to the college, but spoke of them in the strongest terms of eulogy that we could command, as entitled to " the admiration and support of every well-informed lover of his race, every well-wisher to the highest interests of mankind." But it was argued, that the college had contributed so liberally from its own means for the promotion of these objects, as to lessen materially its power of continuing to advantage the peculiar work, the advancement and diffusion of " liberal studies," for which it was first instituted, so that it has now a claim to gratitude and aid from the particular friends of those other pursuits which it has so generously encouraged. We represented that Harvard had given its lands, its funds, its chartered powers, its professors, the valuable time and services of its president, treasurer, fellows, and other officers, to these outlying institutions, which have no just claim upon it, since their functions and purposes are foreign to its own ; and that it was ungenerous to ask it to do more. It has now a right to expect assistance from individuals and the State for itself. Have not these statements and arguments an obvious bearing upon the furtherance of that project, the establishment of scholarships, which seems to have the hearty approval of "a member of the Corporation?"

This writer censures our remark, that these outlying establishments "absorb the time and energy of the governors of the college;" he insists that the word *absorb* must mean to "take up all," or "an undue proportion of," a thing. We supposed that it also meant to *imbibe*, or *take up a part of*, and it was in this sense that we used it; it is usual to say, that a sponge *absorbs* water, but we do not thereby mean that it will suck dry the Atlantic, or even diminish appreciably the depth of water on the Grand Bank. We intended to say, that these Farm Schools, Tyngsborough schoolmasters, &c., necessarily *take up a part of* the time and attention of the Corporation, the members of which must feel that the cares and responsibility of managing the college alone formed no light task, as their services are given gratuitously; that it was therefore unreasonable to throw upon them other burdens, which, in the end, if not at present, would cause the college to suffer, because it could no longer receive the *undivided* attention of its President and Fellows.

The members of the Corporation are nowhere alluded to in the article but in terms of courtesy and the highest respect. We spoke of this board as "composed of a few gentlemen of the very highest repute for learning, ability, and uprightness," so that testators were inclined to leave them funds in trust for purposes which had nothing to do with the college, and ought not to be committed to the management of its officers. After noticing some instances of the waste or misapplication of funds by other corporations, we remarked that "Harvard College takes better care of the money intrusted to her, and faithfully applies it to any purpose the testator may indicate." Is there any thing like detraction or censoriousness in this remark? Is it even conceivable that the President and Fellows should be blamed, because testators — without consulting them, and often, probably, in opposition to their wishes — sometimes make very foolish wills, and leave them funds in trust, whether their object be to "endow a college or a cat?" In the way of playful exaggeration, it was added, that if any body should leave a cotton-mill in charge of the Corporation, we had no doubt the trust would be faithfully executed, and the spindles duly made to turn "for centuries to come." Perhaps this illustration was not in good taste, but there was certainly no ill-nature in it; if the possibility of its giving offence had been suggested, we would have used grist-mill, or saw-mill, which would have answered the purpose equally well. We do not belong to that small school of political philanthropists, who invented the noted alliterative antithesis of "cotton and conscience," and we have no occasion to borrow their poor jeers and small wit.

The writer censures our statement, that the college is "poorer, weaker, and less efficient than it was many years ago," while only a few pages before, he makes almost the same assertion, in this strong language: — "Yes, I say again, — and I wish to impress the true meaning of the word, and the true causes of the fact, if I can, upon the mind of every reader, — Harvard College is very poor, and is compelled to be a beggar for those necessaries of life, which, if it had been rich, would have been furnished long ago." If *we* had called Harvard College "a beggar," the writer would probably have emptied the vials of righteous indignation upon our head, and have accused us of doing nothing "to strengthen the faith of the friends of the college in its stability and progress." But we do not impute to him any sarcastic or hostile purpose in applying this opprobrious name to the college. When soliciting aid for the seminary, it is necessary to show that the aid is needed; and *for this purpose* one may be permitted to prove that it is not so rich, strong, and efficient as it ought to be, without thereby subjecting himself to any just charge of hostility to the institution. We ask this writer to interpret our language under the presumption that he doubtless expects will be applied to his own, — that it comes from an undoubted and ardent friend of old Harvard, who is laboring only to further her interests, though his expressions may chance to be indiscreet. When, from excess of caution, as most persons would suppose, on pointing out those wants and deficiencies of the college, which, in the language of this writer, have "compelled it to be a beggar for the necessaries of life," we went out of our way to say that the Corporation were not responsible for them — that they could "all be easily accounted for without imputing blame to any one," that they were facts but not faults, — must this declaration be regarded as a stabbing under the fifth rib while the assassin is uttering professions of friendship, or as intended to cast the censure which it disavows and protests against? He says, "from the very *significant* way in which [the reviewer] enumerates them, one almost inevitably infers . . . that in his judgment they are not only facts, but faults; and that if the college had been rightly managed, they would not have existed." Now, in all sincerity, and with perfect respect, we submit that this is not judging as he himself *must* be judged, if his own language is to show that he is a friend to the college.

Having no wish to prolong a discussion with any undoubted friend of Harvard, we pass over entirely one or two minor points, on which this writer thinks that the correctness of our statements may be questioned, though we believe that their fairness and accuracy could be amply and easily vindicated. Let any unbiased reader, even if he should think that these charges of inaccuracy were substantiated, peruse the last eight pages of our article, and say if they are animated by a carping and censorious spirit towards the institution. It is very possible that the vivacity of some expressions in the former part of the article may have led some persons to misjudge our intentions; when pleading the cause of a friend, we do not hesitate and weigh our language very cautiously; but we certainly do not expect that this friend himself will misinterpret it, and then turn and rend us. Let the article be viewed as a whole, before the purpose with which it is written is declared to be manifest; when this is done, we will gladly abandon single sentences and rhetorical exaggerations in it to the severest criticism of "a member of the Corporation." We are sure that all the friends of Harvard will agree, that the institution ought to court discussion and criticism, for it is able to bear them. The more light and air, the greater the health. We believe that the time has come, when the establishment of a considerable number of scholarships in it is essential to the continuance of its prosperity, its usefulness, and its good name. What it now most needs is *more students*, — not so much new museums, new observatories, new laboratories, or even new professors of distinguished reputation, with but few pupils to profit by their instructions. It was founded as a place of *education*, not as an institute for the advancement of physical science. Young scholars, well trained for all the offices both of public and private life, are its appropriate products, its brightest ornaments, and its surest defence.

---

2. *The Life of Major-General Peter Muhlenberg, of the Revolutionary Army.* By Henry A. Muhlenberg. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1849. 12mo. pp. 456.

"It is a pious duty," says the writer of this book, in his opening sentence, "to rescue the memory of the great and good men who achieved our independence from that oblivion into which it is fast falling." This duty ere long will be pretty fully executed. Almost every year we have a new biography of some Revolutionary worthy, in which his brave deeds are chronicled, the battles of Brandywine and Germantown are fought over again, and the good old story of the surrender of Burgoyne and of Cornwallis is repeated with fresh spirit, one or two new facts being usually elicited, which tell much to the advantage of the hero of the volume. It is certainly a patriotic and pious act to write such books, and we hope persons will be found patriotic and enterprising enough to buy and read them. But the whole of this latter duty ought not to be thrown upon the shoulders of us pains-taking and much vilipended reviewers. Too much reading of this sort, we sometimes find, is a weariness to the eyes, if not to the spirit; yet we would not murmur, if the compilers of them would always write as modestly and sensibly as the author of this volume. His hero was a deserving, and somewhat remarkable character. He belonged to the church militant; he preached his last sermon just after he had received his commission as colonel of one of the Virginia regiments, and closed by telling his congregation, "that, in the language of Holy Writ, there was a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to pray; but those times had passed away." And he added, in a stentorian voice that rang through the church like a trumpet, "there is also a time to fight, and this time had now come." Suiting the action to the word, he immediately pulled off his minister's gown, showing himself in a full suit of regimentals, and descending from the pulpit, ordered the drums at the church door to beat up for recruits. The preacher was beloved, and the colonel was honored; and before the close of that day, three hundred men had enlisted under his banner. This event took place about the middle of January, 1776, in a little town, inhabited by German emigrants, in the valley of the Blue Ridge, in Virginia. The men of those days had never heard of the principles of non-resistance and universal [political] philanthropy. They did not scold, but struck bravely for freedom and for right.

To say the truth, General Muhlenberg, even in his boyish days, had shown a stronger inclination for a rifle than a book, and for dashing regimentals than for bands and cassock. The wishes of his excellent parent, the venerated "Father Muhlenberg," as he was termed, the founder of the German Lutheran Church in America, induced him to go to Halle, in Germany, to study for the ministry. "He has had," wrote the good old man to his German correspondent, Dr. Ziegenhagen, "no evil example from his parents, but many reproofs and counsels. His chief fault and bad inclination has been his fondness for hunting and fishing. But if our most reverend fathers at Halle observe any tendency to vice, I would humbly beg them to send him to a well disciplined garrison town, under the name of Peter Weiser, before he causes much trouble or complaint. There he may obey the drum, if he will not follow the spirit of God." Young Peter justified his father's forebodings. Before he had been a year in the university at Halle, he avenged some fancied indignity by knocking down his tutor, and then ran away and enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. After serving for some time in this humble capacity, he was recognized by an acquaintance of his father's, who obtained his discharge, and sent him home to America. Not to grieve the old gentleman's spirit any further, he consented to pursue his clerical studies under the paternal roof, and in due course of time he received ordination, and was established as assistant rector over two churches in New Jersey. He subsequently removed to Virginia, and while there, the contest with the mother country arose, and he quitted the pulpit in the manner that we have related.

He was a good officer, and being soon promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, he served with distinction throughout the war. At the battle of Brandywine, particularly, his brigade fought more stoutly than any of the American troops on the field. Among the Hessians, who were opposed to them, happened to be the very regiment of dragoons in which he had served as a private while in Germany. The story goes, that some of the men who had long been in its ranks, as German soldiers then enlisted for life, recognized the tall figure of General Muhlenberg, as he led on his brigade, and the cry ran among them, *Hier kommt Teufel Piet!* (Here comes devil Peter!)

---

3. *History of England, from the Accession of James* II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Boston: Phillips & Sampson. 1849. 2 vols. 12mo.

OF course, we have no idea of despatching so large a subject as Macaulay's History within the brief limits of a Critical Notice; in our next number, we hope to give a full estimate of its character and value. We allude to the work now only to commend the taste and enterprise of the Boston publishers, who have put forth, at a moderate price, a very neat library edition of it, printed with great correctness, and not deformed by those shameless misspellings, which have so long disgraced the publications of the Harpers, and for which no excuse can be offered, except that they are owners of an edition of Webster's Dictionary, and they wish to extend and perpetuate its use. We have alluded before to their orthographical sins committed upon system and speculation, in consequence of which a decent American reprint of an English work has become a thing of rare occurrence. To have such impositions forced upon us is one of the consequences of refusing to establish, what justice and expediency both require, a system of international copyright. When the Harpers published Prescott's Histories, they were not able to foist into them the ill-judged and needless innovations of Webster, since the author had the control of his own works. But Macaulay and Hallam, Whewell and Mill, have no such safeguard, and must submit to the mortification of having their books both pirated and defaced.

In the absence of a proper copyright law, the best policy for those who buy books, and wish for perfect copies, is to encourage the most open competition between the several publishing houses. If one mammoth firm is enabled to monopolize the business, and deter others from entering into it by threatening to sell at an immense sacrifice, their action being restrained neither by the injunctions of the authors, nor by a regard for the taste and convenience of the public, we shall be obliged to accept such wares as they may offer, and be thankful if their impudence does not go so far as to prescribe the manner in which the whole people must write the English language. Till Congress shall be induced to redress this great national wrong, committed against those to whom the civilized world is most indebted for amusement and instruction, we shall be glad to see rival editions of every popular English work appear in all our great cities. No scruple need be felt in encouraging them, on the ground of some pretended bargain between one American publisher and the representatives of the author in England. Such a bargain seldom includes any thing but a paltry sum paid to the English printer, not the author, for an early copy of the sheets, which will enable the purchaser to get the start of his American competitors in piracy. Three rival editions of Macaulay's History have already appeared, and we hope they will soon be followed by others. When the booksellers grow weary of this ruinous contest, they also will be ready to petition that the rights of authors may be respected.

4. *An Introduction to Practical Chemistry, including Analysis.* By JOHN E. BOWMAN, Demonstrator of Chemistry in King's College, London. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849. 12mo. pp. 303.

THIS is a well digested text book for those who are commencing the study of analytical chemistry, and well adapted for those who can devote but a limited time to the subject. The first part comprises pneumatic chemistry, distillation, glass working, the application of the blow-pipe, specific gravity, heating substances in gases, alkalimetry, and acidimetry. From the author's preface we learn that this part was mostly arranged by Professor Miller, of King's College, for the use of the class in chemical manipulation. The second and third parts are chiefly derived from the more elaborate works of Rose, Fresenius, and Parnell. The action of reagents on bases and acids is the object of the second part, and the third is devoted to quantitative analysis. In the appendix are many useful tables of the strength of acids of different densities, of solutions of potash, soda, &c., of the solubility of salts, the action of reagents, and the behavior of solutions of metals with various agents. The volume is quite fully illustrated with wood cuts, and is well printed.

5. *A Dictionary of the German and English Languages, indicating the Accentuation of every German Word, containing several hundred German Synonymes, together with a Classification and Alphabetical List of the Irregular Verbs, and a Dictionary of German Abbreviations. Compiled from the Works of Hilpert, Flügel, Grieb, Heyse, and Others.* By G. J. ADLER, A. M., Professor of the German Language and Literature in the University of the City of New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 850 and 522.

"THE English-German portion of this volume," it is remarked in the preface, "was merely reprinted, under the auspices of the publishers, from the London edition of Flügel's work, which was deemed sufficiently complete for all the purposes of the American student." It should have been omitted altogether, or published in a separate volume, as few persons in this country have any occasion to use it, and the multitude who need only the German-

English part ought not to be compelled to purchase more than 500 pages of additional matter which they do not want. It is unjust to Mr. Adler, also, to bind up the valuable results of his care and research with a mere reprint of a foreign work, for the correctness of which no American editor is responsible.

But this is the only objection we have to make to this volume, which in every other respect deserves high praise. It contains far the most complete, accurate, and useful German-English Dictionary that has yet been published, either in Germany, England, or America. Its basis is the compilation made at London by Heimann, Feiling, and Oxenford, though very unjustifiably published under the name of Flügel, whose reputation was used to sustain a work which he was not allowed to superintend or profit by. This work "has been carefully revised, in many parts entirely rearranged or rewritten, and augmented by at least thirty thousand new words and articles, so that it will be found that, of the 850 pages which constitute its size, nearly one half are additions" made by Mr. Adler. The editor's task has been a very laborious one, and he has executed it with great care and learning, and excellent judgment, his love of accuracy extending even to the correction of the proof-sheets, which leave little to be desired in point of correctness. The mechanical execution of the volume in every respect is good, the paper and presswork being unexceptionable, while the type, though necessarily small, to prevent the volume from swelling to unwieldy dimensions, is quite neat and distinct. The synonymes, which are adopted in an abridged form from Hilpert, are a very welcome addition to the book. So well suited, indeed, is this Dictionary to all the wants of the English student of German literature, that we hope it will entirely put out of use the imperfect and incorrect manuals that have preceded it, and take its stand beside Leverett's Latin Lexicon, and the admirable American edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, as the indispensable guide to a knowledge of the language to which it relates. We hope the publishers will next give us an equally accurate and complete Dictionary of the Italian language, a work which is greatly needed in a country where there are so many readers of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Tasso.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Modern Orator: The Speeches of R. H. the Earl of Chatham, in the Houses of Lords and Commons; with a Biographical Memoir, and Introductions and Explanatory Notes to the Speeches. London: Aylott & Jones. 1848. 8vo. pp. 170.

Rational Psychology, or the Subjective Idea and the Objective Law of all Intelligence. By Lawrence P. Hickok, D. D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Theological Seminary of Auburn. Auburn: Derby, Miller, & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 717.

The Iliad of Homer, from the Text of Wolf, with English Notes. By C. C. Felton, Eliot Professor of Greek in Harvard University. New and Revised Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 581.

The Iliad of Homer translated into English Prose, as literally as the Different Idioms of the Greek and English Languages will allow; with Explanatory Notes. By a Graduate of the University of Oxford. From the Fourth London Edition, with additional Notes. Princeton: G. Thompson. 1847. 8vo. pp. 416.

Labor and other Capital; the Rights of each secured, and the Wrongs of both eradicated. By Edward Kellogg. New York: Published by the Author. 1849. 8vo. pp. 298.

The Histories of Caius Cornelius Tacitus, with Notes for Colleges. By W. S. Tyler, Professor of Languages in Amherst College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 453.

Poems, by James T. Fields. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 99.

Essays and Sketches. By Caroline W. Healey Dall. Boston: Samuel G. Simpkins. 1849. 12mo. pp. 116.

Rhymes of Travel, Ballads and Poems. By Bayard Taylor, author of Views a-foot, etc. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 153.

Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1678–9. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1849. 12mo. pp. 224.

The Young Patroon, or Christmas in 1690, a Tale of New York. By the Author of the First of the Knickerbockers. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849. 12mo. pp. 142.

Observations on the Pathology of Croup, with Remarks on its Treatment by Topical Medications. By Horace Green, A. M., M. D. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo. pp. 115.

The Life, History, and Travels of Ka-ge-ga-gah-bowh, (George Copway), a young Indian Chief of the Ojebwa Nation. Written by Himself. Sixth Edition. Philadelphia: James Harmstead. 1847. 12mo. pp. 158.

Revelations of Life, and Other poems. By John Edmund Reade. London: John W. Parker. 1849. 12mo. pp. 184.

A New Spanish Reader, consisting of Passages from the most Approved Authors, in Prose and Verse, arranged in Progressive Order; with Plain Rules for Pronunciation, Notes Explanatory of the Idioms and Difficult Constructions, and a Copious Vocabulary; being a Sequel to Ollendorff's New Method of learning to read, write, and speak the Spanish Language. By Mariano Velazquez de la Cadena, Professor of the Spanish Language and Literature in Columbia College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 351.

The Other Leaf of the Book of Nature and the Word of God: Two Sermons, with Notes. No publisher, and the date affixed is "1948."

The Patriot Scholar; an Oration pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, August 16th, 1848. By Charles B. Haddock, D. D. New Haven: B. L. Hamlen. 1848. 8vo. pp. 24.

A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Public Services of the Hon. Ambrose Spencer, delivered January 5, 1849. By Daniel D. Barnard, LL. D. Albany: W. C. Little & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 104.

A Lecture on the North and the South, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati. By Elwood Fisher.

Discourse delivered on the First Anniversary of the Girard College for Orphans, at the request of the Board of Directors. By Job R. Tyson. Philadelphia. 1849. 8vo. pp. 42.

Speech in Support of the Memorial of Harvard, Williams, and Amherst Colleges, delivered before the Joint Committee on Education, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Boston, February 7th, 1849. By Edward Everett. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1849. 8vo. pp. 28.

A Discourse delivered before the Rhode Island Historical Society, February 1st, 1849. By George Washington Greene. Published at the request of the Society. Providence: Gladding and Proud. 8vo. pp. 23.

INDEX

TO THE

SIXTY-EIGHTH VOLUME

OF THE

North-American Review.

A.

Accent of Latin words, 451.

Adams, Nehemiah, Life of J. Eliot by, reviewed, 82 — mistaken statement by, 88 — character of his book, 90.

Adler, G. J., German Dictionary by, noticed, 513.

Africa, a land of romance and mystery, 265 — the future of, 266 — mental and moral characteristics of the natives of, 267 — the Bushmen in, *ib.* — the brutes of, 269 — elephant hunting in, 270 — giraffes killed in, 271 — the home of the rhinoceros, 276 — and the hippopotamus, 277 — and the eland or antelope, 278 — the Matabele people in, 281 — a negro king in, *ib.* — various scenes in, 284 — the realm of the lion, 293 — lion hunting in, 295.

Agricola of Tacitus, Anthon's edition of, reviewed, 348 — should be called Dr. Smith's edition, 354 — useless and injudicious notes on the, 360.

Ainsworth on Latin pronunciation, 461.

Albro, J. A., Life of T. Shepard by, reviewed, 82 — writes in a good spirit, 92.

Alexander, James E., Travels in Africa by, reviewed, 265 — story of a lion by, 295.

Allen, Ralph, kindness of, to Fielding, 70, 80.

Alphabet, significance of the, 160 — natural affinity of sound with sense in the, 167 — writing obscures the significance of sounds, 168 — how substitutions of letters are effected in, 169 — proper mode of classifying the letters of, 170 — the Sanscrit, *ib.* — instances of mutations in, 171 — accidental sounds in, 179 — confusion in, 180 — confused state of the English, 436 — mode of teaching the, 438.

Alpuche, *Poesias de*, reviewed, 129 — merits of, 135.

Amelia, by Fielding, 75 — shows a decay of vigor, 76 — characters in, 77.

America, little relish for humor and fun in, 183 — the cock turkey is the best national emblem of, 184 — love of quaint exaggerations in, 185 — peculiar vein of humor in, 186.

America, Spanish, poetry of, 129. See *Spanish* and *Poetry*.

American Female Poets, 413. See *Female*.

American Revolution, Mrs. Ellet's Women of the, reviewed, 362 — feminine virtues called out in, 366.

Ancient languages, mode of studying the, 464.

Ancient monuments in America, Squier and Davis on, reviewed, 466 — their extent, 467 — classification of, 468 — those intended for defence, *ib.* — for sacred objects, 473 — animal-shaped works, 474 — in the Southern States, 475 — at the North-West, 476—pottery in the mounds, 480 — carved figures on pipes, 481 — works of art, 485 — mines worked by the mound builders, 486 — sculptured heads, 487 — carved tablets, 489 — the builders of, 490 — age of, 491 — resemble Mexican works, 492.

Andrews and Stoddard on pronouncing Latin, 453.

Anglo-Saxon colonists push out the aborigines, 327.

Antelopes, scenes in hunting, 278.

Anthon, Dr. Charles, editions of Cicero and Tacitus by, reviewed, 348 — gross plagiarisms of, 349 — specimens of his borrowings, 350 — adopts the labors of others by wholesale, 353 — great amount of needless aid given by, 355 — harm done by, 356 — injures the cause of classical education, 356 — specimens of his copious and needless notes, 358 — incorrect and faulty translations of, 361 — blunders of, 362.

Architecture, foolish expenditure of money on, 104, 106.

Argentine Republic, political aspect of the, 342.

Arnold, Mrs. wife of the traitor, 385.

Arnold, Dr., on translating from the classics, 361.

Ashburton, Lord, as a negotiator, 2 — on impressment, 8 — on the case of the Creole, 11 — blamed by Lord Campbell, 12 — right of visit not disavowed by, 23 — on the burning of the Caroline, 35 — high merits of, 36.

Athenæum, Boston, wastes its funds on a great building, 106.

Austria refuses to join the Zoll Verein, 236.

Author's Farce, by Fielding, quoted, 53.

Authorship, miserable trade of, 52.

B.

Bache, Mrs., letters of, 383.

Bacon in mental science, 402 — induction of, 403 — Morell's exposition of the philosophy of, 404.

Bacon William T., poems by, noticed, 260.

Banda Oriental, political aspect of the, 342.

Berlin, revolutionary agitation in, 251 — conflict in, 253 — triumph of the people in, 254.

Betancourt, J. V., poetry of, 129—merits of, 157.

Billerbeck's editions of the classics pillaged by Anthon, 349 — proofs of this, 350 — not worth stealing from, 352.

Biglow Papers, The, reviewed, 183 — political object of, 186 — quoted 187, 189 — good imitation of the Yankee dialect in, 188 — dull and heavy commentary on, 190.

Blackstone, William, the first settler of Boston, 210 — elaborate picture of, 212.

Bleecker, Mrs. Ann E., poetry of, 417.

Boston as it appeared in the olden time, 212.

Bowman, John E. Practical Chemistry by, noticed, 513.

Bradstreet, Mrs. Anne, poetry of, 414.

Brazil, The Empire of, 314 — external features of, 315 — language and national character of, 316 — an empire surrounded by republics, 317 — aspect of society in, 318 — history of, *ib.* — separated from Portugal, 319 — constitutional monarchy established in, 320 — legislative and imperial powers in, 321 — divided into provinces, 322 — no public opinion in, 323 — has no great political parties, 324—incapacity of its government, 325 — agriculture of, 326 — predominance of mixed blood in, 327 — no prejudice against blacks or mixed races in, 328 — a new race will eventually rule in, 329 — slavery not relaxed in, 330 — slave trade encouraged in, 331 — offers great facilities for this trade, 332 — can prosecute no other commerce, 334 — present footing of this trade in, 341 — republicanism menaces, 342 — threatened by Buenos Ayres, 345 — stands in constant peril, 346.

British Government on the right of impressment, 3 — its laws confined to its own territory, 6, 10 — claims the right of search, 18 — fruitless efforts of, against the slave trade, 29 — demands the release of M'Leod, 31 — happy in choosing a negotiator, 36.

Brooks, Maria, poetry of, 418 — Zophiël, or the Bride of Seven by, 419 — extracts from, 420 — merits of, 421.

Bryant, poetic style of, 194, his love of nature, 195 — quoted, *ib.* — unjustly satirized, 196.

Buenos Ayres, military power of, 344.

Bushmen of Africa, 267 — not altogether brutal, 268 — make the lions their providers, 299.

Bussey, Mr., leaves his estate to Harvard College, 116.

C.

Campbell, Lord, blames Lord Ashburton, 12 — his argument refuted, 14.

Caraccas, poetry in 158.

Carey, Alice and Phœbe, poetry of, 427 — cited, *ib.*

Causation, Locke on the idea of, 406.

Channing, Walter, on Etherization in Childbirth, reviewed, 300 — high qualifications of, 302 — various observations of, 304 — on pregnancy, 306 — on unfavorable cases, 307 — on the different agents used, 309 — on objections to etherization, 310 — on the religious objection, 311 — and the moral, 312 — facts collected by, 313.

Chemistry, Practical, an Introduction to, by John E. Bowman, noticed, 513.

Chesterfield, Lord, opposes the bill for licensing plays, 49.

Childbirth, Etherization in, 300 — sufferings of, 301 — effects of ether in, 303 — pain not necessary in, 306 — perfect success of etherization in, 307.

Chloroform, effects of, 302 — quantity of, to be used, 308 — merits of, compared with ether, 309.

Cicero de Senectute, &c., edited by Charles Anthon, reviewed, 348 — plagiarisms in this edition of, 350 — needless annotations on, 358.

Clarke, Sara J., poetry of, 428.

College studies, importance of, 100 — have lost ground in public estimation, 118 — ought to be aided by the legislature, 125.

Cotton, John, Life of, by A. W. McClure, reviewed, 82.

Cousin on the arrangement of the various schools of philosophy, 390 — pagan and pantheistic speculations of, 410.

Covent Garden Journal, by Fielding, 80.

Creole, case of the, 9 — Lord Campbell on the, 12.

Cuba, poets of, 137 — insurrection in, 145.

Customs Union, formation of the, 235 — extent of, 236.

D.

Dana, the poet, satirical sketch of, 193.

Darrah, Lydia, account of, 372.

Davenport, John, Life of, reviewed, 82.

Davidson, Misses, poetry of, 429.

Davis, E. H., on ancient monuments in America, reviewed, 466. See *Ancient* and *Squier*.

Davis, Sir George, affection shown by a lion for, 293.

De Maistre, philosophical speculations of, 394 — Bacon's philosophy examined by, 403.

Dental sounds, interchange of, 171.

Devotional and didactic poetry, 497.

Diet of Prussia, 247 — king's speech on its opening, 248 — its powers defined, 249 — becomes a reality, 250.

Diplomatic Papers of Daniel Webster, reviewed, 1 — great value of, 38. See *Webster*.

Dudley, Deputy Governor, his letter about Morton of Merry Mount, 208 — and Sir C. Gardiner, 210.

E.

Echeverria, Rimas de, reviewed, 129, 159.

Eclecticism, origin of, 390 — gravitation towards, 393 — wide range of, 398.

Elephant, scenes in hunting the, 269.

Eliot, John, Life of, by N. Adams, reviewed, 82 — Christian Commonwealth by, 88 — labors of, 90 — letter by, quoted, 91.

Eliot, S. A., History of Harvard College by, reviewed, 99 — merits of his work, 102.

Ellet, Mrs. E. F., Women of the Revolution by, reviewed, 362 — industry and faithfulness of, 364 — her sketch of Washington's mother, 367 — of Mrs. Knox, 368 — her account of the Mischianza, 372 — of doings at the South, 375 — of Mrs. Slocumb, 377 — of the war of the West, 382 — of Mrs. Arnold, 385 — literary merits of, 387 — and faults, 388.

Enclosures for defence, ancient American, 468 — position and age of, 469 — description of, 470 — for sacred purposes, 471.

England, literary merit little esteemed in, 56.

English, mode of writing, 437 — mode of pronouncing Latin by the, 440.

Etherization in Childbirth, by W. Channing, reviewed, 300 — inestimable good effected by, 301 — physiological effects of, 302 — does not paralyze organic action, 303 — signs, conditions, and results of, 304 — different modes of applying, 305 — unfavorable cases of, 307 — comparison of different agents in, 309 — signs of danger in, 310 — various objections to, 311 — conclusion respecting the use of, 314.

Exile's Hymn, by Heredia, translated, 139.

F.

Fable for Critics, reviewed, 183 — a witty and brilliant satire, 191 — terribly sarcastic on the reviewers, 192 — one-sided and partial, 193 — decries Bryant and puffs Harry Franco, 194 — quoted, 196, 198 — pays a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Child, 200.

Farm School to be established in Harvard College, 116.

Fathers of New England, Lives of the, reviewed, 82 — many deserve this name, *ib.* — sectarian character of, 85 — purpose of the biographers of, 86 — praise and censure of, 87 — hard jokes of, 96 — principles of, 97.

Faugeres, Mrs. M. V., poetry of, 417.

Female Poets of America, by Miss May, Read, and R. W. Griswold, reviewed, 413 — Mrs. Bradstreet, 414 — Jane Turell and Mercy Warren, 415 — Mrs. Ferguson, 416 — Mrs. Bleecker and Mrs. Faugeres, 417 — Phillis Wheatly and Maria Brooks, 418 — Miss Gould and Mrs. Hale, 422 — Mrs. Gilman and Mrs. Welby, 424 — Sisters of the West, 426 — Misses Carey, 427 — Miss S. J. Clarke and Mrs. Gray, 428 —

Misses Davidson and Mrs. Oakes Smith, 429 — Mrs. F. S. Osgood, 432 Anne C. Lynch, 433 — Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Whitman, 434 — promise of the, 435.

Fenelon on the Existence of God, 409.

Ferguson, Mrs., translation of Telemachus by, 416.

Fielding, Henry, Life and Works of, reviewed, 41 — a representative of English life and character, 42—depicts the form and spirit of his own times, 43 — his large experience of life, 44 — noble parentage of, *ib.* — education of, 45 — a prodigal and a playwright, 46 — his first comedy, 47 — other plays and farces by, 48 — turns manager himself, 49, — writes against Walpole, 51 — fertile talents of, *ib.* — becomes a literary drudge, 52 — exposes the misery and tricks of small authors, 53 — his farce about literary hacks quoted, 54 — his life in the country, 57 — his Joseph Andrews, a parody of Pamela, 59—and an exponent of his own character, 60—genial humor and heartiness of, 61 — a rowdy, but a man of large intellect, 62 — characters drawn by, 64 — hated by Richardson, 65 — his comedy of the Wedding Day, 66 — death of the wife of, 67 — subsequent publications of, *ib.* — made Justice of the Peace, 68 — honest but vulgar, 69 — his Tom Jones published, 70 — artistic merits of its plot, 73 — morality of, *ib.* — publishes Amelia, 75 — pathos of, 77—Richardson exults over, 78 — tolerant and good natured, 79 — later works and death of, 80 — summary of his merits and faults, 81.

Fort Hill, in Ohio, ancient works on, 469.

Foster, Dr., on accent and quantity, 462, 465.

France, crises in the history of, 222.

Franks, Miss, account of, 372.

Frederic William III. of Prussia, policy of, 223 — makes Von Stein his minister and institutes reforms, 225 — reluctant to make war on France, 231 — promises a constitution to his people, 232 — deceives them, 233 — improvements in education and trade effected by, 235 — death and political testament of, 237 — summary of his character, 238 — good effected by, 239.

Frederic William IV., education and character of, 240 — ceremony of the homage to, 242 — his speech, 243 — apparent liberal tendencies of, 245 — turns absolutist, 246 — convokes the United Diet, 247 — addresses it, 248 — deputations sent to, 252 — yields to the revolution, 254 — issues a proclamation, 255 — singular declaration of, 256.

Freesoil party, so called, 186.

Fuller, Misses, of Ohio, poetry of, 426.

G.

Gallatin on the mound builders, 493.

Gardiner, Sir C., mysterious history of, 209 — punishment of, 210.

Gardner, G., Travels in Brazil by, reviewed, 314.

German Dictionary, by G. J. Adler, noticed, 513.

Germania of Tacitus, Anthon's edition of, reviewed, 348.

German philosophy, characteristics of, 392, 407.

Germany, crises in the history of, 222 — development of literature and science in, 237 — distrust of the king of Prussia in, 257 — confusion and tumult in, 258 — ultimate result in, 259.

Gibbes, Mrs., account of, 376.

Gilman, Mrs., Verses of a Lifetime by, 424.

Giraffe, scenes in hunting the, 271 — history of, 273 — reception of one in France, 273 — creates a sensation in Paris, 274 — fate of one sent to England, 275 — gentleness of the, 276.

Gould, Miss, poetry of, 422.

Grave Creek Mound, in Ohio, 482.

Greek sounds, how made English, 445.

Griswold, Rufus W., Female Poets of America by, reviewed, 413 — omission by, 417 — merits of, 436.

Guëll y Rente, poetry of, 154.

Guttural sounds, interchange of, 171.

H.

Hale, Mrs. Sarah J., poetry of, 422 — quoted and praised, 423.

Hall, Louisa J., Miriam, a dramatic poem by, 434.

Hardenberg becomes the chief minister in Prussia, 228 — reforms effected by him, 229.

Harris, W. C., Travels in Africa by, reviewed, 265 — how he killed elephants, 269 — and giraffes, 271 — and antelopes, 278 — writes well, 279 — quoted, *ib.* — visits the Matabele, 285 — describes the royal seraglio, 289 — how he hunted lions, 297.

Harvard College, S. A. Eliot's History of, reviewed, 99 — object for which it was founded, 100 — services rendered by, 101 — relative obligations of, to the State and to individuals, 103 — expends too much money on costly buildings, 104 — aggregate productive funds of, 106 — has expanded into a vast nondescript establishment, 107 —

wrongfully called The University at Cambridge, 108, *note,* — holds funds which are of no use to it, 109 — not helped, but injured by its outlying establishments, 111 — its Observatory not applicable to purposes of education, 112 — a scientific school established in it, 113 — and proves a burden to it, 114 — designed for liberal, not for elementary studies, 115 — a Farm School soon to be established in, 116 — other schools in, 117 — made poorer and weaker by them, *ib.* — poor students cease to enter, 118 — the physical sciences gaining too much ground in, 119 — the wants and the claims of, 120 — has not students enough, because too expensive, 121 — plan for founding scholarships in, 122 — which would widen the influence of, 123 — and quicken the zeal of students in, 124 — ought to be aided by the legislature, 125 — how individuals should give funds to, 127 — Letter to the President of, noticed, 503 — the Corporation of, free from censure, 504.

Heredia, Poesias de, reviewed, 129 — life of, 138 — his Exile's Hymn translated, 139 — and Season of the Northers, 140.

Herwegh banished from Berlin, 246.

Hippopotamus, account of the, 277.

History, equivocal meaning of, 41—light literature affords the materials of, 42 — value of contemporaneous materials for, 362 — Mrs. Ellet's contributions to, 364.

Holmes, O. W., poems of, reviewed, 183 — praised and quoted, 201.

Hope Leslie, Miss Sedgewick's novel of, 205.

Humor, the poetry of, little relished in America, 183 — peculiar vein of, 186.

I.

Idealism, origin of, 389 — true only in part, 396.

Impressment, the right of, 3 —how far and how wrongfully exercised, 4 — not justified by the law of nations, 6 — the subject of, settled, 9.

Irujillo, poetry of, reviewed, 129 — specimens of, 136.

Irving, W., poetical sketch of, 194.

J.

Jena, effects of the battle of, 224.

Jonathan Wild the Great, by Fielding, 67.

Jonson, Ben, thoroughly English character of, 42.

Joseph Andrews, by Fielding, design of, 59 — great merits of, 60 — chirping and humorous tone of, 61 — the first book of, 62 — comic scenes in, 63.

Journey from this World to the Next, by H. Fielding, 67.

Juana de la Cruz, poetry of, 129 — precocity and great learning of, 132 — life and works of, 133 — pompous style and quaint thoughts of, 134.

Judson, Mrs., poems of, 434.

K.

Kant, philosophy of, 407 — merits and faults of, 408 — his theory of practical reason, 409.

Kidder, D. P., Travels in Brazil by, reviewed, 314.

Knox, Mrs. General, account of, 368 — early life of, 370 — her residence in Maine, 371.

Kraitsir, Charles, on the Significance of the Alphabet, reviewed, 160, 436 — great value of his work, 164 — on the nature of language, 166 — on the importance of philology, 181 — his mode of teaching the alphabet, 438 — on Latin pronunciation, 463.

L.

Labial sounds, interchange of, 171.

Language, claims of the science of, 160 — the study of, neglected, 161 — grammatical part of, 163 — Kraitsir on, 166 — unity of, *ib.* — organic principles of, 167 — how changes are effected in, 169 — mode of recognizing the unity of, 172 — the Magyar, 175 — descrepancies between the writing and speaking of, 178.

Larra, the satirist of Young Spain, 129.

Latin, pronunciation of, 437 — errors and inconsistencies in, 439 — English system of, 440 — foreign sounds conveyed into, 441 — sound of *ch* in, 442 — formerly better pronounced, 443 — absurdities produced by, 444 — coarse and harsh sounds made in, 446 — proofs that the ancients always made *c* and *g* hard in, 447 — ancient grammarians on, 449 — accent and quantity in, 450 — capricious sounds of the vowels in, 453 — Andrews and Stoddard on, 454 — the harmony of verse in, 455 — scanning of, 456 — should be pronounced according to quantity, 458 — not analagous with the English, 460 — authorities cited about, 461 — difficulty of changing, 463 — mode of studying, 464 — English authority as to, 465.

Lawrence Scientific School, foundation of the, 113.
Letters of the alphabet, how substituted for each other, 169 — classification of, 170 — instances of the interchange of, 171 — their order of arrangement does not affect the meaning of, 174.
Licensing plays, bill for, 49.
Lily's Latin Grammar cited, 443.
Lion, anecdotes of the, 293 — disputed courage of, 294 — magnanimity shown by, 295 — bearded and robbed by the Bushmen, 299.
Liquid sounds, interchange of, 171.
Lisbon, Fielding's voyage to, 80.
Literary drudge, miseries of a, 52.
Locke's Essay, true value of, 400 — chief merit of, 405 — often misunderstood, 406.
Love in Several Masques, Fielding's play of, 46.
Lowell, James R., Vision of Sir Launfal by, noticed, 260.
Lynch, Anne C., poems of, 433.

M.

Macaulay's History, American reprints of, noticed, 511.
Madrid, Dr. J. F., of Caraccas, poems by, 158.
Magyar language, peculiarities of, 175.
Massachusetts, early history of, 203 — affords few materials for romance, 204 — historical fictions relating to, 205 — the Old Planters in, 207 — descriptions of natural scenery in, 212, 214 — foundation of Harvard College by, 99—appreciation of liberal studies in, 100 — aggregate of its benefactions to the college, 103 — ought to give it further aid, 125.
Matabele, a people of Africa, 281—visited by Moffat, 282 — Ossianic account of their conquests, 283 — scene at the capital city of the, 284 — receive Capt. Harris, 285 — the king of, 290.
Mather, Cotton, a conceited, vapory pedant, 92.
Mather, Increase, Life of, by Enoch Pond, reviewed, 82 — character of, 92 — fosters the witchcraft delusion, 93.
McClure, A. W., Lives of the Fathers of New England by, reviewed, 82 — quoted, 86 — repeats a doubtful story, 88 — writes with strength and spirit, 89 — merits and faults of, 95.
M'Leod, affair of, 30 — complicated by the relation between the National and State governments, 32 — acquittal of, 33.
May, Caroline, American Female Poets by, reviewed, 413 — merits of, 435.
Mendive, Pasionarias de, reviewed, 129 —merits of, 153—translation from, 154.
Merry-Mount, a Romance, reviewed, 203 — intractable subject of, 204 — merits and faults of, 206, 220—founded on the history of the Old Planters, 207 — description of the plot of, 211 — power of description shown in, 212 — the scene described, 214 — extravagances in, 215—portraits of character in, 216 — hawking scene quoted from, 217 — characterized generally, 220.
Mexico, poetry in, 132, 135 — temple mounds in, 492 — ancient inhabitants of, 493.
Milanes, the Cuban poet, 142 — merits of, 143 — translation of a poem by, 144.
Milton on Latin pronunciation, 461.
Mines worked by the mound builders, 486.
Miriam, a dramatic poem, by Mrs. Hall, 434.
Mischianza, festival of the, at Philadelphia, 372.
Mitford on Latin pronunciation, 462.
Moffat, Robert, Missionary Scenes in Africa by, reviewed, 265 — story of a lion and giraffe told by, 275 — visits the Matabele tribe, 282 — his reception by them, 284 — his intercourse with their king, 291 — influence obtained by, 293.
Montague, Lady, on H. Fielding, 81.
Morality of works of fiction, 73.
Morell, James, History of Philosophy in the 19th Century by, reviewed, 388 — indebted to Cousin, but has high merits of his own, 391 — thorough and clear, 392 — analysis of his book, 393 — on the tendencies of philosophy, 395 — his estimate of Bacon's Philosophy, 404 — on Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, 410 — his protest against Cousin's philosophy, 411 — other works of, 412. See *Philosophy.*
Morton, of Merry Mount, carousings of, 84 — history of, 208 — probable offences committed by, 209 — portraiture of, 216.
Moselekatse, king of the Matabele, 281 — visited by Capt. Harris, 285 — his seraglio described, 289 — character of, 290 — striking speech made by, 291 — clemency and justice shown by, 292.
Mounds, ancient sacrificial, 477 — contents of, 478 — curious altars in, 479 — articles found in, 480, 485 — of sepulture, 482—for sacred purposes, 483 — for observation, 484 — builders of, 490 — age of, 491.
Muhlenberg, Gen. Peter, Life of, by H. A. Muhlenberg, noticed, 509.

Mysticism, origin of, 390 — essential as a part of true philosophy, 397.

N.

Negro, capacities of the, 267 — how he eats the hippopotamus, 277 — the Matabele, 281.
New England, The Fathers of, 82 — early worthies of, 83 — union of church and state in, 84 — number of books on the early history of, 85 — honor due to the founders of, 88.
New York, courts of, on the McLeod case, 32.
Norton, John, Life of, reviewed, 82 — table talk of, 96.

O.

Observatory at Harvard College, 112.
Ohio, ancient mounds and enclosures in, 469 — the Great Serpent in, 474 — description of the mounds in, 477 — Grave Creek Mound in, 482.
Old Planters, the, of Massachusetts, 207 — notices of, 208.
Oliver, A. W., his reputed death from chloroform, 308.
Oliver, Mr., the original of Parson Trulliber, 45.
Olmedo, Don J. J., poems by, 158.
Orgallez, a Cuban poet, translation from, 155.
Orthoëpy, absurd rules of, 442.
Osgood, Frances S., poetry of, 432 — cited, *ib.*

P.

Pamela, Richardson's novel of, 58 — parodied by Fielding, 59.
Paris, the Revolution of, 221 — useless and criminal, 222.
Parson Adams, Fielding's character of, 64.
Peace, universal, cannot be gained by arbitration, 40.
Pedro, Don, Emperor of Brazil, 319 — secures the affection of his subjects, 320 — limits of the authority of, 321.
Perkins, Dr., experiments on etherization by, 302.
Philipse, Miss, Washington an admirer of, 385.
Philips on Latin pronunciation, 461.
Philosophy of the 19th Century, J. Morell's History of the, reviewed, 388 — five types or schools of, 389—tendency to eclecticism in, 393 — vain attempt after unity in, 395 — sensationalism in, 396 — mysticism in, 397—other schools necessary to, 398 — why slow of growth, 399 — vague and fluctuating use of words in, 401 — three classes of the students of, 402 — Bacon's place in, *ib.* — and Locke's, 405 — Reid's and Kant's, 407 — Cousin's, 410. See *Morell.*
Phips, Sir W., Life of, by Enoch Pond, reviewed, 82.
Physical Science, zeal recently shown in, 118—displacing liberal studies, 119.
Placido, *Poesias de*, reviewed, 129 — lowly position and misfortunes of, 145 — noble demeanor of, 146—his Prayer to God translated, *ib.* — his Farewell, 148—execution of, *ib.*—highly praised by a Spanish critic, 149 — gorgeous but barbaric figures of, 151 — other poems of, 152.
Plata, river, republican provinces on the, 342 — resemble Europe in the Middle Ages, 343—now passing through their school of character, 344 — military power of, 345.
Poetry of Spanish America, 129 — of Juana de la Cruz, 132 — in Yucatan, 135 — of Alpuche and Irujillo, 136 — in Cuba, 137 — of Heredia, 138 — of Milanes, 142 — of Placido, 145 — of Mendive, 153 — of Orgallez, 155 — on the discovery of America, 156 — in South America, 158 — of Echeverria, 159 — hopes for the progress of, *ib.*
Poetry, humorous and satirical, 183 — good use to be made of the poorer sort of, 197.
Poetry in America, profusion of, 413 — in the Southern States, 424 — at the West, *ib.*
Pond, Enoch, Lives of Mather and Phips by, reviewed, 82 — defends the Mathers, 92 — upholds the doctrine of devils and special providences, 94 — quoted, *ib.*
Portugal, emigration of the royal family of, 318 — Brazil separated from, 319.
Portuguese language, defective character of the, 316.
Priscian on Latin pronunciation, 449.
Pronunciation of Latin, 437. See *Latin.*
Prussia, the revolution of 1848 in, 220 — importance and interest of the political changes in, 221 — two crises in the history of, 222 — character and policy of its late king, 223 — its old political system destroyed at Jena, 224 — great reforms effected by Von Stein in, 225 — organization of the cities in, 226 — prepared for a struggle with France by imitating France, 227 — Hardenberg succeeds Stein in, 228 — happy effects of the changes in, 229 — agriculture emancipated in, 230 — a new army created for, 231 — a consti-

tution promised to, 232 — its hopes deceived, 234 — the Customs-Union established in, 235 — state religion established in, 239 — ripe for freedom ten years ago, 241 — enthusiasm in, when the present king came to the throne, 242 — high hopes excited in, 245 — United Diet of, 247 — royal address on its opening, 248—its Diet, a form without substance, 250 — agitated by the proclamation of a French republic, 251 — revolutionary disturbances in, 253—triumph of the people in, 254—despotism crushed in, 255 — second session of the Diet in, 257 — probable future of, 259.

Public opinion, formation and importance of, 323 — great parties in politics are formed by, 324.

Puritans, dispute about the merits of the, 87 — principles of, 97 — not infallible, 98 — prosaic life of the, 203 — need to be contrasted with cavaliers, 204 — credulity of the, 215 — their letters and journals to be received with caution, 216.

Q.

Quantity of Latin vowels, 450 — really a simple matter, 457.

Quintilian on Latin pronunciation, 439, 449.

Quiroga, Salas y, extract from the Journal of, 149.

R.

Read's Female Poets of America, 413, 436.

Reid, Dr., philosophy of, 407.

Reviewers, sins and punishment of, 192 — merry caricature of one of the tribe of, 198.

Revolution in Prussia, 220. See *Prussia*.

Rhinoceros, account of the, 276.

Richardson, origin and success of Pamela by, 58 — lauded and parodied, 59 — his poor spite against Fielding, 65 — chuckles over the ill success of Amelia, 78.

Rosas, the dictator of Buenos Ayres, 345.

Rowson, Mrs., author of Charlotte Temple, 418.

S.

Sanscrit alphabet, nature of the, 170.

Satire, the poetry of, 183 — necessarily short-lived, 184.

Scientific School, foundation of, 113 — effects of, 114.

Scott, Sir William, on the right of search, 20.

Search or visit, right of, 18 — how and when justified, 19 — Sir W. Scott on the, 20 — United States Supreme Court on the, 21, — further discussion respecting the, 23 — D. Webster on the, 25.

Season of the Northers, by Heredia, 140.

Sensationalism, origin of, 389 — false, because one-sided, 395.

Shepard Thomas, Life of, by J. A. Albro, reviewed, 82.

Significance of the Alphabet, by C. Kraitsir, reviewed, 160 — object of the book, 165.

Sigourney, Lydia H., poems by, reviewed, 495 — devotional sensibility of, 496 — didactic rather than lyrical, 497 — excels in describing the domestic affections, 498 — her 'To-morrow' quoted, 499 — analysis of this poem by, 500 — general merits of, 501.

Sinless Child, by Mrs. Smith, cited, 429.

Skepticism, origin of, in philosophy, 389 — needed in its proper sphere, 398.

Slavery in Brazil, 330.

Slaves, when emancipated in a foreign port, 10.

Slave trade cannot be suppressed by cruisers, 29 — tolerated in Brazil, 331 — facilities for prosecuting, 332 — extent and profits of, 333 — really aided by the English and Americans, 334 — moral indignation directed against, 335 — foreigners have no right to make war against, 336 — their inconsistency on the subject of, 337 — not a national duty to suppress, 340 — should be attacked through the press in Brazil, 341.

Slocumb, Mary, revolutionary services of, 377 — night adventure of, 378.

Smith, Dr., editorial labors of, pillaged by Dr. Anthon, 354.

Smith, Mrs. Oakes, poetry of, 429 — sonnets of, 431.

Smollett, quarrel of, with Fielding, 80.

Sonnet, strict rule for the form of a, 430.

South America, poetry in, 157.

Spanish America, poetry of, reviewed, 129 — ignorance and indolence of, *ib.* — effects of the Revolution in, 130 — materials for historical painting in, 131 — various bards of, characterized, 132. See *Poetry*.

Spanish colonists mix blood with the natives, 327.

Squier, E. G., on ancient monuments in America, reviewed, 466 — on their extent, 467 — on their classification, 468 — on enclosures for defence, *ib.* — and for sacred objects, 471 — on graded ways, 473 — on Ohio mounds, 477 — on ancient pottery and carving, 481 — on mounds of sepulture, 482 — on sculptured tablets, 489 — inferences drawn by, 490 — encouraged to continue, 495. See *Ancient.*

Squire Western, Fielding's character of, 71.

Statistics of Prussia, Weber and Voigtel on the, 220.

Steedman, Andrew, Wanderings in Africa by, reviewed, 265 — lion story told by, 296.

Stein, the Prussian minister, reforms made by, 225 — the feudal system destroyed by, 226 — imitates the French, in order to oppose them, 227 — not allowed to finish his work, 228.

Story, Judge, on slavery as established by local law, 15.

T.

Tacitus, the Germania and Agricola of, edited by C. Anthon, reviewed, 348, — little more than a reprint of Dr. Smith's edition, 354.

Telemachus, translated by Mrs. Ferguson, 416.

Temple Beau, Fielding's play of the, 48.

Tolon, Miguel T., poetry of, 129, 157.

Tom Jones, by Fielding, 70 — characters in, 71 — a picture of English life a century ago, 72 — morality of, considered, 73.

To-morrow, by Mrs. Sigourney, quoted, 499.

Tom Thumb, a travestie by Fielding, 48.

Townsend, Eliza, poetry of, 418.

Transcendental blue-stocking, portrait of a, 199.

Treaty of Washington, the, 1 — right of visit as affected by, 18 — provides for the suppression of the slave trade, 22 — questions settled by, 39.

Turell, Jane, poetry of, 415.

Tyler, Mr., administration of, 2.

U.

Underhill, Capt., character of, 83.

United States, the impressment of the seamen of, 3 — deny the right of visit, 18 — law of, about offences committed under the orders of a foreign government, 34 — happy in having Mr. Webster for Secretary of State, 37.

University at Cambridge, not the proper name of Harvard College, 108, *note.*

V.

Varela, Don Juan C., poems by, 158.

Vision of Sir Launfal, by James R. Lowell, noticed, 260.

Visit or search, right of, 18. See *Search.*

Voigtel, Dr. T. G., on the statistics of Prussia, 220.

Volney on the alphabet, 436.

Vowels, changes of, do not affect the meaning of words, 174.

W.

Walford, Thomas, the blacksmith of Charlestown, 211.

Walker on Latin pronunciation, 451.

Walpole, Sir Robert, character of, 50.

Warfield, Mrs., poetry of, 426.

Warren, Mrs. Mercy, poetry and prose of, 415.

Weber, Dr. F. B., Handbuch der Statistik, &c., reviewed, 220.

Webster, Daniel, as a diplomatist, 1 — merits of, not fully acknowledged, 2 — on the right of impressment, 5 — his argument against it, 7 — on the case of the Creole, 9 — on slaves carried in coasting vessels, 14 — his doctrine respecting the law of slavery, 16 — on the right of search or visit, 18 — provides for the suppression of the slave trade, 22 — interprets the treaty on the right of search, 24 — examines the question in all its bearings, 25 — on the affair of McLeod, 30 — measures taken by, 33 — on the burning of the Caroline, 35 — great abilities of, 37 — great value of his diplomatic papers, 38 — questions settled by, 39.

Wedding Day, a comedy, by Fielding, 66.

Welby, Amelia, poetry of, 424 — cited, *ib.*

Wheatley, Phillis, the negro slave and poet, 418.

Wheeling, or Fort Henry, siege of, 382.

Whitman, Sarah H., poems of, 434.

Whittier, John G., poems by, noticed, 260.

Wilbur, Homer, editor of the Biglow Papers, 183 — irascible, 185 — tedious and unnatural, 190.

Williams, Rev. D., bequest of, to Harvard College, 109.

Winslow, Mrs. S., bequeaths money to Harvard College, 110.

Women of the American Revolution, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, reviewed, 362 — ought to be remembered, 364 — bore many and great hardships, 365 — virtues shown by, 366 — sustained the hopes of the men, 367 — Mrs. Knox, 368 — Lydia Darrah and Miss Franks, 372 — of the South, 375 — Mrs. Gibbes, 376 — Mary Slocumb, 377 —

Mrs. Motte and Nancy Hart, 381 — of the West, 382 — Mrs. Bache, 383 — Miss Philipse, and Mrs. Arnold, 385. See *Female.*

Words, natural significance of, 167 — roots of, should be studied, 168 — manner in which their forms change, 169 — affinities of, in different languages, 171 — tracing the original idea in, 176.

Y.

Yankee dialect, 187 — imitations of, 188.

Yucatan, poetry in, 135.

Z.

Zane, Elizabeth, exploit of, 382.

Zophiël, by Mrs. Brooks, 419 — quoted, 420 — praised, 421.

JUN 5 1939